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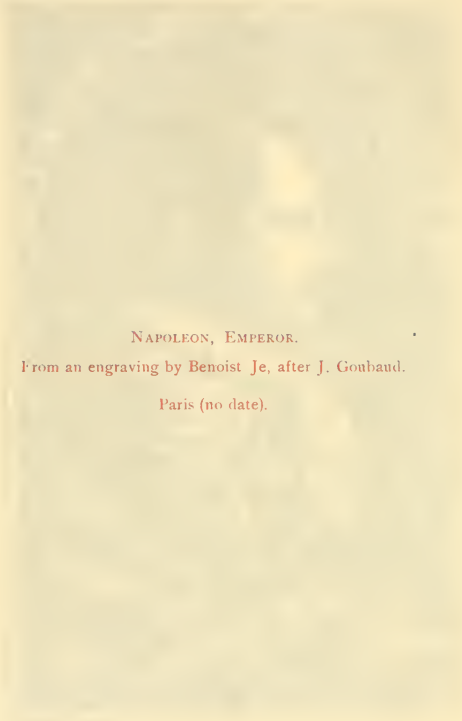

NAPOLEON, EMPEROR.

From an engraving by Benoist Je, after J. Goubaud.

Paris (no date).

A METRICAL HISTORY

OF THE

LIFE AND TIMES OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

A COLLECTION OF POEMS AND SONGS, MANY FROM OBSCURE AND ANONYMOUS SOURCES, SELECTED AND ARRANGED WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTES AND CONNECTING NARRATIVE

BY

WILLIAM J. HILLIS

WITH 25 PHOTOGRAVURE ILLUSTRATIONS

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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PREFACE.

I HAVE no apology to offer for placing before the public the following collection of poems. If my scheme possesses no other merit than that of being unique, perhaps it will not be wholly condemned. The collection is by no means complete ; neither have I sought to make it so. From the vast number of poems published, hid away, and forgotten, I have dug out and retained only such as suited my fancy, and which go to make up a sort of poetical history of the life and times of the Great Emperor ; leaving behind me far more in number than I have used.

Some years ago, and long before the present Napoleonic fever had taken hold of the people, I had occasion to use a certain little poem relating to the death of the illustrious exile at St. Helena. Much to my surprise, when I came to look for it, I could not find it. My friends were in the same quandary ; they knew the poem, but could not locate the author, and no dictionary of writers or of subjects seemed able to help me out of my difficulty. In my search for the poem wanted, and ultimately unearthed, I found so many others relating to the French Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire, which were before unknown to me, that I determined to persevere

in my hunt for these fugitive verses, and to make a collection of those found, for the purpose of adding the volume, in manuscript, to my own private library, consisting mainly of works concerning the wonderful Corsican and his most remarkable career. When my collection was as complete as I could make it, I discovered I had a poem for nearly every incident of note in the life and history of Napoleon, from his birth to his second funeral, and the idea struck me that, by arranging the poems in chronological order as to the dates of the incidents portrayed, and by introducing each with a brief recital of the facts upon which the poem was based, I might make for myself a novel, if not a perfectly reliable, history. I had then no intention of putting my work into book form, and it was only at the earnest solicitation of a friend, in whose judgment I had the utmost confidence, that I consented to do so. Some of the poems will be familiar to the general reader; the greater number, however, I believe, will be new. In my selection I have disregarded the fact of whether the poem chosen was written in favour of or against the subject of it, and I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to use only the poetry of contemporary writers. How far I have succeeded in making a creditable selection, and how near I have come to compiling a poetical history of the "Man of Destiny," the public must be the judge. Taking advantage of the work of others, I have merely filled in the gaps and made the proper connections. For so much of the work, and for the taste and judgment displayed in the choice of matter used, I am responsible.

The illustrations are reproductions from my own collection, and from those of my friend, Mr. Carlos Wilson of Boston, to whom I am greatly indebted for the valuable aid he has so cheerfully given me in allowing me the free use of his very extensive library and print collection.

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A METRICAL HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

A

METRICAL HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CORSICA.

THE island of Corsica is situated in the Mediterranean sea, about one hundred miles from the coast of France, and almost directly south of Genoa and west of Rome. The village of Ajaccio is on the western coast of the island, and it was there, on the fifteenth day of August, 1769, that Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of Charles Bonaparte and Letitia Ramolino, was born.

Of thirteen children born to these parents, eight survived, of whom, as matter of age, Napoleon was second; but who, in reality, from early manhood was the recognised head of the family. Charles Bonaparte died when Napoleon was sixteen years old, and it was to his mother that the future Emperor was indebted for that strength of character and brilliancy of intellect which enabled him, alone and unaided, within the short space of less than twenty years, to transform himself from a poor unknown

Corsican sub-lieutenant into the greatest character of ancient or modern history. Perhaps some of the qualities which went to make up this most remarkable man may be attributed to his birthplace, rugged Corsica, so well pictured in the following lines:

CORSICA.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

How raptured fancy burns, while warm in thought
I trace the pictured landscape; while I kiss
With pilgrim lips devout the sacred soil
Stained with the blood of heroes. Cyrnus, hail!
Hail to thy rocky, deep indented shores,
And pointed cliffs, which hear the chafing deep
Incessant foaming round thy shaggy sides.
Hail to thy winding bays, thy sheltering ports,
And ample harbours, which inviting stretch
Their hospitable arms to every sail:
Thy numerous streams, that bursting from the cliffs
Down the steep channelled rock impetuous pour
With grateful murmur: on the fearful edge
Of the rude precipice, thy hamlets brown
And straw-roofed cots, which from the level vale
Scarce seen, amongst the craggy hanging cliffs
Seem like an eagle's nest aerial built.
Thy swelling mountains, brown with solemn shade
Of various trees, that wave their giant arms
O'er the rough sons of freedom; lofty pines,
And hardy fir, and ilex ever green,
And spreading chestnut, with each humbler plant,
And shrub of fragrant leaf, that clothes their sides
With living verdure; whence the clustering bee
Extracts her golden dews: the shining box

And sweet-leaved myrtle, aromatic thyme,
The prickly juniper, and the green leaf
Which feeds the spinning worm; while glowing bright
Beneath the various foliage, wildly spreads
The arbutus, and rears his scarlet fruit
Luxuriant, mantling o'er the craggy steeps;
And thy own native laurel crowns the scene.
Hail to thy savage forests, awful, deep;
Thy tangled thickets, and thy crowded woods,
The haunt of herds untamed; which sullen bound
From rock to rock with fierce, unsocial air,
And wilder gaze, as conscious of the power
That loves to reign amid the lonely scenes
Of unequalled nature; precipices huge,
And tumbling torrents; trackless deserts, plains
Fenced in with guardian rocks, whose quarries teem
With shining steel, that to the cultured fields
And sunny hills which wave with bearded grain,
Defends their homely produce. Liberty,
The mountain goddess, loves to range at large
Amid such scenes, and on the iron soil
Prints her majestic step. For these she scorns
The green enamelled vales, the velvet lap
Of smooth savannahs, where the pillowed head
Of luxury reposes; balmy gales,
And bowers that breathe of bliss. For these, when first
This isle, emerging like a beauteous gem
From the dark bosom of the Tyrrhene main,
Reared its fair front, she marked it for her own,
And with her spirit warmed. Her genuine sons,
A broken remnant, from the generous stock
Of ancient Greece, from Sparta's sad remains,
True to their high descent, preserved unquenched
The sacred fire through many a barbarous age;
Whom nor the iron rod of cruel Carthage,

Nor the dread sceptre of imperial Rome,
Nor bloody Goth, nor grisly Saracen,
Nor the long galling yoke of proud Liguria,
Could crush into subjection. Still unquelled
They rose superior, bursting from their chains,
And claimed man's dearest birthright, liberty:
And long, through many a hard unequal strife
Maintained the glorious conflict; long withstood,
With single arm, the whole collected force
Of haughty Genoa and ambitious Gaul.

NAPOLEON'S CRADLE SONG.

On his way from Egypt to France in 1799, Napoleon landed at Ajaccio, where he had not been since he quitted Corsica, a poor nobody, in 1793. Among the friends he visited while at that place was the old lady who had nursed him as a babe. With this good old body he sat and conversed for some time, and when he left her, it was with a promise not to forget her in the future. This promise he made good, as soon as he became Consul, by settling upon her a pension of fifty napoleons a year, which pension was doubled when he came to be Emperor.

The following is said to be the lullaby song, which this worthy old dame sung to her little charge during his infancy:

NAPOLEON'S CRADLE SONG.

Anon.

Lovely babe, my bosom's darling,
In thy cradle sweetly sleeping,
May that power who gave thee to us
Still retain thee in his keeping,
Hear thy faithful nurse's prayer,
And make thy infant years his care!

Heaven inspire thy heart with virtue,
Fill with Christian faith thy breast!

Make thee brave, advent'rous, darling,
Always in thy projects blest!
Raise thy soul 'bove idle fears,
And give thee all a Nestor's years!

Should in riper age, his mother
From her child withdraw her cares,
Send him, mighty God! that safely
He may pass through mortal snares,
And the paths of danger shun,
The guide thou gavest to Tobit's son.

Gracious Heaven, the fortune grant him
Of the patriarch Jacob's race!—
Founder of a mighty nation!—
And may equal rank and place
Be by him in courts obtain'd
As were by Hebrew Joseph gain'd!

May the Trojan's noble nature,
Heart of my dear heart, be thine!
May thy valour round thy temples
All the Roman laurels twine!
And may science with the lore
Of Athens rich thy bosom store!

May the wisdom, too, inspire thee
Heaven on Solomon bestow'd,
With his wealth, his power, his honours—
Who a temple raised to God!—
But ne'er like him mayst thou stray
From Virtue's path to Folly's way!

May the gentle Able's mildness,
Who the favour won of Heaven,

And the strength of mighty Samson
Be to thee abundant given!
With Job's patience, piety,
And David's boundless clemency!

May that power which guided Judith
Be alike thy constant guide,
When, Bethulia's wrongs avenging,
She by night undaunted hied
Toward the camp, and backward sped
With cruel Holofernes' head!

Of the learned Jeremiah
Heaven on thee the memory shower!
Give thee all the address of Moses
When defying Pharaoh's power.—
He the bonds of Israel broke,
And freed them from his tyrant yoke!

From the universal deluge
If by Heaven was Noah spared,
So, my son, in every danger
Be by thee like mercy shared!
Through life's quicksands may thy bark
Be safely steer'd as Noah's ark!

Be thou from the snares defended
Of thy foes, concealed or known,
As of old the holy children
In the fiery furnace thrown!
Or as righteous Daniel when
Contending in the lion's den!—

Let the firmness of Saint Peter
My sweet infant's bosom fill,
Whom the angel drew from prison!—
Yet, Great God! protect him still

From the sin, the dread offence,
Which caused his tears, his penitence.

His be, too, the faith of Thomas,
Who, when Jesus' wounded side
He had touch'd no longer doubting
Preach'd his Saviour glorified!
Let him share Mathias' fate,
Who sits by Jesus' throne in state!

Conqueror of the offending Hebrews,
Titus, gallant chief, were you;
So mayst thou, my bosom's darling,
Turkish infidels subdue!
That at length by land or sea
All heresy suppress'd may be!

May great Heaven, thy sword directing,
Make thee still his constant care!
From captivity defend thee,
Give thee victory everywhere!
Till life's varying chances past,
Thine eyelids close in peace at last!

In these strains a love as perfect
As a mother's self could bear
To her infant,—God of mercies!
Breathes my soul its ardent prayer:
With more true devotion fired
Than e'er the hermit Paul inspired.

Thus concluding its petitions,
In a word to thee it prays
He may love, adore, and fear thee,
Laud and praise thy name always!
And while here he shall abide
His days be blest and sanctified!

THE SCHOOL-BOY KING.

Of Napoleon's early childhood little is positively known. Accepting the corroborated record, as it stands, it would appear that he was a child with a disposition and a manner peculiarly his own. Not a loving or a companionable boy, but rather of a sullen, retiring nature; melancholy and irritable in his temperament and impatient of restraint. While his companions were enjoying themselves at play, natural to their age, he would wander off by himself and spend hours, with no other company than his own thoughts. There is still to be seen in Corsica the isolated rock, known as "Napoleon's Grotto." Tradition tells us that this was the favourite resort of the child, destined to become the conqueror of the world. He, himself, has said: "In my infancy I was extremely headstrong; nothing ever awed me; nothing disconcerted me. I was quarrelsome, mischievous; I was afraid of nobody; I beat one; I scratched another; I made myself formidable to the whole family."

At the age of ten Napoleon entered the Military School at Brienne, near Paris, where he remained upwards of five years. His career while at that school is very aptly and concisely told in the following verses:

THE SCHOOL-BOY KING.

WALTER THORNBURY.

Le Pere Petrault shut Virgil up
  Just as the clock struck ten;
"This little Bonaparte," he said,
  "Is one of Plutarch's men.
To see him with his massive head,
  Gripped mouth, and swelling brow,
Wrestle with Euclid,—there he sat
  Not half an hour from now."

The good old pedagogue his book
  Put slowly in its place;
"That Corsican," he said, "has eyes
  Like burning-glasses; race
Italian, as his mother said;
  Barred up from friend and foe,
He toils all night, inflexible,
  Forging it blow by blow.

"I know his trick of thought, the way
  He covers up his mouth:
One hand like this, the other clenched,—
  Those eyes of the hot South.
The little Cæsar, how he strides,
  Sleep-walking in the sun,
Only awaking at the roar
  Of the meridian gun.

"I watched him underneath my book
  That day he sprung the mine,
For when the earth-wall rocked and reeled,
  His eyes were all a-shine;
And when it slowly toppled down,
  He leaped up on the heap

With fiery haste,—just as a wolf
Would spring upon a sheep.

"Pichegru, Napoleon's monitor,
Tells me he 's dull and calm,
Tenacious, firm, submissive,—yes,
Our chain is on his arm.
Volcanic natures, such as his,
I dread;—may God direct
This boy to good, the evil quell,
His better will direct.

"Here is his Euclid book,—the ink
Still wet upon the rings;
These are the talismans some day
He 'll use to fetter kings.
To train a genius like this lad
I 've prayed for years,—for years;
But now I know not whether hopes
Are not half-choked by fears.

"Last Monday, when they built that fort
With bastions of snow,
The ditch and spur and ravelin,
And terraced row on row,
'T was Bonaparte who cut the trench,
Who shaped the line of sap,—
A year or two, and he will be
First in war's bloody gap.

"I see him now upon the hill,
His hands behind his back,
Waving the tri-colour that led
The vanguard of attack;

And there, upon the trampled earth,
The ruins of the fort,
This Bonaparte, the school-boy king,
Held his victorious court.

"To see him give the shouting crowd
His little hand to kiss,
You 'd think him never meant by God
For any lot but this.
And then with loud exulting cheers,
Upon their shoulders borne,
He rode with buried Cæsar's pride
And Alexander's scorn.

"Ah! I remember, too, the day
The fire-balloon went up;
It burnt away into a star
Ere I went off to sup;
But he stood weeping there alone
Until the dark night came,
To think he had not wings to fly
And catch the passing flame.

"Oh, he is meant for mighty things,
This leader of my class;—
But there 's the bell that rings for me,
So let the matter pass.
You see that third-floor window lit,
The blind drawn half-way down;
That 's Bonaparte's,—he 's at it now,—
It makes the dunces frown."

THE BATTLE OF CHANGE, 1789.

NAPOLEON left Brienne at the close of the year 1784, to enter the Military School at Paris. He was then just past his fifteenth year, the minimum age which would allow him entrance to the Paris school. Three of the best scholars at Brienne were annually passed to Paris, and the fact that Napoleon was one of the three passed in 1784, proves the high rank he had attained, even at the early age of fifteen. He remained at the Military School in Paris not quite a year, when he obtained the appointment of second-lieutenant in a regiment of artillery. The year past had been, for him, one of hard, unceasing toil, and probably no lieutenant of the age of sixteen ever entered the army better prepared to push himself forward, or to take advantage of every opportunity offered, than did this same young Corsican stripling. In 1791 he was made captain, and in 1792, while passing a six months' leave of absence in Corsica, he engaged in his first military enterprise. At the head of two battalions of the National Guard levied in Corsica, he was ordered to make a descent upon Sardinia in co-operation with Admiral Turget. The expedition proved a failure, but Napoleon gained some reputation from it, he having performed his part in a successful manner. Shortly after this Paoli entered into a plot to surrender Corsica to

England, and Napoleon, having refused to join him, was obliged, together with the whole Bonaparte family, to flee from the island. Landing at Nice, this family of future kings and queens removed to Marseilles, where they resided in great want and embarrassment until relieved by the rising fortune of Napoleon.

In the meantime, other events were occurring in France, which would soon change the entire form of government, In 1789 the French Revolution commenced. Napoleon then twenty years of age, was fated to be the great result of that terrible upheaval. It is therefore not improper, in a collection of this kind, to give place to certain poems and songs portraying the principal scenes and actors in that bloody drama, as a history of those awful times is, of necessity, a part of the history of Napoleon.

THE BATTLE OF CHANGE, 1789.

CHARLES MACKAY.

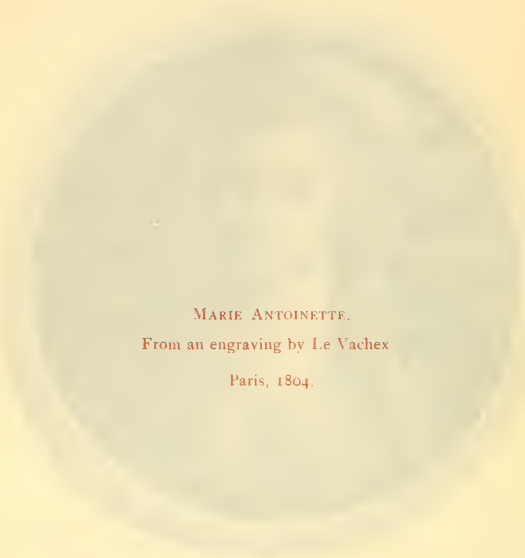
Great thoughts are heaving in the world's wide breast ;
The Time is labouring with a mighty birth ;
The old ideals fall.
Men wander up and down in wild unrest ;
A sense of change preparing for the Earth
Broods over all.
There lies a gloom on all things under Heaven—
A gloom portentous to the quiet men,
Who see no joy in being driven
Onwards from change, ever to change again ;
Who never walk but on the beaten ways,
And love the breath of yesterdays ;—
Men who would rather sit and sleep
Where sunbeams through the ivies creep,

Each at his door-post all alone,
Heedless of near or distant wars,
Than wake and listen to the moan
Of storm-vex'd forests nodding to the stars—
Or hear, far-off, the melancholy roar
Of billows white with wrath, battling against the shore.

Deep on their troubled souls the shadow lies ;
And in that shadow come and go—
While fitful lightnings write upon the skies,
And mystic voices chant the coming woe—
Titanic phantoms swathed in mist and flame,
The mighty ghosts of things without a name,
Mingling with forms more palpably defined,
That whirl and dance like leaves upon the wind ;
Who marshal in array their arrowy hosts,
And rush to battle in a cloud-like land ;
Thick phalanx'd on those far aerial coasts,
As swarms of locusts plaguing Samarcand.
" Oh, who would live," they cry, " in time like this !
A time of conflict fierce, and trouble strange ;
When Old and New, over a dark abyss,
Fight the great battle of relentless Change ? "
And still before their eyes discrownèd kings,
Desolate chiefs, and aged priests forlorn,
Flit by—confused—with all incongruous things,
Swooping in rise and fall on ponderous wings,
While here and there, amid a golden light,
Angelic faces, sweet as summer morn,
Gleam for an instant ere extinguish'd quite,
Or change to stony skulls, and spectres livid white.

But not to me—oh ! not to me appear
Eternal glooms. I see a brighter sky,
I feel a healthful motion of the sphere ;

And lying down upon the grass, I hear
Far, far away, yet drawing near,
A low sweet sound of ringing melody;
I see the swift-wing'd arrows fly;
I see the battle and the combatants;
I know the cause for which their weapons flash;
I hear the martial music and the chants,
The shock of hosts, the armour clash
As Thought meets Thought;—but far beyond I see,
Adown the abysses of the time to be,
The well-won victory of Right;
The laying down of useless swords and spears;
The reconcilement ardently desired
Of universal Truth with Might,—
Whose long estrangement, filling earth with tears,
Gave every manly heart, divinely fired,
A lingering love, a hope inspired,
To reconcile them never more to sunder.
Far, far away above the rumbling thunder,
I see the splendour of another day.
Ever since infant Time began
There has been darkness over man;
It rolls and shrivels up! It melts away!



MARIE ANTOINETTE.
From an engraving by Le Vachex
Paris, 1804.

"ÇA IRA."

In 1790 the Revolution had barely commenced. The people of France still had hopes of bettering their social condition without resort to extreme violence. The storming of the Bastile on the fourteenth of July, 1789, and the razing of that foul dungeon to the ground, were acts which might well be pardoned. The disgraceful and bloody scenes enacted at Versailles, on the fifth and sixth of October, were immediately provoked by the scarcity of bread in Paris, and by the defiant conduct of a party of hot-headed royalist officers, who, emboldened by the presence of their King and Queen, flushed with wine and lured by the seductive and ardent glances of beauty, lost all control of themselves, trampled the tri-colours under their feet, mounted the white cockade and with swords unsheathed swore to defend their majesties and to maintain the throne, even at the cost of their lives. The result was a terrible exhibition of the power of a Paris mob. Blood was shed and horrible atrocities committed, and the King and his court were compelled to give up Versailles and return ignominiously to Paris. But still the good sense of the middle classes controlled, and quiet was again restored. The Fête de la Fédération was celebrated on the Champs de Mars the fourteenth of July, 1790; the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile. Talleyrand,

then Bishop of Autun, assisted by four hundred priests, celebrated Mass in the presence of four hundred thousand spectators. Lafayette, commander of the National Guard; then the Assembly in a body, and then the King, all swore before the altar of the country to maintain the Constitution, decreed by the Assembly and accepted by the King. Everybody rejoiced, and every sign denoted the dawning of an era of freedom and peace. It was for that occasion "Ça Ira" was written, and it was then first sung. It became at once one of the most popular songs of the period, and it is said to have been a great favourite with Marie Antoinette, who often played it on her harpsichord.

"ÇA IRA!"

ANON.

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
All will succeed though malignants are strong;
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
Thus says the people by day and by night.

Dismal will soon be our enemies' plight,
While Jubilate we sing with delight,
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right;
Singing aloud a joyous song,
We will shout with all our might;
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right;
All will succeed, etc.

What Boileau said once the clergy to spite,
Proved him a truly prophetical wight.
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
Taking the old Gospel-truth for their text—
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,—

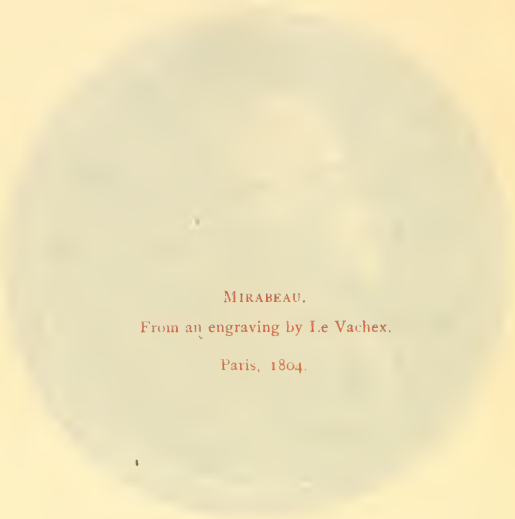
Our legislators will work it out quite;
Bringing the proud from their insolent height,
Making the lot of the lowly men bright;
Truth ev'ry soul shall illume with her light,
Till superstition shall quickly take flight.
Frenchmen ne'er will be perplexed
Wholesome laws to keep in sight.
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
All will succeed, etc.

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,—
Pierrot and Margot sing at the guinguette:
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,—
Good times approach, and rejoicings invite.
Right was once only the nobleman's might:
As for the people, he screwed them down tight.
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right;
Now all the clergy are weeping for spite,
For we have rescued the prey from the kite.
The sagacious Lafayette
Every wrong will put to flight;
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,—
All will succeed, etc.

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,—
While the Assembly sheds lustre so clear:
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,—
We 'll stand on guard by the ray of their light.
Falsehood no longer can dazzle our sight,
For the good cause we are ready to fight:
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,—
All the Aristos are bursting with spite,
We of the people are laughing outright.
We their struggles do not fear,
Right will triumph over might.

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,—
All will succeed, etc.

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,—
Little and great the same feelings inspire,—
None will prove false in so glorious a fight;
Views may be crooked, but words will have might.
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,—
"Hither who will," we hear Freedom invite;
And to her call we reply with delight.
Fearing neither sword nor fire,
France will keep her glory bright.
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,—
All will succeed, etc.



MIRABEAU.

From an engraving by Le Vachex.

Paris, 1804.

MIRABEAU DYING.

TWO events occurred in 1791, which were pregnant with great results to the French nation. In April of that year Mirabeau died, and in June the attempted escape of the King and his family was frustrated. The death of Mirabeau removed the only person, who, perhaps, had the power to turn aside the Revolution, already at hand with all its bloody paraphernalia. With Mirabeau's voice silenced by death, it only needed the flight of the King to start the conflagration, which had been smouldering for so many years. It is not hard to understand the force and effect of these two events, when one comes to know the state of affairs existing at that time. It was as yet a question of *how* the King should rule; it had not come to the question of whether he should rule at all. Mirabeau died at the age of forty-two, in the very prime of his mental faculties. It is a grave and an open question what course the French Revolution would have taken had this great statesman and brilliant orator not died at the very time when his strength in the National Assembly seemed all powerful. Could this man who had been one of the chief promoters of the Revolution have checked it by the force of his eloquence? Either that, or death on the scaffold as a traitor to the people's cause. Gold, and the Queen's condescension, had convinced

Mirabeau that the Constitution should be amended so as to strengthen the position of the King. He died claimed by both Royalist and Republican. One of the most corrupt of men during life, at his death he was surrounded, at his own request, with sweet perfumes, beautiful flowers, and soft music. Mourned by the whole nation, he was accorded a funeral second only in grandeur to the second funeral of the Great Emperor. Four hundred thousand people escorted his body to the Pantheon; from whence, in November, 1793, his ashes were dragged and scattered to the four winds by the people, who at the same time burnt his bust in the Place de Grève, as an enemy to the Republic. How true his own words; that the Capitol was near the Tarpeian rock, and that the same people who flattered him, would have had equal pleasure in seeing him hanged.

MIRABEAU DYING.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Why do ye wonder at my wish?
  Despite my tiger-face,
Have ye ne'er felt that in my heart
  There was a gentle place?
Bears not the storm-cloud in his breast
  The power of giving birth
To rainbows, at the sun's command,
  For tempest-shaken Earth?

Then gently lift my window up,
  And let the summer breeze
Waft blessings on my changing brow,
  From yonder murmuring trees;

And set some flowers upon the sill,
  And round me pour perfume;
And sing the tenderest song ye know,
  In Death's fast-gathering gloom.

A rainbow from the breaking storm
  Is brightly springing, see
Its glories twine beneath the sun
  Of Immortality!
O thus! O thus with music, flowers,
  To the Unknown I go;
Peace, Peace at last is on the brow
  Of storm-souled MIRABEAU!

THE MASSACRE OF AVIGNON.

FROM 1789 to the tenth of August, 1792, the march of the Revolution went steadily on, with ever advancing steps, but with comparatively little violence. The death of Mirabeau and the flight of the King greatly accelerated the movement, but still the managers were not quite ready to ring up the curtain on the bloody drama, so soon to be enacted. It is true that during this interval horrible and atrocious crimes were committed, among which, one of the most brutal and cowardly was the foul and hideous massacre of the Royalists at Avignon, which took place in October, 1791. The inhuman scene there witnessed was soon to be repeated everywhere throughout France in still more horrible and barbarous forms. It is said that Robespierre, then a distinguished member of the Jacobin Club at Paris, was the prime mover of, and took an active part in bringing about, this infamous butchery.

THE MASSACRE OF AVIGNON.

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

Robespierre reigned in the Place de Grève,
And in distant Avignon his word was doom,
When a band of Royalists, piously brave,
Were marched to the edge of their gaping tomb.

As they went on their way they sang,—
Tender and full the chorus rang,—
A l'heure suprême, Mère cherie,
Ora pro nobis, Sainte Marie !

The maiden young, and the grandsire old,
And the child, whose prayers were shortly told ;
And the curé, walking side by side
With the baron, whose name was his only pride ;
The noble dame and the serving-maid,—
Neither ashamed nor yet afraid,—
A wonderful sight they were that day,
Singing still as they went their way,—
A l'heure suprême, Mère cherie,
Ora pro nobis, Sainte Marie !

One of their murderers, waiting nigh,
Heard them singing as they went by,
And smiled, as he felt the edge of his blade,
At the fulness of music their voices made.
"We 'll stop that melody soon," said he,
"In spite of their calling on Sainte Marie."
But one by one as those voices fell,
The others kept up the chorus well,—
A l'heure suprême, Mère cherie,
Ora pro nobis, Sainte Marie !

When all the victims to death had gone,
And the last sweet music was hushed and done,
When the pit was filled, with no stone to mark,
And the murderers turned through the closing dark,
One of them wiped his sharp knife clean,
Strode over the soil where the grave had been,
And hummed as he went, with an absent air,
Some notes just caught by his memory there,—
A l'heure suprême, Mère cherie,
Ora pro nobis, Sainte Marie !

And when the thought of that day grew dim,
Those obstinate words still clung to him.
He was a man who said no prayers,
But his lips would fashion them unawares;
They mixed with his dreams, and started up,
To check the curses bred in his cup;
They wove him round in a viewless net
Of thoughts he could not, though fain, forget,
As he still repeated, again and again,
The ghostly air and the ancient strain,—
A l'heure suprême, Mère cherie,
Ora pro nobis, Saiņte Marie!

Thirty years were counted and o'er;
The lilies of France bloomed out once more;
The grapes which hung on the vines were rife,
Like the penitent man on the threshold of life;
When the Angel of Death with healing came
For one who in Lyons had borne no name
But "Le Frere d'Avignon" for many a day;
Who living and dying would hourly say
('T was on his lips as he passed away),—
A l'heure suprême, Mère cherie,
Ora pro nobis, Sainte Marie!

ROUGET DE LISLE.

From an etching by E. H. Garrett.

Place and date of publication unknown.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

According to Lamartine, the history of the famous Marseillaise Hymn is as follows: In the winter of 1791–92 there was in garrison at Strasburg a young French officer named Rouget de Lisle. "This young man loved war like a soldier—the Revolution like a thinker." A poet and a musician, he charmed with his verses and his songs the slow, dull, garrison life. M. Dietrick was then mayor of the city, and with him and his family De Lisle was on terms of the most intimate friendship, and frequently visited at their home. A great scarcity of food prevailed in Strasburg that winter, and the Mayor, being a poor man, lived in a very frugal manner. While at dinner one day, De Lisle being his guest, he sent one of his daughters to the cellar for the last bottle of wine he had, and when she had brought it, he said to De Lisle: "Let us drink this, my last bottle of wine, to liberty and our country, and then you will compose for us a hymn which will convey to the soul of the people the enthusiasm which suggested it." They drank the wine, and at midnight De Lisle went to his cold and lonely chamber, his heart full of enthusiasm, and his head heated with wine. Seating himself before his small clavichord, he began to sing and play. Finally, worn out and exhausted, his head fell upon the instrument he was playing, and he

slept until morning. When he awoke, he committed to writing the words and the music as they had come to him the night before; then calling in M. Dietrick, his family, and a few other friends, he played and sang the hymn, since known as the "Marseillaise," and which was to make his name famous throughout the world. The new song flew from city to city. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the opening and closing ceremonies of its clubs. The Marseillais sang it on their way to Paris, and it took its name from the fact that this band of cut-throats first introduced it into Paris, where it was called "L'Hymn des Marseillaise." It became at once the most popular song of the Revolution, and was sung at most of the bloody executions which took place. Dietrick himself went to the scaffold to the sound of the notes produced from the heart of his friend, and sung for the first time by his daughter with that friend; and De Lisle barely escaped being the author of his own funeral march.

There is another version of the history of this song, given on the alleged authority of De Lisle himself; which is, that the song was produced in the month of April, 1792, while De Lisle was stationed in garrison at Strasburg. It is said by a correspondent of one of the London papers, who claims to have had it direct from De Lisle, that the song was composed on the night following the declaration of war by Austria and Prussia, and the name first given it by De Lisle was "Le Chant de l'Armée du Rhin." De Lisle's brother officers, knowing him to have both poetry and music in his soul, insisted, upon the occasion mentioned, that he should write a new song, which

must be forthcoming before morning. Shutting himself up in his room with his clavichord, he wrote the words and music in one night. The reason given in this version for its name is the same as given by Lamartine.

The following translation is not the popular one, but we think it is the one which approaches nearer to the original than any other we know of. Carlyle said of this hymn that it was "The luckiest musical composition ever promulgated," and Sir Walter Scott marked it as "The finest hymn to which liberty has ever given birth."

THE MARSEILLAISE.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

Come, children of your country, come,
  New glory dawns upon the world,
Our tyrants, rushing to their doom,
  Their bloody standard have unfurled:
Already on our plains we hear
  The murmurs of a savage horde;
  They threaten with the murderous sword
Your comrades and your children dear.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Those banded serfs,—what would they have,
  By tyrant kings together brought?
Whom are those fetters to enslave
  Which long ago their hands have wrought?
You, Frenchmen, you they would enchain;
  Doth not the thought your bosoms fire?
  The ancient bondage they desire
To force upon your necks again.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Those marshalled foreigners,—shall they
Make laws to reach the Frenchman's hearth?
Shall hireling troops who fight for pay
Strike down our warriors to the earth?
God! shall we bow beneath the weight
Of hands that slavish fetters wear?
Shall ruthless despots once more dare
To be the masters of our fate?
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Then tremble, tyrants,—traitors all,—
Ye, whom both friends and foes despise;
On you shall retribution fall,
Your crimes shall gain a worthy prize.
Each man opposes might to might,
And when our youthful heroes die,
Our France can well their place supply;
We 're soldiers all with you to fight.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Ye generous warriors, still forbear
To deal on all your vengeful blows;
The train of hapless victims spare,
Against their will they are our foes.
But, oh, those despots stained with blood,
Those traitors leagued with base Bouillé,
Who make their native land their prey;—
Death to the savage tiger-brood!
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

And when our glorious sires are dead,
Their virtues we shall surely find

When on the self-same path we tread,
And track the fame they leave behind.
Less to survive them we desire
Than to partake their noble grave;
The proud ambition we shall have
To live for vengeance or expire.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Come, love of country, guide us now,
Endow our vengeful arms with might,
And, dearest liberty, do thou
Aid thy defenders in the fight.
Unto our flags let victory,
Called by thy stirring accents, haste;
And may thy dying foes at last
Thy triumph and our glory see.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

LA CARMAGNOLE.

THE tenth of August, 1792, was the beginning of the end. The Revolution was at last a stern and a bloody reality. The massacre of the Swiss guards at the Tuileries, and the horrible scenes enacted there on that day, were but the prelude to what was so soon to follow. The King and his family were driven from their last royal abiding-place and thrown into prison like common felons. The Temple was but another step towards the scaffold. It was on the occasion of the taking of the Royal family to the Temple that the vile song of "La Carmagnole" was composed and first sung. It was afterwards sung and danced at every massacre and licentious orgie which took place. Men, women, and children, drunken, dirty, ragged, ferocious as famished wolves, and with hands dripping with human blood, sung this song and danced its accompaniment with all the abandonment of hellish fiends. It was the song of the *sans-culotte*, and though vile and insulting to fallen royalty, no collection of revolutionary songs would be complete without it. It died with the death of the Reign of Terror.

LA CARMAGNOLE.

ANON.

Great Madame Veto swore one day
The folks of Paris she would slay ;

Louis XVI.
From an engraving by Le Vachèx
Paris, 1804

Our cannoniers so stout,
Soon put my lady out.
We 'll dance the Carmagnole:
Brothers, rejoice,—brothers, rejoice.
We 'll dance the Carmagnole;
Hail to the cannon's voice.

Great Monsieur Veto swore one day
His country he would ne'er betray;
His promise he forgot,
So he shall go to pot.
We 'll dance the Carmagnole, etc.

The people, Marie Antoinette
Thought on their nether ends to set;
She made a sad mistake,
And chanced her nose to break.
We 'll dance the Carmagnole, etc.

Her husband thought he was in luck,—
He had not learned a Frenchman's pluck;
So, lusty Louis, so,
You 'll to the Temple go.
We 'll dance the Carmagnole, etc.

The Swiss, too, had a great desire
Upon our brotherhood to fire;
But by the men of France
They soon were taught to dance.
We 'll dance the Carmagnole, etc.

When Madame saw the tower, no doubt,
She gladly would have faced about;
It turned her stomach proud
To find herself so cowed.
We 'll dance the Carmagnole, etc.

When Louis, who was once so big,
Before him saw the workmen dig,
He said,—how hard his case
To be in such a place.
We 'll dance the Carmagnole, etc.

All honest folks throughout the land
Will by the patriot surely stand,
As brethren firmly bound,
While loud the cannons sound.
We 'll dance the Carmagnole, etc.

All Royalists throughout the land
Will by the base Aristos stand;
And they 'll keep up the war,
Like cowards as they are.
We 'll dance the Carmagnole, etc.

The gen-d'armes swear they 'll firmly stand
As guardians of their native land;
They heard the cannons sound,
And backward were not found.
We 'll dance the Carmagnole, etc.

Come, friends, united we will be,
Then we shall fear no enemy;
If any foes attack,
We 'll gaily beat them back.
We 'll dance the Carmagnole, etc.

A gallant sans-culotte, am I,
The friends of Louis I defy;
Long live the Marseillois,
The Bretons and the laws.
We 'll dance the Carmagnole, etc.

The Faubourgs' valiant sans-culotte,—
Oh, never be his name forgot ;
But jovially fill up
To him the other cup.
We 'll dance the Carmagnole, etc.

THE ROARING OF THE SEA.

FROM the tenth of August, 1792, to the fall of Robespierre, July twenty-eighth, 1794, the Reign of Terror had full and complete control of France. Paris and the provinces were drenched with blood. The people in power, however honest their purpose, were no longer human ; so much blood had turned their heads. Of those awful two years the year 1793 was the most marked, for it witnessed the downfall of royalty in the execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The army on the frontier was the only body of Frenchmen who seemed to have the interest of their country at heart ; all else was chaos and confusion. The government had broken from its long-established mooring, and no one knew where it would bring up, or what its fate would be. Good did come out of it all, in the end, and France and mankind received a benefit ; but at what a fearful price ! The condition of affairs at the beginning of the year 1793 is well told in the following verses :

THE ROARING OF THE SEA.

1793.

CHARLES MACKAY.

I had a dream, a noontide dream,
Thrice it came and thrice it went,

And thrice it left a light and gleam,
As of a purpose why 't was sent.
A dream of mist and blinding haze,
Whereout there issued a drowsy sound,
As of the hum from crowded ways,
Where streams of life go eddying round.
The church bells muffled in fogs and glooms,
Faintly pealed over wold and lea,
But clear 'mid the pauses of the booms,
I heard the roaring of the Sea.

Sadly the people to and fro
Rock'd and sway'd, they knew not why ;
I could scarcely see them come or go,
So thick the vapours draped the sky ;
They look'd half-form'd, gigantic, vague,
Things of the cloud, but not of the Sun,
As of a City of the Plague,
Where Hope and Healing there were none.
Some were lawyers with wigs and gowns,
Some were priests—or seem'd to be,
And some were kings with tottering crowns—
And they heard the roaring of the Sea.

" Why dost thou linger in the mist ? "
I asked a sage of snow-white head.
" Not those emerge from it who list ;
I cannot see my way," he said.
" All things are out of gear and line,
Men worship money, their only god ;
Each thinks himself alone divine,
And tramples his neighbour to the sod,
Ever the weakest goes to the wall,
None of us know what the end shall be,
Except that misery must befall—
We hear the roaring of the Sea."

I mingled in the priestly throng,
And ask'd of one who seem'd the chief,
" If in the mist he 'd linger'd long ? "
" Ay, long ! " he said, " without relief !
We know not whether we sit or stand,
Or whether we wander in or out !—
We find nor comfort, nor guiding hand,
Nor any glimmering but of doubt.
We feel a quiver of earthquake shocks,—
We would be bound and yet be free,
We tread on the edge of perilous rocks—
We hear the roaring of the Sea."

A group of statesmen, sore at fault,
Brothers in doubt, of different schools,
Uncertain whether to march or halt,
Sat pondering—knaves as well as fools.
I ask'd them why their discontent ?
" We want to govern poor human-kind,
That will not walk as we have meant,
So deaf it is, so dull and blind.
We cannot rule a world gone mad,
Woe is upon us ! if thus it be !—
There 's little good among the bad,—
We hear the roaring of the Sea."

I question'd one that seem'd a king,
From the vapoury, misty crown he wore,
Why to the shadows he seem'd to cling,
Shadows behind and shadows before ?
He answer'd sadly, " Ask me not !
I strive to follow my father's trade.
I walk as I may—or can—God wot—
Stumbling and halting, and afraid !

The time is pass'd for Right Divine.
The people have ceased to bend the knee,
The end is coming for me and mine—
I hear the roaring of the Sea."

Down there came, like a river in flood,
A crowd of People haggard and worn;
And they roar'd and yell'd and clamour'd for blood,
Frantic and furious and forlorn.
"What do you want?" I ask'd of one;
He answer'd, "The Earth for its children dear,
Farms as free as the light of the Sun,
And fair partition of life's good cheer,
Of corn and wine, and sheep and beeves;
All that the Earth produces free,
Why should we starve 'mid the bursting sheaves?—
We 've heard the roaring of the Sea."

The billowy, rising, roaring sea,—
The stifling, swathing, blinding mist;
A Chaos big with a new To Be,
And a ruddy sunshine not uprist.
Hear it, ye preachers of the creeds!
Take heed, ye wise, without a plan,
There 's something better than sordid needs—
There 's a futurity for man!
"Each for himself" is a gospel of lies,
That never was issued by God's decree—
There 's fresh fair light on the morning skies—
There 's health in the roaring of the Sea.

THE AWAKENING OF THE PEOPLE.

THE following song represents the worst feelings of the Revolution. It was suppressed by the Directory in 1795; but during the two preceding years it was a great favourite with the unrestrained demons who governed France. Nothing was too horrible for those bloody-minded fiends. The inhuman butchery and the monstrous outrages perpetrated upon the dead body of the Princess Lamballe, were but fair illustrations of the foul deeds committed by the loathsome followers of Robespierre, Danton, and St. Just. The regeneration of France was, perhaps of necessity, entrusted to the hands of men who could see no way to accomplish their purpose except through the guillotine and a river of blood. The leaders themselves became like wild beasts, and when they could no longer agree they turned on each other, and the majority of them were sent, by the votes of their former colleagues, to the same scafford to which they had by their acts doomed so many.

THE AWAKENING OF THE PEOPLE.

J. M. SOURIGUERES.

Nation of brethren, Frenchmen brave!
Feel you no horror at the sight,

When treason dares her flag to wave,
  Awaking carnage and affright?
What! shall a sanguinary band
  Of robbers and assassins dare
To trample on our native land,
  And with their breath pollute the air?

What guilty torpor binds you fast?
  Wake, sovereign people, quick, awake!
To hellish fiends the wretches cast,
  Who long with blood their thirst to slake!
War to the death! should be your cry—
  War to all partners in their guilt:
If you could only hate as I,
  The blood of all were quickly spilt.

Yea, let them perish—do not spare
  Those monsters who would flesh devour,
Who in their craven bosoms bear
  The worship of a tyrant's power.
Manes of innocence, who wail
  For retribution in your tombs,
Rest, rest! your murderers now grow pale,—
  At last the day of vengeance comes.

Mark how their limbs with terror shake;—
  They dare not fly,—too well they know
Escape is vain,—each path they take
  The blood they vomit forth will show.
Ye shades! upon your tombs we swear,
  By the misfortunes of our land,
That we a hecatomb will rear,
  Of that foul, man-devouring band.

Ye legislators, good and just,
  Chosen to guard the people's right,
Who, with your countenance august,
  Our enemies with fear can smite,
Follow your glorious path!—each name
  Dear to humanity will be,
And, wafted to the Hall of Fame,
  Will dwell with Immortality!

AN INCIDENT IN THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Acts of noble heroism were of frequent occurrence during the awful days of the Reign of Terror. Mercy was seldom offered the unhappy victim, and when offered was so loaded with vile and cowardly conditions that it was at once, almost universally, rejected. Death was far better than life at the price demanded. To save her father's life the daughter drank a glass full of warm blood, fresh from the body of the murdered victim at her feet; but her father dead, the same girl would beg to die by his side. In 1793 and 1794 the guillotine could not do its bloody work fast enough, and to aid it in its mission of destruction men, women, and children were gathered together by hundreds and blown to pieces at the cannon's mouth. If, perchance, any escaped the murderous discharge they were at once cut down by the sabre or run through the body by the bayonet. Young men and maidens were stripped naked, lashed together and thrown into the river; victims of what, with hellish mirth, were designated as "Republican marriages."

The incident described in the following lines actually occurred, and it was but one of the many of like kind that took place.

AN INCIDENT IN THE REIGN OF TERROR.

MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

Unwarned, upon the cloudless sky,
A sudden thunder burst,
Beneath the blood-stained willow trees
Of Brotteaux field accurst;
The fiends that fed on human life
Had waked the cannon's roar,—
For blunt with carnage was the knife
That deluged France in gore;—
And, where its sanguine rivers flowed,
Discarded, with a frown,
The sickle that too slowly mowed
Their breathing harvests down.

And the willows shook with horror,
Uplifting from the plain
The twigs that felt the seething heat,
Of this unhallowed rain;
And slowly, on the quivering air,
The smoke-clouds rolled away,
From off the crimson heather where
The murdered victims lay;
But still with fettered hands and feet,
O'erflowed with kindred blood,
An eye that watched, his doom to meet,
A boy uninjured stood.

Javogues turned with careless scoff;—
"Well, let him live," he said,
"The child shall join our ranks,—come off,—
Such blood 's not worth the lead."
Out spoke the boy, and each swift word
With pride and scorn had strife,

As back upon the blood-stained herd,
He hurled the proffered life.
" Stay not for me the tide ye shed,
I spurn the boon ye give ;
The lovely and the pure are dead,
'T is but the guilty live.

" Call ye it mercy ? What ! to breathe
This rank and poisoned air,
Where sights like these the eyeballs seethe ?—
Where only murderers are ?
The frailest cowards 'neath yon sky
May welcome death's advance,
When hell itself is drained of fiends
To seal the curse of France.
Quick,—to your tasks,—the hour runs waste,
Yon dungeons wait your care ;
The life's-blood crowds my veins, for haste
To join the slumberers there."

He ceased,—but ere the breasts of men
Could, for the wonder thrill,
Hoarse breathed that brazen mouth again ;—
His burning heart was still.

LA TRICOTEUSE.

LED by Santerre the brewer, Legendre the butcher, and Theroigne de Mericourt the prostitute, the women of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and other similar quarters in Paris, became during the Reign of Terror the most terribly furious and bloodthirsty of all the inhuman monsters brought to the surface in that awful strife for liberty. Maddened by want of food and excited to frenzy by vile liquor, these beings, bearing the semblance of women, were made worse than famished wolves in their cruelty and their demand for blood. From the midst of these unsexed creatures came the "Furies" of the guillotine, among whose number were found that band called "The Knitters," who sat at the foot of the scaffold at every execution, knitting; and as head after head fell into the basket they would look up from their work and count "one"—"two"—"three," until the full quota of victims for the day had ceased to exist. These women were capable of teaching an innocent child to become one of them, and the story told below is not at all improbable.

LA TRICOTEUSE.

GEORGE W. THORNBURY.

The fourteenth of July had come,
And round the guillotine

The thieves and beggars, rank by rank,
Moved the red flags between.
A crimson heart, upon a pole,—
The long march had begun ;
But still the little smiling child
Sat knitting in the sun.

The red caps of those men of France
Shook like a poppy-field ;
Three women's heads with gory hair,
The standard-bearers wield.
Cursing, with song and battle hymn,
Five butchers dragged a gun ;
Yet still the little maid sat there,
A-knitting in the sun.

An axe was painted on the flags,
A broken throne and crown,
A ragged coat upon a lance,
Hung in foul black shreds down.
"More heads!" the seething rabble cry,
And now the drums begun ;
But still the little fair-haired child
Sat knitting in the sun.

And every time a head rolled off,
They roll like winter seas,
And, with a tossing up of caps,
Shouts shook the Tuileries.
Whizz—went the heavy chopper down,
And then the drums begun ;
But still the little smiling child
Sat knitting in the sun.

The Jacobins, ten thousand strong,
And every man a sword;
The red caps, with the tricolours,
Led on the noisy horde.
"The Sans-Culottes to-day are strong."
The gossips say, and run;
But still the little maid sits there,
A-knitting in the sun.

Then the slow death-cart moved along;
And, singing patriot songs,
A pale, doomed poet bowing comes
And cheers the swaying throng.
Oh, when the axe swept shining down,
The mad drums all begun;
But, smiling still, the little child
Sat knitting in the sun.

"Le Marquis!"—linen snowy white,
The powder in his hair,
Waving his scented handkerchief,
Looks down with careless stare.
A whirr, a chop—another head—
Hurrah! the work 's begun;
But still the little child sat there,
A-knitting in the sun.

A stir, and through the parting crowd,
The people's friends are come;
Marat and Robespierre—"Vivat!
Roll thunder from the drum."
The one a wild beast's hungry eye,
Hair tangled—hark! a gun!
The other kindly kissed the child
A-knitting in the sun.

"And why not work all night?" the child
Said, to the knitters there;
Oh, how the furies shook their sides,
And tossed their grizzled hair!
Then clapped a bonnet rouge on her,
And cried—"'T is well begun!"
And laughed to see the little child
Knit, smiling, in the sun.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Of all the hideous beings, miscalled men, unearthed by the French Revolution, Jean Paul Marat was the worst and the most hideous. Deformed and dirty in person; ferocious as a wild beast; vindictive and cruel; yet, with all, endowed with some considerable talent and a great deal of charlatan cunning, he stirred up, by his writings and by his speeches, the vilest elements to be found in the city of Paris. "Eight hundred gibbets ought to be erected in the Tuileries to hang all traitors"; "Massacre two hundred thousand partisans of the former order of things," are mild illustrations of the frantic ravings of this madman. On the fourteenth of July, 1793, the anniversary of the storming of the Bastile, Charlotte Corday rid the world of this inhuman fiend. Tried for the crime, and, by her own confession, convicted, she perished upon the scaffold.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Anon.

Who is this, with calm demeanour,
  And with form of matchless grace,
Wearing yet the modest beauty
  Of her childhood in her face?

Charlotte Corday.
From an engraving by Le Vachex.
Paris, 1804.

Close the white folds of her kerchief
All her neck and bosom wrap,
And her soft brown hair is hidden
Underneath her Norman cap.

This is she who left the convent,
For the fierce and restless throngs,
Who were gathering head for battle,
To avenge her country's wrongs.

This is she who to its rescue,
Was the foremost to advance—
She who struck to death the tyrant
Of her well beloved France.

She who had the martyr's spirit
To perform as she had planned;
Taking thus her life's sweet promise
In her own presumptuous hand.

All the while, herself deceiving,
With this dangerous subtletry,
"Evil, surely, is not evil
If a good is gained thereby.

"If I perish for my country,
Is not this a righteous deed?
If I save the lives of thousands,
What is it that one should bleed?"

So, arraigned at the tribunal,
This alone was her reply:
"It was I who did this murder,
And I do not fear to die."

Therefore pitying, admiration,
More than blame, for her we feel—
Hers was noble and heroic,
Though it was mistaken zeal.

And so long as France shall honour
Those whose blood for her is shed,
Shall the name of Charlotte Corday
Live among the martyred dead!

THE GIRONDINS.

PRESIDENT of the Convention that voted death to Louis XVI., and himself casting such a vote, Vergniaud and his fellow Girondins, of whom he was the stalwart leader, were in turn doomed to taste of the same bitter cup they had prescribed for their king. Marat dead by the hand of an assassin; the Girondins about to die on the scaffold; Danton, St. Just, Robespierre soon to follow. It would seem like the irony of fate when we count how few of the men who brought about those awful days survived to witness the end. A young, unknown artillery officer, who was an advocate of grapeshot, but not of the guillotine, and who had taken no active part in the bloody and horrible deeds of the French Revolution, was the one destined to bring it to a close, and the one, above all others, to be benefited by it.

"The last night of the Girondins was sublime. Vergniaud was provided with poison. He threw it away that he might die with his friends. They took a last meal together, at which they were by turns merry, serious, and eloquent. Brissot and Gensonné were grave and pensive. Vergniaud spoke of expiring liberty in the noblest terms of regret, and of the destinies of man with persuasive eloquence. Ducos repeated verses which he had composed

in prison; and they all joined in singing hymns to France and Liberty."—Thiers' *History of the French Revolution.*

"The Girondins spent the last night of their captivity in the great dungeon—that Hall of Death. The tribunal had ordered that the still warm corpse of Valazé should be taken back to the prison, carried on the same cart with his accomplices to the place of execution, and buried with them. . . . The gen-d'armes placed the body in a corner of the prison. The Girondins, one after the other, kissed the heroic hand of their friend. They covered his face with his mantle. 'To-morrow!' said they to the corpse; and they gathered their strength for the coming day. It was near midnight. The deputy Bailleul, proscribed like them, but concealed in Paris, had promised to send them from without, on the day of their judgment, a last repast of triumph, or of death, according as they might be acquitted or condemned. By the help of a friend, he kept his word. The funeral supper was spread in the great dungeon. Costly viands, rare wines, flowers, and lights covered the oak table of the prison. The meal lasted until the dawn of day. Vergniaud, seated near the centre of the table, presided with the same calm dignity which he had preserved during the night of the tenth of August while presiding over the Convention. The guests ate and drank with sobriety—merely to recruit their strength. Their discourse was grave and solemn, though not sad. Many of them spoke of the immortality of the soul, and expressed their belief in a future state."—Lamartine's *History of the Girondins.*

THE GIRONDINS.

DUMAS AND MAQUET.

When with the cannon's mighty voice,
Her many children France invites,
The soldier feels his heart rejoice,
And for his mother proudly fights.
Sublime is death indeed,
When for our native land—for liberty—we bleed.

We die, from battle-fields remote,
Yet not ignoble is our doom;
To France and freedom we devote
Our heads, and gladly seek the tomb.
Sublime is death indeed,
When for our native land—for liberty—we bleed.

Brethren, we die a martyr's death,
A noble creed we all profess;
No word of sorrow let us breathe;
Our France one day our name will bless.
Sublime is death indeed,
When for our native land—for liberty—we bleed.

Then unto God your voices lift
In gratitude,—a single sigh
Would ill repay Him for His gift—
It is for liberty we die.
Sublime is death indeed,
When for our native land—for liberty—we bleed.

MADAME ROLAND.

It was but a natural sequence to the execution of the Girondins that Madame Roland should perish upon the same scaffold. She who had been "the soul of the Gironde, this woman might one day prove a very Nemesis, if permitted to survive those illustrious individuals who had preceded her to the grave." Would this woman have been as instrumental as she was in bringing the Marseillais to Paris had she known the horrors which were to follow? We doubt it. She was too much of a woman to become a butcher. She met her fate bravely; her last act being one of kindness to a weak and infirm old man, in asking that he be executed first, so that she would spare him the pain of witnessing her blood flow. Bowing herself before the statue of Liberty she uttered the words, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name," and then her fair head fell into that basket destined to receive so many bloody trophies in the mis-used name of freedom.

MADAME ROLAND.

Anon.

A mien of modest loveliness,
A brow on which no shadow lies,
And woman's soul of truthfulness
Out-looking from soft hazel eyes:

Thy placid features only show
The happy mother, faithful wife,
Not her whose fate it was to know
All strange vicissitudes of life.

Unnoticed in thy youthful days
It was thy happy lot to move,
Brightening life's unobtrusive ways
With the sweet ministries of love.

And learning the great truths of life
That best are learned in solitude,
But only in its after strife
Are ever proved or understood!

That toiling early, toiling late,
For others, is our highest bliss—
Man, even in his best estate,
Hath no more happiness than this.

Such truth it was, that even there,
Where reigned the prison's gloom and chill,
Could keep thee wholly from despair,
And make thee toil for others still.

Till thine own sorrows half forgot,
Thy noblest sacrifice was shown
In words and deeds for those whose lot
Was far more wretched than thine own.

Yet well for thee our tears may flow,
Though high thy name emblazoned stands,
Thou, with a woman's heart, couldst know
No life that woman's heart demands.

Happier than thou, with fame and wealth,
Is she who cheers earth's humblest place;
Leaving no picture of herself,
Save in a daughter's modest face.

DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.

THE death of Robespierre, July 28, 1794, was the end of the Reign of Terror; the Revolution ended October 4, 1795, when Napoleon, in command of the troops stationed around the Tuileries in defence of the National Convention, mowed down with grape and canister the armed hosts of the revolting Sections. This is not the proper place to undertake an analysis of the character of Robespierre. He certainly rose higher, held more absolute power, and was more dreaded and feared than any man connected with the history of the French Revolution. Whether he was a demagogue, or an honest republican seeking only the good of France, is a question upon which historians greatly differ. It is, however, a fact that had he not fallen when he did, Josephine would, in all human probability, have lost her head upon the scaffold; Barras could not have given her hand to Napoleon in connection with the command of the Army of Italy, and the great Emperor's life would have turned at some other periods than those of his marriage and his divorce.

DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.

(10 Thermidor, 1794.)

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

Here let us stand—windows, and roofs, and leads
Alive with clinging thousands—what a scene!

ROBESPIERRE.

Artist and engraver unknown.

Published in "Histoire-Musée de la Republique-Française."
Paris (no date).

And in the midst, above that sea of heads,
Glooms the black Guillotine.

A scene like that in the Eternal City,
When on men's hearts the Arena feasted high—
While myriads of dark faces, void of pity,
Looked on to see them die.

How the keen Gallic eyes dilate and glare!
The flexible brows and lips grimace and frown—
How the walls tremble to their shout, whene'er
That heavy steel comes down!

'T is nearly over—twenty heads have rolled,
One after one, upon the block—while cheers
And yells and curses howled by hate untold
Rang in their dying ears.

One more is left—and now, amid a storm
Of angry sound from that great human Hive,
They rear upright a dizened ghastly form,
Mangled, yet still alive.

Like one emerging from a deadly swoon,
His eyes unclose upon that living plain—
Those livid, snaky eyes!—he shuts them soon,
Never to ope again.

As that forlorn, last, wandering gaze they took,
Perhaps those cruel eyes, in hopeless mood,
Sought, in their agony, one pitying look
'Mid that vast multitude.

Sought, but in vain,—inextricably mixed
On square and street and house-top—he surveys

A hundred thousand human eyes, all fixed
In one fierce, pitiless gaze.

Down to the plank! the brutal headsmen tear
Those blood-glued rags—nay, spare him needless pain.
One cry! God grant that we may never hear
A cry like that again!

A pause—and the axe falls on Robespierre.
That trenchant blade hath done its office well—
Hark to the mighty roar! Down, Murderer—
Down to thy native Hell!

Again that terrible shout! till suburb far
And crowded dungeon marvel what it mean—
Hurrah! and louder, louder, yet hurrah
For the good Guillotine!

And breasts unladen heave a longer breath—
And parting footsteps echo fast and light—
Our Foe is lodged in the strong Prison of Death!
Paris shall sleep to-night.

MADAME TALLIEN.

WITHIN the prison walls of the Carmes, at Paris, the day before the downfall of Robespierre, two women were confined, whose execution had been decreed for the morrow. One was Josephine Tascher, the widow of General Beauharnais, who had lately perished upon the scaffold; the other was Theresa Cabarus, the beloved of Tallien, guilty only of the crime of exercising too much power for clemency over her lover, the people's representative at Bordeaux. These women, both beautiful, were intimate friends, and had equally shared the public admiration bestowed upon them. It is said that after the execution of Robespierre the friendship of Barras was the key which unlocked the prison door for these two noted women; one of whom was to become the Empress of France; the other the destroyer of the Reign of Terror by inspiring her lover with courage to attack Robespierre openly in the Convention Hall.

It is told by Lamartine, that one evening, while returning home, a letter from Theresa Cabarus was slipped into Tallien's hand. This note, which a bribed gaoler had allowed to leave the prison, was written in blood. It contained only these words: "The Administrator of Police has just left. He came to announce to me that to-morrow I should ascend to the tribunal, that is to say, to the scaf-

fold. This but little resembles the dream I had last night. If Robespierre no longer existed, the prisons would be open. But thanks to your unworthy cowardice there will soon be no one in France capable of realising this event." Tallien laconically replied: "Be you as prudent as I will be courageous, and be calm." As is well known, the result was that Tallien became the chief actor in bringing about the ruin of Robespierre and his party.

Madame Tallien's reputation was not of the best. Deserting her first husband for Tallien, whom she married only after the 9th Thermidor, and in time deserting him to marry the Prince de Chimai, she, the most beautiful woman of her time, gained a most unhappy celebrity, which pursued her everywhere. Fond of society and the adoration she received, her boldness in breaking over even the very loose social laws which then existed daunted her friends. After his marriage with Josephine, Napoleon forbade her receiving the friend of her prison life, and the doors of the Tuileries were shut against the woman who, in a great measure, had been the means of making it possible for her old-time friend to become the wife of the future Emperor.

MADAME TALLIEN.

ANON.

With a form of wondrous beauty
And of most unrivalled grace,
With a voice of winning sweetness
And a fair and witching face,

From the pleasant paths of girlhood,
She came up with joy elate,
And took thoughtlessly upon her
All a matron's care and state.

And we scarce can ever wonder
That her life so careless seems—
She is now but just emerging
From her childhood's thoughtless dreams.

And she has not learned the lesson,
That can only come with years—
That our life is not for pleasure,
But for labour and for tears.

But behold her, by misfortune,
From her height of pleasure hurled;
Hath she seen how unsubstantial
Are the honours of the world?

Doth she view her life as something
That was profitless and vain?
What hath been to her the discipline
Of sorrow and of pain?

Alas! that heaviest trial,
Lonely thought, and fiery strife,
Could not change the heart within her,
Nor the purpose of her life.

For she lived by fitful impulse,
Doing sometimes deeds of good;
Sometimes, in red wine washing
Out the memories of blood.

Reigning as the queen of beauty,
With an undisputed claim;
Hiding with a crown of roses
All her forehead's crimson shame.

Yet we would not quite condemn her
Unto perfect infamy,
For she seemed to have within her
Something better than we see.

And she might have added virtue
To her beauty and her grace
If her lines of life had fallen
In a good and pleasant place.

THE GRAND ARMY.

WHILE the Revolution went on and its effects were being felt from one end of France to the other; while the guillotine ran red with blood, and brother condemned brother to suffer beneath its awful knife; while it was a question of extreme doubt what precise form the government would assume, the soldiers of France, fighting her battles on the frontiers, held firm for the honour of their country. Barefooted, without arms and without food, they fought against combined Europe. Victory after victory they won; until, driven beyond the Rhine, the invaders were glad to sue for peace. These were the men who were to make possible the name of Napoleon, and well did they merit better than they then received. The glory, the honour, the future of France were in their keeping, and never once did they betray the trust.

THE GRAND ARMY.

VICTOR HUGO.

Soldiers of our Year Two! O Wars! O epic songs!—
Drawing at once their swords against all Crowned Wrongs,
In Prussian, Austrian bounds,
And against all the Tyres and Sodoms of the earth,
And him the man-hunter, the Tzar o' the icy North,
Follow'd by all his hounds.

And against Europe all, with all its captains proud,
With all its foot-soldiers whose might the plains did crowd,
With all its horsemen fleet,
All risen against France, with many a hydra head,—
They sang as on they march'd, their spirits without dread,
And without shoes their feet.

At early dawn, at eve, South, North, and everywhere,
With their old muskets on their shoulders, rattling there,
Passing both rock and flood,
Without sleep or rest, foodless, and ragged too,
Joyous and proud they went, and their shrill trumpets blew
As only demons could.

Sublimest Liberty fill'd evermore their thought;
Fleets taken sword in hand, and frontiers set at nought,—
So sovereignly they go;
O France! on every day some prodigy they dare,—
Encounters, combats, shocks,—on Adige' side Joubert,
And on the Rhine Marceau.

The vanguard they o'ercame, the centre they o'erthrew;
In the snow, and in the rain, water their middles to,
On went they, ever on:
And one sued them for peace, and one flung wide his gate;
And thrones were scattered like dead leaves, here of late,
Now at the wind's breath gone.

O soldiers! you were grand, in the midst of battle-shocks,
With your lightning-flashing eyes and wild dishevell'd locks
In the wild whirlwind black;
Impetuous, ardent, radiant, tossing back your heads,
Like lions snuffing up the North-wind when he treads
Upon his tempest track!

Drunken and madly rapt in their great epic deeds,
They savour'd all the mirth of most heroic needs,—
Steel clashing here and there,
The winged Marseillaise flying amid the balls,
The grenades and the drums, the bomb-shells and cymbals,
And thy clear laugh, Kleber!

The Revolution cried—Die, O my volunteers!
Die to deliver all the people from their fears!
Their answering hands they raised.
Go, my old soldiers! go, my beardless generals!
And Victory proudly march'd to the sound of bare foot falls
Over the world amazed.

Disheartening and fear to them were all unknown;
They had without a doubt over the high clouds gone,
If their audacity
In its Olympic race one moment had look'd back,
And seen the Republic point over their glorious track
Her finger to the sky.

THE SONG OF DEPARTURE.

NEXT to the "Marsellaise," the following was, perhaps, the most popular song of the latter days of the French Revolution. It was the song sung by the soldiers of Joubert, Marceau, and Kleber as, foot-sore and weary, they marched against their enemies. The Directory adopted it and Napoleon's warriors took it up in the early days of the Republic as they pushed forward the work so gallantly begun by the heroes who had preceded them.

THE SONG OF DEPARTURE.

M. J. CHÉNIER.

Victory, hymning loud, our pathway makes,
  While freedom guides our steps aright;
From North to South the martial trumpet wakes
  To sound the moment for the fight.
Tremble, ye enemies of France,
  Kings who with blood have slaked your thirst!
The sovereign people see advance
  To hurl ye to your grave accursed.
Come, brethren, the Republic calls;
  For her our hearts and lives we give;
For her a Frenchman gladly falls,
  For her alone he seeks to live.

A Mother.

See, from your mother's eye no tear-drops flow,
  Far from our hearts we banish fears;

We triumph when in freedom's cause ye go,—
Only for tyrant's eyes are tears.
Warriors, we gave you life, 't is true,
But yours no more the gift can be;
Your lives are now your country's due,
She is your mother more than we.
Come, brethren, the Republic calls, etc.

Two Old Men.

The old paternal sword becomes the brave,
Remember us 'mid battle's rage:
And let the blood of tyrant and of slave
Honour the weapon blessed by age.
Then to our humble cottage come;
With wounds and glory as your prize:
When tyrants have received their doom,
Then, children, come to close our eyes.
Come, brethren, the Republic calls, etc.

A Child.

We envy Viala's and Barra's lot;
Victors were they, though doomed to bleed:
Weighed down by years, the coward liveth not;
Who dies for freedom, lives indeed.
With you we would all dangers brave,
Lead us against our tyrants then:
None is a child except the slave,
While all republicans are men.
Come, brethren, the Republic calls, etc.

A Wife.

Husbands, rejoicing, seek the plain of death,
As patterns for all warriors shine;
Flowers will we pluck to make the victor's wreath,
Our hands the laurel crown will twine.

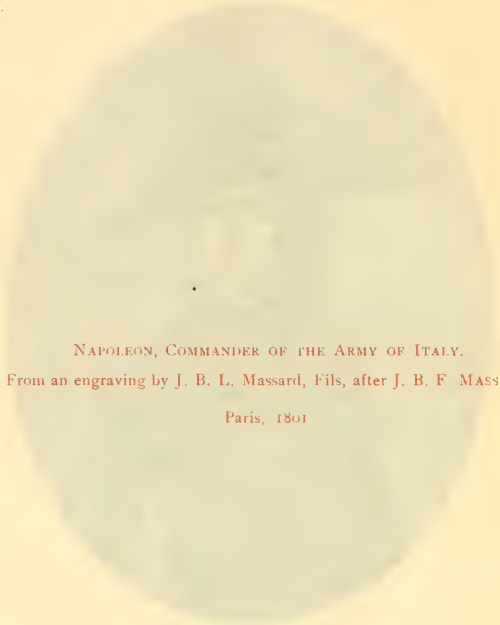
When, your blest manes to receive,
Fame shall her portals open fling,
Still in our songs your names shall live,
From us shall your avengers spring.
Come, brethren, the Republic calls, etc.

A Young Girl.

We, who know nought of Hymen's gentle fire,
But sisters of your heroes are,
We bid you, citizens, if you desire
With us our destiny to share,
Radiant with liberty to come,
And glory purchased with your blood,
The joyful record bringing home
Of universal brotherhood.
Come, brethren, the Republic calls, etc.

Three Warriors.

Here, before God, upon our swords we swear
To all who crown this life with joy,
To mothers, sisters, wives, and children dear,
The foul oppressor to destroy.
Into the black abyss of night
Hurled every guilty king shall be;
France o'er the world shall spread the light
Of endless peace and liberty.
Come, brethren, the Republic calls, etc.



NAPOLEON, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.
From an engraving by J. B. L. Massard, Fils, after J. B. F. MASSARD
Paris, 1801

THF BATTLE OF LODI.

It was at one time a question in Napoleon's mind whether he would take side with the Royalists, or with the Republicans. He witnessed the awful scenes of the twentieth of June, and, again, the bloody tenth of August. Upon the latter occasion he is said to have spoken boldly against the weak defense made by the King and his party, and to have asserted how, had he been in command, he would have destroyed the cowardly mob that assailed the Tuileries; and he proved, afterwards, on the 13th Vendemaire, that he was capable of doing that very thing. "Had I been a general officer," he said, "I might have adhered to the Court party; a sub-lieutenant, I sided with the Revolution." He took no active part in the terrible work of the Revolution, as it was carried on throughout the nation. He was a soldier, pure and simple, and obeyed the governing power, whatever it might be, in fighting to protect France. In 1793 he was named by the Committee of Public Safety as commander of the artillery at the siege of Toulon, and it was there he first demonstrated the military genius he possessed, and which, eleven years afterwards, placed him upon the throne of France and made him master of Europe.

After the engagement at Toulon, Napoleon, for a time,

dropped out of public sight, as any great factor in the history then being made. Arrested as a suspect and thrown into prison he barely escaped losing his head upon the scaffold. Released, only to be degraded in the army, he resigned his commission and seriously thought of offering his services to Turkey. Wandering around Paris, without money and with no prospects in view, the two years following Toulon were not uneventful ones in the life of the future Emperor. Fate was about to offer and he was about to grasp the opportunity of his life. In October, 1795, the Sections arose against the National Convention and the new constitution and, joined by the National Guard, the mob of Paris was about to try its strength once more against the recognised government. That government was a weak one ; its military commander proved himself wholly incapable of coping with the situation. The five thousand troops under his command, were no match for the forty thousand moving against them. It looked as though the Palace of the Tuileries was again to be drenched with the blood of its defenders, the existing government overthrown and its members sent to the guillotine. In sheer desperation, and as a last resort, the command of the government troops was offered to Napoleon, then a mere youth of twenty-five years of age. He accepted the commission ; but only upon condition that he was to have the absolute control and management of the whole affair and was not to be interfered with in any way by the Convention. The result is a well known matter of history. With his five thousand muskets and his park of artillery, saved only by the rapidity

of his action from the hands of the insurgents, he deluged the streets of Paris with blood. His argument with a mob—grapeshot—prevailed. France was saved, and Napoleon was one round nearer the top of the ladder.

It was at this period Napoleon first met Josephine. A combination of love and ambition urged his suit forward, and, after a brief courtship, they were married by a civil contract, on the sixth of March, 1796. There can be little doubt that this marriage brought to Napoleon, as a wedding gift from Barras, the command of the Army of Italy. That command sent him to a field where he achieved some of his most brilliant successes. Concerning his marriage, he himself, is authority for the statement that his union with Josephine started him on the road to the throne of France; while his divorce from her started him on the road to St. Helena. Montenotte, Milessimo, Lodi, Arcola, and Rivoli were but a few of the wonderful battles fought and won by this youthful warrior, with his ragged and hungry army pitted against the skilled and veteran generals of Austria and Sardinia. His attacks in front and in rear, on the right and on the left flank, were too rapid an innovation in the art of war for the slow old book warriors of the past.

The following poem is the only one we have been able to obtain in the English language, touching upon any part of the first Italian Campaign. It has no particular merit, and was written, evidently, after the author had read Campbell's "Hohenlinden," and in imitation of that well known poem.

THE BATTLE OF LODI.

JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

The signals giv'n! Impatient neigh
The snorting chargers at the cry
Which calls proud Austria forth to-day,
To "charge with all her chivalry."

Hark to the deep and muffled drum!
Announcing death so near at hand;
The foe! the foe! they onward come;
May heaven uphold the Austrian band!

Mark ye, the eagle standards wave
Above the torrent's crimson tide!
Oh! mark ye how for glory's grave
Those gallant horsemen forward ride!

Two despots meet; the one by right
Defends what ages make his own;
The other, in the pride of might,
Stands forth all-conquering and alone.

This last, upon the battle-field,
With eye which beams with living fire,
Arm'd with a dread and puissant shield,
Defies the German's wildest ire.

Yon bridge, where slaughter yet unsate,
Still revels in its gory bed,
Groans now beneath the growing weight
Of living—dying—and of dead.

'T is o'er! and France foredoom'd to sway
Where'er her flashing eagle shone,
Hears the proud victor named that day
In victory's shout—"Napoleon!"

PETIT JEAN.

Upon Napoleon's return to Paris, after his first Italian campaign, he was received with the wildest enthusiasm by the people, and the Directory presented him with a splendid standard on which was the following inscription, which inscription told, in a few words, the history of the campaign: "He has defeated five armies, triumphed in eighteen battles and sixty seven combats. Taken prisoners one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers of the enemy. He has sent one hundred and sixty standards of the enemy to the different military establishments of France; one thousand one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon to the arsenals; two hundred millions of francs to the treasury; fifty-one ships of war to the ports; treasures of art and literature to the galleries and libraries. He has signed nine treaties, all of great advantage to the Republic. He has given liberty to eighteen communities or nations."

Unmoved by the plaudits and deaf to all the acclamations with which he was surrounded, Napoleon thought only of vaster schemes and more wonderful achievements. From his boyhood days the East had possessed for him a charm he could not shake off. Even in disgrace, he had thought of offering his services to Turkey, and now, encouraged by the victories he had won at Lodi and Arcola, he allowed his mind to be dazzled with the possibility of fulfilling his childhood's dream of building up an em-

pire in the East, which would surpass all others of ancient or modern times. The Directory, becoming jealous of the popularity of the young general, and willing to remove him from Paris and from France, listened to his arguments in favour of sending an expedition to Egypt, and in less than six months after his return from Italy he was on his way to the land of the Pharaohs. On July 1, 1798, the shores of Egypt loomed up in sight and on the same evening the disembarkation of the troops commenced, which continued all the night. Early the next morning and while the army was still being landed, Napoleon at the head of three thousand men marched against the city of Alexandria, but a short distance away, and after a few hours conflict, his first Egyptian victory was won. Leaving Kleber with a small force at Alexandria, Napoleon with the rest of his army set out to cross the desert to Cairo. After five days of terrible suffering the Nile was reached, and on the morning of the twenty-first of July, just as the sun was showing itself above the horizon, Cairo appeared in sight upon the opposite bank of the river, and away to the right, out upon the trackless waste of sands, appeared those mighty monuments of unknown antiquity, the Pyramids, and their equally ancient and faithful sentinel, the Sphinx. Ten thousand Mameluke horsemen were between the French army and the base of these hoary giants of the Past; and here was fought the battle, which in one day made Napoleon master of all Egypt. The valour of the French army, the drummer boy as well as the veteran, was tried and proved at the famous battle of the Pyramids.

PETIT JEAN.

(At the battle of the Pyramids, July 21, 1798.)

MARY A. BARR.

Up rose the sun o'er Egypt's tents,
  O'er Egypts pyramids and sands,
O'er fierce and fiery Mamelukes,
  And o'er Napoleon's veteran bands;
The palms stood still in the hot air,
  The sad and silent Sphinx looked on,
While over all the Afric sun
  In burning, blinding splendour shone.

The Mamelukes fretted on their steeds,
  Their cimeters all bright and bare;
The French stood grimly watching them,
  Napoleon in the centre square.
He pointed to the Pyramids:
  "Comrades, from those grand heights, I say,
The brave of forty centuries
  Will watch you draw your swords to-day!"

They answered him with ringing shouts,
  And ere the echoes died away,
The van, like a tornado, charged,
  Led by the brave and bold Desaix.
Then while the trusty "Forty-third"
  Stood waiting for the word to charge,
They saw their little drummer-boy
  Come from the column of Dufarge.

With tottering steps and bleeding breast,
  But bravely beating still his drum,
He said with sad and tearful face,
  "O Forty-third, to you I 've come;

I 've come to you, my regiment,
For nothing but a child am I ;
I 've come to you, my comrades brave,
That you may teach me how to die !

" I 'll never shame you, Forty-third ;
I want to be as brave and true ;
I want to die as brave men die,
So tell a poor child what to do."
Then Regnier gnawed his long gray beard
And Joubert turned his head away :
The lad had been the pet of all,
And now they knew not what to say,

Till Regnier kissed the boy, and spoke :
" Our Petit Jean, I see 't is plain
Your place is with the Forty-third ;
So beat us now the charge again,
Then follow, and we 'll show you how
Death comes unto the soldier brave.
Comrades, salute the nine-year-old,
Who 'll bravely fill a soldier's grave ! "

The men's hearts glowed like living coals,
And Regnier cried, " Why do we stay ? "
And to the roll of the little drum
They rode upon their vengeful way ;
But each one as he passed the child
His sword with earnest purpose drew,
And cried in brave or tender tones,
" Mon Petit Jean, Adieu ! Adieu ! "

" I come, my regiment, I come ! "
But never Petit Jean again

His drum beat for the Forty-third;
They found him lying with the slain.
They put the medal on his breast,
Together clasped his childish hands,
And dug, with many a bitter tear,
A grave for him in Egypt's sands.

'T is near a century ago
But still his memory is green;
The Regiment has not a name
So dear as that of Petit Jean;
And many a weary soldier has
To brave and noble deeds been stirred
By the tale of the little nine-year-old
Who died among the Forty-third.

NAPOLEON AND THE SPHINX.

After the decisive battle of the Pyramids, Napoleon entered Cairo with great pomp and enstalled himself in the magnificent palace of Mourad Bey. After restoring order and attending to the wants of the people; with his gallant army comfortably encamped around the walls of the city, and with his mind filled with gigantic schemes for the future glory of his country, this wonderful man, not yet thirty years of age, rode out one day, unattended, to view those everlasting monuments, from whose summits forty centuries had looked down upon the terrific struggle just ended beneath their very shadows. Sitting motionless upon his horse in front of the mysterious Sphinx, one does not have to stretch fancy very far in order to picture the following scene.

NAPOLEON AND THE SPHINX.

Charles Mackay.

Beneath him stretched the sands of Egypt's burning lands,
The desert panted to the sweltering ray;
The camel's plashing feet, with slow, uneasy beat,
Threw up the scorching dust like arrowy spray,
And fierce the sunlight glow'd as young Napoleon rode
Around the Gallic camp, companionless that day.

High thoughts were in his mind, unspoken to his kind;
Calm was his face—his eyes were blank and chill;
His thin lips were compress'd; the secrets of his breast
Those portals never pass'd, for good or ill;
And dreaded—yet adored—his hand upon his sword,
He mused on destiny, to shape it to his will.

"Ye haughty Pyramids! thou Sphinx! whose eyeless lids
On my presumptuous youth seem bent in scorn,
What though thou hast stood coëval with the flood—
Of all earth's monuments the earliest born;
And I so mean and small, with armies at my call,
And recent in thy sight as grass of yester-morn!

"Yet in this soul of mine is strength as great as thine,
O dull-eyed Sphinx, that wouldst despise me now;
Is grandeur like thine own, O melancholy stone,
With forty centuries furrow'd on thy brow:
Deep in my heart I feel what time shall yet reveal,
That I shall tower o'er men, as o'er these deserts thou.

"I shall upbuild a name of never-dying fame,
My deeds shall fill the world with their renown;
To all succeeding years, the populous hemispheres
Shall pass the record of my glories down;
And nations yet to be, surging from Time's deep sea,
Shall teach their babes the name of great Napoleon.

"On History's deathless page, from wondering age to age
New light and reverence o'er that name shall glow.
My deeds already done, are histories begun,
Whose great conclusions centuries shall not know.
O melancholy Sphinx! Present with future links,
And both shall yet be mine. I feel it as I go."

Over the mighty chief a shadow came of grief,
The lips gigantic seem'd to move and say—
"Know'st thou his name that bid arise yon Pyramid?
Know'st thou who placed me where I stand to-day?
Thy deeds are but as sand, strewn on the heedless land;
Think, little mortal, think! and pass upon thy way!"

"Pass, little mortal, pass! grow like the vernal grass,
The autumn sickle shall destroy thy prime.
Bid nations shout the word which ne'er before they heard,
The name of Glory, fearful yet sublime.
The Pharaohs are forgot, their works confess them not;
Pass, Hero! pass! poor straw upon the gulf of time."

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

In the midst of success and prosperity, and at the very dawn of the brightest day that had appeared to the Egyptians in centuries, Napoleon lost all. Through the negligence of Admiral Brueys, in not obeying his instructions, the whole French fleet was destroyed in the bay of Aboukir, exactly ten days after the brilliant victory won at the battle of the Pyramids. Well might Nelson and the English nation shout for joy. Well might Napoleon exclaim with undescribable emotion: "Brueys, what have you done!"

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

William Lisle Bowles.

Shout! for the Lord hath triumphed gloriously!
Upon the shores of that renowned land,
Where erst his mighty arm and outstretched hand
He lifted high,
And dashed, in pieces dashed the enemy;—
Upon that ancient coast,
Where Pharaoh's chariot and his host
He cast into the deep,
Whilst o'er their silent pomp he bid the swollen sea to sweep;
Upon that eastern shore,
That saw his awful arm revealed of yore,
Again hath he arisen, and opposed
His foes' defying vaunt: o'er them the deep hath closed!

Shades of mighty chiefs of yore,
Who triumphed on the self-same shore :
Ammon, who first o'er ocean's empire wide
Didst bid the bold bark stem the roaring tide ;
Sesac, who from the east to farthest west
Didst rear thy pillars over realms subdued ;
And thou, whose bones do rest
In the huge pyramid's dim solitude,
Beneath the uncouth stone,
Thy name and deeds unknown ;
And Philip's glorious son,
With conquest flushed, for fields and cities won ;
And thou, imperial Cæsar, whose sole sway
The long-disputed world at length confessed,
When on these shores thy bleeding rival lay !
Oh, could ye, starting from your long, cold rest,
Burst Death's oblivious trance,
And once again with plumed pride advance,
How would ye own your fame surpassed,
And on the sand your trophies cast,
When, the storm of conflict o'er,
And ceased the burning battle's roar,
Beneath the morning's orient light,
Ye saw, with sails all swelling white,
Britain's proud fleet, to many a joyful cry,
Ride o'er the rolling surge in awful sovereignty !

Calm breathed the airs along the evening bay,
Where, all in warlike pride,
The Gallic squadron stretched its long array ;
And o'er the tranquil tide
With beauteous bend the streamers waved on high.
But ah ! how changed the scene ere night descends !
Hark to the shout that heaven's high concave rends !
Hark to that dying cry !

Whilst louder yet the cannon's roar
Resounds along the Nile's affrighted shore,
Where from his oozy bed,
The cowering crocodile hath raised his head!
What bursting flame
Lightens the long track of the gleaming brine?
From yon proud ship it came,
That towered the leader of the hostile line!
Now loud explosion rends the midnight air!
Heard ye the last deep groaning of despair?
Heaven's fiery cope unwonted thunders fill,
Then with one dreadful pause, earth, air, and seas are still!

But now the mingled fight
Begins its awful strife again!
Through the dun shades of night
Along the darkly heaving main
Is seen the frequent flash;
And many a towering mast with dreadful crash
Rings falling. Is the scene of slaughter o'er?
Is the death-cry heard no more?
Lo! where the east a glimmering freckle streaks,
Slow o'er the shadowy wave the gray dawn breaks.
Behold, O sun, the flood
Strewed with the dead, and dark with blood!
Behold, all scattered on the rocking tide,
The wrecks of haughty Gallia's pride!
But Britain's floating bulwarks, with serene
And silent pomp, amid the deathful scene
Move glorious, and more beautiful display
Their ensigns streaming to thy orient ray.

Awful Genius of the land!
Who (thy reign of glory closed)

By marble wrecks, half hid with sand.
Hast mournfully reposed;
Who long amid the wasteful desert wide,
Hast loved with deathlike stillness to abide;
Or wrapped in tenfold gloom,
From noise of human things for ages hid,
Hast sat upon the shapeless tomb
In the forlorn and dripping pyramid;
Awake! Arise!
Though thou behold the day no more
That saw thy pride and pomp of yore;
Though, like the sounds that in the morning ray
Trembled and died away
From Memnon's statue; though, like these, the voice
That bade thy vernal plains rejoice,
The voice of Science, is no longer heard;
And all thy gorgeous state hath disappeared:
Yet hear, with triumph, and with hope again,
The shouts of joy that swell from thy forsaken main!

CASABIANCA.

MANY deeds of heroism are recorded to the credit of both the French and the English sailors who took part in the battle of the Nile. Admiral Brueys paid with his life the penalty for his lack of judgment and his failure to obey the instructions given him, and fell, fighting gallantly, upon the quarter-deck of his vessel. Nelson, though seriously hurt, refused to have his wounds attended to until every seaman who had been carried below before him had been taken care of. But of all the heroes of that day, young Casabianca, the son of the commander of the *Orient*, stands at the head. A lad of about thirteen years of age, he had displayed the utmost activity and courage during the engagement. Just before the fire broke out, which destroyed his vessel, the Commander Casabianca, mortally wounded, had been carried into the gun-room. His son, not knowing of the fate which had overtaken his father, refused to leave his post, even after the fire had completely enveloped the vessel, until informed that his father was dying, when he at once ran to his side. No threat, no command could move him from that place, and when the fire reached the magazine and the *Orient* blew up, father and son went down to a noble grave, locked in each other's arms. Mrs. Hemans, although not adhering strictly to history, has immortalised young Casabianca's heroism.

CASABIANCA.

FELICIA HEMANS.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on; he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task be done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay!"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
  They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
  Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound;
  The boy—Oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
  With fragments strewed the sea—

With shroud and mast and pennon fair,
  That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
  Was that young faithful heart.

NAPOLEON IN BIVOUAC.

ALTHOUGH the result of the battle of the Nile was a fatal blow to the hopes of Napoleon of ever being able to carry out, to a successful issue, his cherished schemes concerning the establishment of a mighty empire in the East, yet he did not relinquish the idea of doing a great work there. The gallant Desaix was sent in pursuit of Mourad Bey, and soon he had possession of all Upper Egypt, over which Napoleon made him Governor. The French scientists minutely examined and made record of every object of interest to be found in the country of the old Pharaohs. Napoleon, in person, inspected the proposed route of a canal at Suez, to connect the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, and it was at the identical spot where tradition tells us the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea that he and his party were nearly drowned by the rising tide. "Had I perished there like Pharaoh," he said, "it would have furnished all the preachers in Christendom with a magnificent text against me." Then followed the battle of Mount Tabor, the siege of Acre, and the glorious victory at Aboukir. Master of Egypt, his work done, so far as it lay in his power to accomplish it, in sight of Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle, surrounded by the shades of those heroes who made ancient history famous, Napoleon, sitting before his tent

with a map of the world on his knees, falls asleep, to dream, perchance, of future glory and the wondrous fate still to be his.

NAPOLEON IN BIVOUAC.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

A watch-fire on a sandy waste—
  Two trenches—arms in stack—
A pyramid of bayonets—
  Napoleon's bivouac!

Yonder the stately grenadiers
  Of Kleber's vanguard see!
The general to inspect them sits—
  Close by the blaze sits he.

Upon his weary knee the chart,
  There, by the glowing heap,
Softly the mighty Bonaparte
  Sinks, like a child to sleep.

And stretched on cloak and cannon,
  His soldiers, too, sleep well,
And, leaning on his musket, nods
  The very sentinel.

Sleep on, ye weary warriors, sleep!
  Sleep out your last hard fight!
Mute, shadowy sentinels shall keep
  Watch round your trench to-night.

Let Murad's horsemen dash along!
  Let man and steed come on!
To guard your line stalks many a strong
  And stalwart Champion.

A Mede stands guard, who with you rode
When you from Thebes marched back,
Who after King Cambyses strode,
Hard in his chariot's track.

A stately Macedonian
Stands sentry by your line,
Who saw on Ammon's plain the crown
Of Alexander shine.

And, lo! another spectre!
Old Nile has known him well;
An Admiral of Cæsar's fleet,
Who under Cæsar fell.

The graves of earth's old lords, who sleep
Beneath the desert sands,
Send forth their dead, his guard to keep,
Who now the world commands.

They stir, they wake, their places take
Around the midnight flame;
The sand and mould I see them shake
From many a mail-clad frame.

I see the ancient armour gleam
With wild and lurid light;
Old, bloody purple mantles stream
Out on the winds of night.

They float and flap around a brow
By boiling passion stirred;
The hero, as in anger, now,
Deep-breathing, grasps his sword.

He dreams ;—a hundred realms, in dream,
  Erect him each a throne ;
High on a car, with golden beam,
  He sits as Ammon's son.

With thousand throats, to welcome him
  The glowing Orient cries,
While at his feet the fire grows dim,
  Gives one faint flash—and dies.

THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

THE expedition to Egypt was not a success, except so far as it proved the skill of Napoleon and the valour of the French soldier, and that it added valuable information to the scientific world. The loss of his fleet completely isolated Napoleon and his army from France and the outside world. Had the battle of the Nile been won, and had Napoleon firmly established the empire he sought to build up from the inactivity and gloom of centuries, fancy can only conjecture what the future would have brought to him. As it was, the sovereignty of Egypt alone was too small a prize to satisfy the ambition of this wonderful young man. His greater plan had failed, so he put behind him the whole scheme and looked back to France for a more promising field. For ten months he had received no news from home, and now, when, through the means of Sir Sidney Smith, he had placed in his hands a file of French newspapers, he was informed that everything was going wrong in France; that the army he had left so victorious in Italy had been driven over the Alps, and that the combined forces of Europe were marching to the frontiers of the harassed and sorely tried republic. He determined at once to return, and on the night of the twenty-second of August, 1799, with a few chosen comrades, he left the shores of Egypt. The assassination of

the gallant Kleber, who had been assigned the command of the army, was a great loss to the French cause in Egypt, and, finally, the battle of Alexandria brought about the end—the evacuation of the country by the entire French army.

THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Harp of Memnon! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres;
While the hero's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

As the sun's descending beams,
Glancing o'er thy feeling wire,
Kindle every chord that gleams,
Like a ray of heavenly fire,

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

Bright as Beauty, newly born,
Blushing at her maiden charms;
Fresh from Ocean rose the Morn,
When the trumpet blew to arms.

Terrible soon grew the light
On the Egyptian battle-plain,
As the darkness of that night
When the eldest born was slain.

Lashed to madness by the wind,
As the Red Sea surges roar,
Leave a gloomy gulf behind,
And devour the shrinking shore;

Thus, with overwhelming pride,
Gallia's brightest, boldest boast,
In a deep and dreadful tide,
Rolled upon the British host.

Dauntless these their station held,
Though with unextinguished ire
Gallia's legions thrice repelled,
Thrice returned through blood and fire.

Thus, above the storms of time,
Towering to the sacred spheres,
Stand the Pyramids sublime,—
Rocks amid the floods of years.

Now the veteran chief drew nigh;
Conquest towering on his crest,
Valour beaming from his eye,
Pity bleeding in his breast.

Britain saw him thus advance
In her guardian angel's form;
But he lowered on hostile France,
Like the demon of the storm.

On the whirlwind of the war
High he rode in vengeance dire;
To his friends a leading star,
To his foes consuming fire.

Then the mighty poured their breath,
  Slaughter feasted on the brave!
'T was the carnival of death:
  'T was the vintage of the grave.

Charged with Abercrombie's doom,
  Lightning winged a cruel ball:
'T was the herald of the tomb,
  And the hero felt the call,—

Felt, and raised his arm on high;
  Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
  And the force of France o'erthrew.

But the horrors of that fight
  Were the weeping muse to tell,
Oh, 't would cleave the womb of night,
  And awake the dead that fell!

Gashed with honourable scars,
  Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
  Streaming splendour through the sky.

BONAPARTE.

As early as 1800 England had begun to lampoon Napoleon, and from that time until his death at St. Helena there was no cessation of the slanderous and scurrilous attacks made upon him by English writers. When these attacks became foul and indecent, and directly charged him and his whole family with indulging in the vilest kinds of debauchery and sensuality, Napoleon resented them and requested the English Government to suppress their publication and to punish their authors. The answer to his request was the cowardly one that the English Government could not interfere with the liberty of the press. The following lines, written by an English clergyman shortly after the return of the French Army from Egypt, is a mild example of what was written and published at that time in England. Is it to be wondered at that Napoleon's hatred of the English began while he was yet a young man, and lasted even to the time of Sir Hudson Lowe, his English jailor during the last six years of his life?

BONAPARTE;

AN HEROIC BALLAD, WITH A SERMON IN ITS BELLY, WHICH THAT RENOWNED WARRIOR AND MOST REVEREND THEOLOGIAN PREACHED AT HIS VISITATION OF THE GOOD PEOPLE OF EGYPT; WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.

GEORGE HUDDESFORD.

Redoubted Drawcansirs,
Extoll'd by our grandsires

In narrative, episode, stanza, or strophe,
Philip's conquering son,
Kouli Khan, Prester John,
Knight, generalissimo, soldan, or sophi,
Who have topp'd Fortune's wheel,
And, with craft, cuffs, or steel,
Have your rivals o'erreach'd, your antagonist quell'd 'em,
Since you 've all had your day,
For a royster make way,
At whose nod the world quakes like a crazy old beldam.

CHORUS.

Like a devil he 'll fight,
Like an angel indite ;
Nay, should Merlin arise, who profess'd the black art, he
And his imps would look blue,
And his cats would cry "mew"
At this raw-headed and bloody-bon'd chief, Bonaparte.

In the month Vendemaire
When, because that elsewhere
To find worth like their own was a thing unexpected,
Those desp'rate state-quacks,
The Conventional Jacs,
By bayonet suffrage themselves re-elected,
On the banks of the Seine,
With his rapier so keen,
That eclips'd all the tools of chirurgical art, he
Cur'd feverish Parisians
Of heats and divisions ;
Oh ! the skilful phlebotomist, fam'd Bonaparte !

CHORUS.

When he 's bled ye enough,
Or of lead quantum suff,

Has prescrib'd of pain, malady, suff'ring, and smart, he
For aye sets you free;
Then let each grave M. D.
To the dogs throw his physic, cries leech Bonaparte.

Some aver that he 's sent,
Heaven's Plenipotent,
To organise Europe's political chaos:
This we hope they 'll make good,
Or from Lucifer's stud
He might else be mistaken, perhaps, for a stray horse:
But he scruples resign'd,
For he 's promis'd mankind
Of his mission supernal complete demonstration;
And the word none can doubt
Of this chieftain devout,
Who the creed has adopted of every nation.

CHORUS.

Like a devil he 'll fight,
Like an angel indite;
Nay, should Merlin revive, who pofess'd the black art, he
Would be somewhat surpris'd,
When at once exorcis'd
Of his family fiends by devout Bonaparte.

To the African coast
He led a huge host
Of doughty proficients in bloodshed and rapine,
Who the windpipes by scores
Of Italian Signores
Had sever'd, and spoil'd all their quavering and scraping.
Alexandria they reach'd,
Where a sermon he preach'd,

While Egyptians to hear him, like boys to a show ran.
"Sure his old friend in black
Has sent Mahomet back,"
Cried each Iman and Cheik, "to republish the Koran."

CHORUS.

Friend Rowland, I fear,
You 'd look mighty queer,
Should this militant holder-forth once come athwart ye;
Though you beat bulls of Basan
In mouth diapason,
You 're not fit to cry Amen to Saint Bonaparte!

He told the Egyptians
All kinds and descriptions
Of men in the eyes of their Maker were equal:
"And truly," quoth he,
"That they 're all so to me,
I 'll warrant you, sirs, you shall find in the sequel:
All 's fish to my net,
I 've the Popedom o'er set,
And those blockheads of Malta, destroy'd in a trice 'em;
And each Mameluck sot
Shall now go to pot;
Then devoutly let 's join to anathematise 'em.

CHORUS.

"For from morning to night
I can cant, curse, or fight";
And should Merlin arise, who profess'd the black art, he
And his cats would have star'd,
And his imps have been scar'd,
At the fulminant doctrines of Saint Bonaparte.

"That I toil thus and plod
For the honour of God,
All must own who don't wilfully misunderstand it;
Let me rob, lie, or curse,
Cut a throat or a purse,
To sanction each crime I 've a heavenly mandate;
So for his soul's health,
When the secular wealth
Of the Pope I made free with, his pride I diminish'd;
And his claim to a mine
Of treasures divine
Ascertain'd, when his course apostolic was finish'd."

CHORUS.

Ye miserable crew,
Think what must ensue
Should Death, 'midst your money-bags strike with his dart ye;
Then give each his strong box
To this Corsican fox,
And your passport to heaven shall be sign'd—Bonaparte.

"Stark blind he must be,
Who 's unable to see,
That Destiny guides all my grand operations;
Bade me sail from Toulon,
Arm'd with sabre and gun,
To teach Alexandrian sufferers patience:
But since God me enjoin'd
To be clement and kind
To the people of Egypt, each Islamite brother,
Who may doubt my good will,
Cannot sure take it ill
To be butcher'd in this world and damn'd in the other!"

CHORUS.

Oh, this merciful wight!
Sure his sermon polite,
If Merlin had heard, who profess'd the black art, he
His conjuring cap
Would have sold for a scrap
Of the rhetoric employ'd by humane Bonaparte.

"As for you, Mr. Pacha,
Of me, Captain Flash, ah!
With what pleasure you 'll hail the auspicious arrival!
And advantage resulting
From thence to the Sultan,
When Mameluck knaves to Old Nick I shall drive all;
You 're in pitiful case,
For their rascally Beys,
Whom you ought to control, keep you under at Cairo;
But they sha'n't show their noses,
I 'm greater than Moses,
And I 'll plague the dogs worse than that prophet did
Pharaoh."

CHORUS.

Then let 's curse the vile race
Of these impious Beys;
And should Merlin arise, who profess'd the black art, he
And his quorum of wizards
Would growl in their gizzards,
To be outdone a cursing by Saint Bonaparte.

"Most orthodox Mufti,
(Don't think I talk stuff t' ye)
Were it not that the Mam'luck 's alive and looks still grim,
And that first my grand mission
Exacts his perdition,

To Medina I 'd trot, a true Mussulman pilgrim:
Shall the Mameluck brag,
That your house or your nag,
He 'll make free with, and, if you 've a pretty girl take her?
Well your Reverence may stare!
This would make a saint swear;
Then seize him, ye black angels, Moukir and Quakir!"

CHORUS.

Oh! this Mameluck dog,
Who eats up your prog,
And, by hook or by crook, wins each pretty slave's heart, he
Shall find such curst vermin
To slay and extermin-
Ate, Mahomet sends in the nick Bonaparte.

"For, excepting your own,
Other prophet there 's none
Whose predictions I hold to be worthy of credence:
Of my feats he has wrote,
So no hole in his coat
I shall pick,—all the rest yields to Me the precedence:
In each heart, in each head,
Ev'ry crotchet I 've read,
Ev'ry thought I develop, in knowledge surpass all;
In vain to my course
Is oppos'd human force;
Success crowns my efforts, and Fortune 's my vassal."

CHORUS.

Cheiks, Imans, and Cadis,
Oh, what a rare blade is

This Corsican preacher, who sail'd from afar t' ye!
One Prophet 's your boast,
Now you 've two to your cost
Ask the Devil, and he 'll make a third of the party.

"To the doctrine I broach,
Which is sound as a roach,
Bid Egyptians attend for their edification:
Each suffering race
Is advancing apace
To the æra of politic Regeneration:
Then like gold from the mint
Though you 'll shine, take a hint,
The regeneration that 's wrought by my soldiers,
Of Cheik, Dervise, or Copt,
When the head we have cropp'd,
Will ne'er make another head sprout from his shoulders.

CHORUS.

"Then our knav'ry abet;
And expel that curs'd set,
The English—('t is Mahomet's orders I bear t' ye)
And of heav'n you 'll be cits,
Where fresh, black-ey'd young tits
You shall snore by the side of:—believe Bonaparte."

But when Nelson with Brueys
And his ships play'd the deuce
Burnt, captur'd, or sunk, or blown out of the water;
To regen'rate the navy
Dispatch'd to Old Davy,
Was a project that non-pluss'd the regenerator,
Then off in a pet
For Acre he set;
"Dgezzar Pacha 's no more, in three days you shall hear."

But methinks 't were as well,
Ere the bear's skin you sell,
To make sure mighty warrior, of killing the bear:

CHORUS.

For, thanks to Sir Sidney,
And tars of his kidney,
Old Dgezzar 's at Acre alive yet and hearty;
While the French, foil'd and bit,
To the bottomless pit
He damns, with their vapouring chief, Bonaparte.

Such an awkward rebuff
As our hero so bluff
Never yet had encounter'd, he took it in dudgeon;
Thought this little great Don,
Let ev'ry man John
Stay and perish in Egypt, to France I 'll be trudging:
There to cut a grand swell,
Of the thousands I 'll tell,
That were slain in hot blood by my myrmidons bold;
But the notable trick
That I play'd my own sick
I 'll suppress, and the thousands I murder'd in cold.

CHORUS.

Sure the wit in my sconce
That of all my savants
Put together outweighs, for in proof of my art I
Know the time when to run,
And save number one;
"Gallant leaders are scarce," quoth discreet Bonaparte.

This chief, stout and mighty,
He ne'er said, "Good-by t' ye,"

But stole off; and as soon as he reach'd the French shore, he
For his brave tergiversing,
And murd'ring and cursing,
Was deservedly deem'd to be "cover'd with glory";
While the Monsieurs all strove,
By their shouting, to prove
That their lungs were as sound as their brains they were addle:
Then like over-drove hacks,
They all bow'd down their backs;
And this new Alexander jump'd into the saddle.

CHORUS.

And since he 's got there,
Unhorse him who dare,
Let his French Rosinante kick, curvet, and start, he
Sticks spurs in his sides,
And to Belzebub rides,
Like a beggar on horseback, the grand Bonaparte.

While the French sneak and quail,
And their despot regale
With a hodge-podge of praise that would make a dog sick,
The free British press,
Without fear of finesse,
Speaks truth of the Consul in spite of Old Nick.
He, fierce as a Tartar,
To give us no quarter,
His cut-throats commands, should they once come across us,
And swears he 'll leap over
Our channel to Dover;
A pretty good stride for a pocket Colossus!

CHORUS.

Fam'd Giant Woglog,
Though this Consular frog,
In dimensions compar'd is no more than a wart t' ye,
With a long bow he shoots,
And " your seven-league boots
To a hair they would fit me," quoth grand Bonaparte!

Let our plaudits enhance
The wisdom of France,
Since the blood of her princes and nobles she shed,
And so sensibly chose,
With a ring in her nose,
At a Corsican harlequin's will to be led.
What if French, Dons, and Dutch,
He has got in his clutch,
Controls the Italians, and tramples the Switzers,
Yet he 'd fain come and dine,
On our English sirloin,
But he fears we shall curry his hide with the spit, sirs.

CHORUS.

Sure a chief so renown'd
Was not born to be drown'd;
But when he 's safe landed, John Bull says, a cart he
And a gibbet and cord
Keeps in store to reward
The transcendent deserts of the grand Bonaparte.

NAPOLEON, FIRST CONSUL.
From an engraving by Le Vachex.
Paris, 1806.

THE BELLS OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

On the morning of the eighth of October, 1799, a French fleet of four vessels dropped anchor in the harbour of Fregus. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world, had any fleet, large or small, convoyed so important a personage as did this little insignificant squadron of two frigates and two corvettes. A signal at the masthead of the flagship told the people on shore that Napoleon Bonaparte was on board. For fifty days had these vessels been tossed about by adverse winds upon the bosom of the Mediterranean, surrounded and sought for by the powerful squadrons of England, Russia, and Turkey. The very day before Fregus was reached, the English fleet was sighted in the distance, and the last night spent on board ship was, indeed, a trying one to Napoleon and those who accompanied him. The morning sun arose, clear and bright, and revealed the enemy far away to the horizon, and France and safety near at hand.

Napoleon's return from Egypt was hailed by all France with loud shouts of joy. On every side went up the cry: "Long live Bonaparte, the Conqueror of Italy, the Conqueror of Egypt, the Liberator of France." Leaving Fregus the day after landing, Napoleon travelled, as rapidly as post-horses could carry him, on to Paris, which city he entered on the seventeenth of October. The 18th

Brumaire (November 9, 1799); the overthrow of the Directory, and the establishment of a new Consular government, with Napoleon named as one of the Consuls, are matters of history familiar to every reader. Though not decreed First Consul, Napoleon assumed that position at the first meeting held with his colleagues, and neither they nor the people disputed his right to it. In fact, the new constitution, adopted shortly afterwards by a vote of over three millions to about fifteen hundred, expressly named him First Consul of the French Republic. The middle of the ladder was reached, and passed, and four years more would see this world's wonder at the top. Peace was soon restored to France, but it was not to last. In May, 1800, we find the First Consul again preparing for war. All his efforts to avert it had failed; and like an avalanche he was about to fall upon his foes and crush them.

The following picture of Napoleon is a good one, except the fact that he was First Consul and not Emperor, and there were then no Marshals yet in his train.

THE BELLS OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

WALTER THORNBURY.

Napoleon in the gray surtout
  That kings had learned to dread,
With close-clenched hands behind his back
  And heavy bended head,
Climbed slowly (lost in battle plans)
  A hill near Fontainebleau,
One, two, three, four, the village chimes
  Came to him from below.

The marshals, glittering with gold,
  Paced laughingly along,
Nor hushed the scandal and the jest,
  Or scrap of opera song;
The Emperor stood silent there,
  A monarch turned to stone,
Nor smiled, nor moved,—where great men stand
  The spot becomes a throne.

Below, the reapers, singing, toiled
  With sickles (not with swords),
Or down in clusters round the sheaves
  Lay revelling like lords;
The soldiers pointed to the slopes
  That bound the golden plain,
And almost wished that France were lost,
  To win it o'er again.

The gray man stood, one foot outstretched,
  As if upon a foe,
He cared not for the happy sight,
  The plenty spread below,
Although the bells shook music down
  From yonder village tower,—
And hark! the royal voice of Time,
  Exulting in his power.

At last he spoke, and slowly turned
  (A moisture in his eyes),—
Massena gave a shrug that showed
  A cynical surprise:
"Long years ago, at Malmaison,
  When all unknown of men,
I heard just such a laughing peal,
  And I was happy then."

He turned upon his heel, and then
Sat down upon the hill,
Tracing upon the level sand
With sword-sheath (Oh, that will!)
The star redoubt, the diamond fort,
The battle lines again:—
A month from that he won the day
Upon Marengo's plain.

NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ALPS.

THE successful crossing of the Alps by the French army, over the Great St. Bernard and other passes, was a feat worthy the genius of Napoleon. Hannibal had conquered a way over those snow-clad hills, why should not he? Sending his engineers ahead to reconnoitre the proposed route, they returned and reported a passage possible. "Let us set forward then," was the immediate answer, and the troops were at once in motion. The passage of the main army, commanded by Napoleon in person, was over the Great St. Bernard, and it took four days to accomplish it. Not an accident of note occurred; and with his infantry, his cavalry, and his artillery intact, and safely past the barrier which had separated him from his enemies, Napoleon was about to surprise the Austrians and to astonish the whole civilised world by the brilliancy and rapidity of his movements, and by the result obtained in the glorious victory won at Marengo.

NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ALPS.

JAMES WILLIAM MILLER.

The morning sun lay bright and calm,
On Bernard's hoary brow;
No warlike trumpet's fierce alarm,
Woke the stern echoes now.

You would have deem'd, in that still hour,
No mortal voice might there have power.

Then stood upon that voiceless height
One Form, in like proud rest;
Yet fires, that gave his great eye light,
Were struggling in his breast:
It heav'd, as Alpine mountains heave
When earthquakes in their wombs conceive.

And, Bernard, know'st thou not the tread,
That prostrate kingdoms know,
That stands upon thy haughty head,
As o'er a conquered foe!
Know'st thou not him whose trump shook down
Thy avalanche, as monarch's crown!

Yet thou shalt know him, when his name
Shalt shake a world; and thou
Shalt lend thine echoes to his fame,
Thy laurels for his brow.
His mountain-monument shall be
Coëval, haughty Alp, with thee.

Already his proud glance is turn'd
Up from his conquest's scene;
And kneeling Italy is spurn'd,
As captive all too mean!
From the stern victor's brow, in scorn,
The chieftain's blood-won wreath is torn.

Even now, as from a mighty throne,
The monarch's eye looks forth.
The deserts of the torrid zone—
The icebergs of the north—
Melt in his fierce ambition's blaze,
Or chill with terror in his gaze.

He stood alone: the watching forms
  Of the few bending near,
Were darken'd in his bosom's storms,
  And silent to his ear.
Had he not bid his legions go,
Nor heard their parting trumpets blow!

Had he not passed through banner'd host
  And cannon's flash, as one
Who in the desert's maze is lost!
  He stood there—all alone.
And spoke in accents proud and high
His doom—"I will be great—or die."

NAPOLEON AT ISOLA BELLA.

THE Duchess of Devonshire, in her *Anecdotes and Biographical Sketches*, writes as follows to a friend under date of June, 1822: "We went to the Isola Bella, and there saw (but faintly) what Bonaparte had written on a tree—'Batalia.' It was the first time he went to Milan, and whilst still only General, and is carved on the rind of the largest laurel I ever saw—quite a tree, like a good siz'd elm tree. Was it an omen of his future glory, and did he so chuse it as great was his glory—and great his downfall?—never was greater moral lesson given to man."

Lord Lytton, in making this incident in Napoleon's life the subject of the following poem, asserts that it was a few days before the battle of Marengo that the incident occurred; which account would agree with that given by the Duchess of Devonshire. Other historians have mentioned the same fact, and there seems to be no doubt of its truth.

NAPOLEON AT ISOLA BELLA.

LORD LYTTON.

O Fairy island of a fairy sea,
  Wherein Calypso might have spelled the Greek,
Or Flora piled her fragrant treasury,
  Culled from each shore her zephyr's wings could seek
    From rocks where aloes blow.

Tier upon tier, Hesperian fruits arise ;
The hanging bowers of this soft Babylon ;
An India mellows in the Lombard skies,
And changelings, stolen from the Lybian sun,
Smile to yon Alps of snow.

Amid this gentlest dreamland of the wave
Arrested, stood the wondrous Corsican ;
As if one glimpse the better angel gave
Of the bright garden-life vouchsafed to man
Ere blood defiled the world.

He stood,—that grand Sesostris of the North,—
While paused the car to which were harnessed kings,
And in the airs, that lovingly sighed forth
The balms of Araby, his eagle-wings
Their sullen thunder furled.

And o'er the marble hush of those large brows
Dread with the awe of the Olympian nod,
A giant laurel spread its breathless boughs,
The prophet-tree of the dark Pythian god,
Shadowing the doom of thrones!

What, in such hour of rest and scene of joy,
Stirs in the cells of that unfathomed brain ?
Comes back one memory of the musing boy,
Lone gazing at the yet unmeasured main,
Whose waifs are human bones ?

Write on the sacred bark such native prayer,
As the mild power may grant in coming years,
Some word to make thy memory gentle there ;
More than renown, kind thought for men endears
A hero to mankind.

Slow moved the mighty hand,—a tremor shook
The leaves, and hoarse winds groaned along the wood;
The Pythian tree the damning sentence took,
And to the sun the battle-sword of blood
Glared from the gashing rind.

So hast thou writ the word, and signed thy doom:
Farewell, and pass upon thy gory way.
The direful skein the pausing Fates resume!
Let not the Elysian grove thy steps delay
From thy Promethean goal.

The fatal tree the abhorrent word retained
Till the last battle on its bloody strand
Flung what were nobler had no life remained,—
The crownless front, and the disarmed hand,
And the foiled Titan soul;

Now, year by year, the warrior's iron mark
Crumbles away from the majestic tree,
The indignant life-sap ebbing from the bark
Where the grim death-word to humanity
Profaned the Lord of Day.

High o'er the pomp of blooms, as greenly still,
Aspires that tree,—the archetype of fame,
The stem rejects all chronicles of ill,
The bark shrinks back,—the tree survives the same,
The record rots away.

DESAIX.

From an engraving by Elizabeth C. Herhan after Guérin.

Paris, 1798.

THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.

HAD Napoleon lost the battle of Marengo, it is safe to say he never would have worn the crown of France. A return to Paris, defeated in Italy, meant for him a forced retirement from the head of National affairs and the substitution of Carnot, or some other sturdy republican in his place. With such a change, at that time, Waterloo, in all human probability would never have been fought, and "Napoleon at St. Helena" would never have become history. The escape was a narrow one. In the space of half an hour, what appeared to be a crushing defeat was turned into a glorious victory. To Desaix's opportune arrival upon the field and to Kellerman's masterly cavalry charge, a great share of the glory of that day is due. The victory won was decisive and the campaign ended with the close of the battle. Within two months after leaving Paris, Napoleon returned—again the saviour of France.

The campaign of 1800 will ever be recorded as one of the most brilliant achievements in history, and the one which bore the mightiest results to the man who planned and carried it out to a successful issue.

THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.

(By Bonaparte.)

ROBERT MACK.

From flattering crowds, and laurel crowns,
To muse in thought profound,

An evening's hour I sometimes seize,
And sigh beneath the Western breeze,
Which o'er these torn demolish'd trees,
Floats awfully around.

My friend—how mournful are these plains;
How deep the solemn silence reigns,
Where nature lately smil'd!
Yonder where tulips blooming stood,
And roses blush'd around;
Gaunt mastiffs gorge, on lapper'd blood,
And vultures sweep the ground!
All round for miles, tremendous ruin 's spread!
By whom? you 'll cry:
Heaven, I reply.
Melas and I
Were but the instruments, by whom whole nations bled!

Friend L., to you, on trembling wing,
The muse in shudd'ring tones shall sing,
Thalia's self shall tell;
Shall paint that bloody scene, that dreadful sight,
Which stopp'd the songs in heaven, and turn'd the day to night,
And made a pause in hell!
Seraphs, from heaven's high battlements,
Look'd down, and dropp'd a tear.
Wrap'd round with smoke, form'd gloom, the sun
Gleam'd with a blacken'd red!
While devils, thinking time was done,
That God, to finish had begun,
And the last hour at last was come,
Darted from earth, swift to their home,
And hid in hell for fear!

When from the slumbers of the night,
At morning light I rose,
My soul unusual ardours felt,
Seem'd kindling to a flame;
Impell'd by heaven, my horse I sprung,
And bounded to the plain.
Then what a sight my wondering eyes beheld!
Austria's legions tow'ring o'er the field!
Compact and strong,
The dreadful throng,
Mov'd firmly on;
As if to force the Gaulic lines, or storm the gates of Death!
If that 's your mind, exclaim'd my soul,
Hungary's passing bell may toll,
For here in blood your chiefs shall roll,
And pant away their breath.

Along Bormida's broken hills,
Between the river and the north,
To keep our foes from marching forth,
Our army held its posts;
The spacious plain, that lay between
Those hills and deep Bormida's stream,
Roar'd with the Austrian hosts.
One noble pass, nature had here supplied;
A smooth defile some hundred paces wide.
At all these posts our lines were thin,
For brave Desaix, with half the men,
Lay in reserve behind.
But seeing now, the hour was come,
When all was lost and all was won,
I cried, "Let swiftest couriers run,
And all our powers be joined."

Meantime, the Austrian phalanx form'd
In terrible array;

Proud Melas, in refulgent arms,
Rides through his host, their courage warms,
And cries—" Behold the day:
Behold the day, by Heaven design'd,
To crush th' oppressors of mankind!
Be men this day, and down the tyrant's hurl'd.
This day, the Corsican comes down;
This day we ransom Capet's Crown,
And peace restore unto a bleeding world!"
This said, to eighty thousand men,
The bloody word was given;
Whose dread reply embowell'd air,
Shook earth, and enter'd heaven!

In haste, through Gallia's lines I rode,
Along the dreadful van!
With military grandeur swell'd,
I scarcely felt as man!
To ardent warriors, loud I cried:
" Ye sons of France, ye heroes tried
Beneath the burning sun,
Who thrice have thunder'd down the Alps,
And Italy o'errun;
Ye shakers of Vienna's walls!
To you, your former glory calls:
I 'm too immense for faith, without renewèd proof.
In thunder, then, convince the world,
Your standard over conquer'd Nile unfurl'd,
That mighty Charles and Wurmser overthrown,
Those proud defenders of a tyrant's throne,
And Joseph hiring carts, to move his home,
Were but the opening wonders of your youth."

On this, the horrid scene began,
And the dread tempest fell:

'T was then, Marengo's thunders roar'd,
Down to the gates of hell!
For three long hours, the flame, the roar,
The dying screams, the streams of gore,
Waited on death, triumphing o'er
The undecided field.
At length o'er Austria's Eagles victory hung,
My unsupported legions were o'ercome—
And all the chance, seem'd now from France,
Either to die, or yield.
This helpless situation, flow'd
From my mistake alone;
For when I bid the trumpets sound,
I thought Desaix was near;
When Oh, alas! almost too late I found,
His legions lay full three leagues in the rear!

Of all the dreadful hours I've seen,
Pregnant with nations' fates,
The muse yet never witness'd one,
Like that she now relates?
On either hand, our wings were turn'd;
The centre only, stood;
Guarding the dread defile, which roll'd
With rivulets of blood!
Upon the right, a strange tremendous sound
Was heard, like thousands in despair:
Each, in a panic scream.
Not quite, but half, by thund'ring cannons drown'd,
It died away, along Bormida's stream,
Like the dire wailings of the unhappy dead,
A sinking down to worlds unknown,
With terror, and with dread!

Had Melas one decisive charge
Made through the hollow way,

Scarce heaven itself, could have retriev'd
The fortunes of the day.
But thinking all our powers were join'd,
Restrained by heaven or fear;
He sent his forces three miles round,
To take us in the rear.
Not knowing, all that stopp'd his progress then
Was barely just six thousand weary men!
On whom for fear, lest we should charge,
He made his cannon roar—
Vomiting death amongst our ranks,
Till down, around their gasping dead;
Floated the Gaulic gore!

'T was in this dreadful hour, I rose
Above my former fame;
From friends, obtesting heaven, I would retire;
I broke, and brav'd the whole Austrian fire,
Across the bleeding plain.
From rank to rank, on every side I flew,
Serenely calm;—"My friends," I cried,
"Desaix is just in view."
The bosom of the earth was tore
Beneath my courser's feet—
Whole platoons dropp'd, amidst their gore—
The shiver'd trees, in fragments fell around,
And join'd the cumbrous carnage of the ground:
While horrid devastation rag'd along,
And ruin seem'd complete!
At length like showers, to sun-burnt flowers,
The great deliverers came;
Raging they broke, through fire and smoke,
And hillocks of the slain!

Transported at the long wished aid,
My daring plans were in a moment laid.

The troops, I in a solid column form'd ;
Resolv'd to send, down to the world beneath,
Thousands, to tell the Austrian lines were storm'd,
Or Bonaparte had resign'd his breath !
But one half hour, these grand arrangements took ;
During which time, disgorging flame,
Red globes, and death, across the plain,
One hundred cannons, roar'd amain ;
Till heaven and earth resounding rung—
With the dire clamour shook !

At length, prepar'd, the bleeding front,
To right and left I wheel'd ;
And bade the column, form'd behind,
Rush thund'ring to the field.
The horrid *pas de charge*, at once was given,
Its tones re-murmur'd from the vault of heaven ;
While like tremendous rolling flames,
By raging tempests driven,
The column in a torrent pour'd
On the Austrian host ;
O'er bellowing cannons, and the dead ;
O'er those that fought, and those that fled ;
Like Ætna's burning lava red,
Roaring, resistless, down it spread ;
With bayonets plunging, down to Pluto's dreary coasts
Thousands, who are now wandering there,
Pale, melancholy ghosts !

Thus ended this tremendous day
Of terrible renown ;
'T was thus, I snatch'd bright victory's prize,
Perhaps, the Imperial Crown.
But while we triumph, tears should pour,
For brave Desaix is gone :

As down upon the foes he bore,
Leading the van, thund'ring before,
Fate flew, and down amidst the gore,
He fell without a groan!
Hem'd round with glory, lo! he dies;
And worlds must do the same!
Even then, o'er nature's smoking wreck,
Deathless, shall live the grandeur of his name,
Borne on Marengo's dreadful sound
To everlasting fame.

TO NAPOLEON.

THE immediate result of the victory won at Marengo, was an armistice, entered into between Melas and Napoleon, by the terms of which all Italy was to be given by Austria to the young conqueror. It took Moreau's victory at Hohenlinden to bring about, finally, this desired result; but Napoleon's active field operations ended for that campaign at Marengo, and he returned to Paris—having in five weeks, with an army one half the size of that opposing him, accomplished one of the most wonderful military feats of his truly wonderful career. His journey to Paris was a continued march of triumph. "Bonfires, illuminations, the pealing of bells, and the thunder of artillery accompanied him all the way." At Lyons, especially, he was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm, and at a breakfast given him by the Prefect of that city, the following verses, composed for the occasion, were sung.

TO NAPOLEON.

M. DELANDINE.

Warriors, see! this valued guest,
This hero through the world confest,
This BONAPARTE, by all ador'd,
Consents to share our festive board.
With laurel-wreaths his brow be bound,

His ardent brow with glory crown'd.
Haste—the first of victors he,
The conqueror of victory.

But yesterday he claim'd the plain,
To-day the arts his care obtain;
His hand, by which each rampart falls,
Lyons, rebuilds thy ruin'd walls.
With laurel wreaths, etc.

Of Grecian Hercules no more,
Though much his wonders charm'd of yore;
Lo! France presents, in modern hours,
A Hercules of ampler pow'rs.
With laurel wreaths, etc.

Brave was Cæsar, brave and wise,
With equal fire our hero vies:
"See, fight, conquer, friends!" said he;
He said, and Italy was free.
With laurel wreaths, etc.

Long for our progeny may heav'n
Preserve to thee the being giv'n!
To prosper earth thy years increase,
And grant, at least, an age of peace.
With laurel wreaths, etc.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

NAPOLEON returned to Paris in the middle of the night of July 2, 1800. The next day, as soon as his arrival became known, the whole city turned out to welcome him. As Hazlitt well puts it: "It was a day, like which few occur in history; yet in this instance how many such were crowded into the life of a single man."

The period of the armistice having expired and Austria having refused to accept its terms, the French armies were again set in motion. Macdonald crossed the Alps in the dead of winter, and achieved brilliant victories for the French cause. Moreau, on the Rhine, commenced that memorable winter campaign, which ended so gloriously at the terrible battle of Hohenlinden. At midnight, on the third of December, 1800, in the midst of a raging snowstorm, the French and Austrian armies met. The terrific and awful combat which followed has been immortalised by Campbell in the poem so familiar to every schoolboy.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

1801.

THE victory won at Hohenlinden forced the treaty of Luneville. That treaty secured to France peace with all the world, England alone excepted. It can hardly be said, with truth, that Napoleon stood in the way of a general peace at that time. He certainly showed by word and by deed that he wanted no more war. Master of the land, as England was mistress of the sea, he expressed himself as willing to meet his great and powerful enemy half way in negotiations for peace ; but further he would got go.

Wordsworth's idea of the man was wrong, and by his standard of what should go to make up a great ruler, Napoleon cannot be measured. He was an exception to all rules. The times, the circumstances, the condition of things by which he was surrounded left him, up to this time, 1801, no other course to pursue than the one he followed. For the mistakes he afterwards made, he could not then be judged. Nor should it be taken for granted that true power always grows upon the stalk named by Wordsworth. The lives of many great military men who have been called upon to rule over nations, prove the contrary.

1801.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I grieved for Bonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest mood
Of that man's mind—what can it be? what food
Fed his first hopes? what knowledge could he gain
'T is not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business; these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

THE only peace agreed to between France and England during the Napoleonic wars was that known as the "Peace of Amiens," which lasted from March, 1802, until May, 1803. During the existence of that peace the whole world, as it were, rushed to Paris, to catch a glimpse of the man who had wrought such mighty changes in so short a time. The obscure Corsican had become the greatest man of the times. Emperor of France, in all but name, his Court began to take on all the trappings and ceremonies of royalty. Holding the reins of power absolutely within the grasp of his own hands, he tolerated no interference, either by his colleagues or by the people. In peace, as in war, he rested not, but laboured incessantly for the advancement of his country, whose needs he seemed to comprehend fully. Society was reorganised for the better; judicial reforms were perfected, and the Code pushed forward towards completion; the educational system of the nation was thoroughly revised and improved; the relations between church and state were settled by the signing of the Concordat in the spring of 1802; the finances were brought up to a flourishing condition; magnificent roads and bridges were built; everything, in fact, that could enhance the greatness and glory of France, was thought of and carried out by this tireless

mind. It was at this time the Legion of Honour was established. How many a gallant soldier rushed to his death in hopes of winning a place in that legion, and how many a dying hero was made happy by being presented with its badge before he answered the last roll-call. When the "Star" no longer led the Legion on to victory, Byron gave us the following lines.

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

LORD BYRON.

Star of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal births,
Why rise in heaven to set on Earth!

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here:
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue

Of three bright colours, each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But, O Thou Rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon, O Goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

In December, 1801, Napoleon fitted out a large expedition and sent it to St. Domingo, with General Le Clerc, his brother-in-law, in command. Le Clerc succeeded in the task assigned him, so far, at least, as to capture Toussaint L'Ouverture, the leader of the negroes, and send him a prisoner to France, where he was confined in prison at Besançon and died there in April, 1803. Toussaint L'Ouverture was a man far superior in intellect and statesmanship to his fellow-countrymen. Whether he was honest in his dealings with Napoleon, whether his course in throwing off his dependence on France and setting himself up as the sole head of the St. Domingo government was the act of a true patriot, and whether Napoleon's treatment of him was cruel and inhuman, are questions not to be decided here. It certainly cost France much precious blood and an immense amount of money to subjugate the blacks. General Le Clerc and twenty thousand French soldiers lost their lives, and in the end England took the fruits of the whole expedition. Napoleon at St. Helena said that one of the greatest follies he ever committed was sending an army to St. Domingo; that he did it against his own judgment and solely because the nation demanded it.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,
Beneath Besançon's alien sky,
Dark Haytien! for the time shall come—
Yea, even now is nigh—
When, everywhere, thy name shall be
Redeemed from colour's infamy;
And men shall learn to speak of thee
As one of earth's great spirits, born
In servitude, and nursed in scorn,
Casting aside the weary weight
And fetters of its low estate,
In that strong majesty of soul
Which knows no colour, time, or clime,—
Which still hath spurned the base control
Of tyrants through all time!
Far other hands than mine may wreathe
The laurel round thy brow of death,
And speak thy praise, as one whose word
A thousand fiery spirits stirred,—
Who crushed his foeman as a worm,—
Whose steps on human hearts fell firm;—
Be mine the better task to find
A tribute for thy lofty mind,
Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone
Some milder virtues all thine own,—
Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,
Like sunshine on a sky of storm,—
Proofs that the negro's heart retains
Some nobleness amidst its chains,—
That kindness to the wronged is never
Without its excellent reward,—
Holy to human-kind, and ever
Acceptable to God.

Is it to be wondered that Napoleon loved not the English people? How such an educated and enlightened nation could, even technically, permit the publication of such verses as the following is not easy to understand. The defence of not interfering with the liberty of the press, is too frivolous to be entertained. If the case had been reversed and it had been their good King George III. and his family who were being slandered and lampooned, how quickly England would have been up in arms. But nothing was too false or too vile, if directed against the "wicked usurper." Conspirators and royalist emigrants were harboured and allowed to plot murder, and to publish Munchausen lies, within the confines of English territory. English gold was ever ready to help any cause which might tend to overthrow the French Republic and restore the Bourbons to the throne. Even those in England who, at the ratification of the Peace of Amiens, sided with the First Consul and were disposed to recognise him as the legally chosen ruler of the French nation, and to live at peace with him, were converted to the other side and were soon found bitterly opposing him.

THE BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION, LIFE, CHARACTER, AND BEHAVIOUR OF THE CONSUL, BONAPARTE.

A TALE FOR JOHN BULL.

(*To the Tune of Good Queen Bess.*)

ANON.

I 'll tell you such a story now as never has been told, John,
By modern novel-writers, or by fabulists of old, John.
And what is wonderful in these romancing times, John,
You 'll find as much of truth, as of wonder in my rhymes, John.
Oh! the melancholy days of Tyrant Bonaparte,
Cursed be the memory of Tyrant Bonaparte.

In the middle of that sea, where Nelson spread your fame, John,
A little island shows its head, and Corsica 's its name, John,
Where a pettifogging Lawyer and a vixen of a Wife, John,
Contriv'd by hook or crook to bring an urchin into life, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, etc.

Oh, curs'd forever be the night, with curses deep and hearty,
When this urchin saw the light, this Devil Bonaparté!
Lawyers, as you know, are ever mischief brooding o'er, John,
But mischief such as this, never Lawyer hatch'd before, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, etc.

Young Boney soon was sent to France, and got his education,
At a free school which the good old King had founded for the nation,
For which to show his gratitude, he kindly did contrive, John,
To help the rascal, Robespierre, to take away his life, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, etc.

At Toulon next he chanc'd to meet a villain called Barras, John,
Who seas had shed of human blood, and wish'd to shed still more, John.
Young Boney was as covetous of murder to the full, John,
And got by way of recompense, his master's cast-off Trull, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, etc.

So hand in hand to Paris went these Spoilers of Creation,
And every place with murder fill'd, and endless desolation.
By grape-shot from the cannon's mouth in one devoted day, John,
All weltering in their own heart's blood, two thousand bodies lay, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, etc.

To Italy he now repair'd as General-in-Chief, John,
And murders there committed such as almost pass belief, John.
Where'er he set his cloven foot, the marks of blood appear, John,
Destruction went before his face, and curses in his rear, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, etc.

And next to Egypt's coasts he led his rapine fatted train, John,
And with depopulation wild he fill'd each fertile plain, John,
And quick through Alexandria which he had ta'en by storm, John,
Murder, rapes, and pillage stalk'd in ev'ry frightful form, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, etc.

Old Nile drew back his hoary head and in dread horror stood, John,
But Carnage soon filled up his bed with streams of human blood, John,
The crocodiles were choaked with gore, and soon it did appear, John,
No monster could in thirst of blood with Bonaparte compare, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, etc.

But Oh! what tongue can justly paint the horrors of that day, John,
When Jaffa's sons all prisoners before his forces lay, John,
His troops around the captives drawn had orders giv'n to fire, John,
While spying through a glass he grinn'd to see the Turks expire, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, etc.

But not content Five Thousand Foes to murder in cold blood, John,
His own troops next were sacrificed to his ensanguin'd mood, John.

Near twice three hundred soldiers who were wounded by his side, John,
Were serv'd with draughts of opium, and agonisèd died, John.

Oh! the melancholy days, etc.

With conquest proud 'fore Acre next, he muster'd all his force, John,
But soon was by Sir Sidney Smith compelled to change his course, John;
A handful of your soldiers there defeated all his host, John,
And forced the vengeful murderer to skulk from off the coast, John.

Oh! the melancholy days, etc.

Then sneaking back to France again he seiz'd the sword of state, John,
And slavery has now become the Frenchman's darling fate, John.
And well it were if France alone composed the slavish train, John,
But ah! the Dutch, Italians, Swiss, all groan beneath his chain, John.

Oh! the melancholy days, etc.

And now he swears your valiant sons he 'll shortly add to these, John,
And make the boldest, mercy ask, upon his bended knees, John,
And humbly praise his clemency, and prostrate sue for grace, John,
While wife and daughters ravish'd are before his tortur'd face, John.

Oh! the melancholy days, etc.

But never sure could you survive such aggravated ill,
John,
Nor bear to see your females yield to his accursed will,
John.
Then quick prepare with ardent zeal to meet him on the
Strand, John,
And make each Frenchman's grave the spot on which
he dares to land, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, etc.

10

NAPOLEON'S CONFERENCE.

THE Peace of Amiens was of short duration. It was, at best, a mere truce, brought about in order to afford a breathing spell to two mighty nations, tired and worn out by long years of continued warfare. England never intended to abide by the terms of the treaty. She fretted and fumed with petit jealousy under the knowledge of the gigantic strides being made by the hated "Corsican." As said by an impartial English historian: "During the short interval of peace, every mode of irritation, recrimination, and invective was industriously resorted to and tacitly encouraged by the English government, in hopes of bringing about a rupture." Napoleon, it would seem, desired peace. As he himself said, he had nothing to gain by a war with England. He was First Consul for life; elected by a majority of over three million votes and he was the absolute ruler of France, with the right to name his successor at his death. He was ambitious to place France at the head of the nations of Continental Europe, and a war with England would surely embarrass him in the carrying out of his scheme. He negotiated in hopes of inducing England to fulfil the terms and conditions of the treaty, on her part, but all in vain. On the eighteenth of May, 1803, England declared war.

The following lines purport to be an account of the

famous interview which took place between Napoleon and the English Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, shortly before war was declared. It was published in England at the time, and fairly represents the English version of the conference. Hazlitt stamps the story as a fable and a caricature, and asserts that the interview in question was carried out by Napoleon in a dignified and courteous manner.

NAPOLEON'S CONFERENCE.

ANON.

Napoleon, tho' a pigmy sprite,
  Was freakish as a mule;
Th' ambassador was twice as stout,
  And more than twice as cool.

With this great little man to talk,
  He came from fair Whitehall;
But word he put to none, for why?
  The little man talk'd all.

"The wind is west," the Consul cried,
  And fierce as flame he grew;
"That cursed wind ne'er blew me good,
  And now it blows me you.

"Tell your friend Addington, from me,
  If he 's a man of Peace,
To clap a muzzle on the Press,
  And stop his cackling geese.

"Kick out my rascal renegades;
  Then let them starve and rot;
For your John Bull, if he must roar,
  Let him; I heed him not.

"And where is Malta? By my soul,
I hold that place so dear,
Were I to choose 'twixt this and that,
I 'd sooner see you here.

"Turn to your Treaty!—Here it is—
To section number ten:—
If rightly you have conn'd it not,
Here, con it o'er again!

"Hell and damnation! am I fobb'd
Of this, and Egypt too?
What says your Minister to that?
Let 's hear it;—what say you?"

Now reason good there is to think,
His Lordship here had spoke,
If this loud little man his thread
Of reason had not broke.

"Egypt!" he cried, "I could have seiz'd,
That curst ill-omen'd shore;
With five and twenty thousand men,
Though you were there with four.

"But Egypt soon or late is mine;
So take a Prophet's word,
And Nile thro' all his sev'n wide mouths,
Shall hail me for his Lord.

"Sebastiani scour'd the coast,
And well I chose my man;
For sure, if any can ride post,
Sebastiani can.

"If soon the Turkish Empire falls,
My portion shall be this;
If still it totters, I 'll arrange
With Sultan as with Swiss.

"What, tho' a Mussulman I was,
While interest was in view;
When I have made the bargain sure,
I 'll let him call me Jew.

"And now you know my plan, submit!
Secrets of State I scorn;
Strike, or expect me on your shores,
As sure as you were born.

"One hundred, though it be to one
The odds alarm not me;
What were the odds that little I,
Great Lord of France should be!

"Tho' army after army sink,
Yet sink or swim I 'll do it,
Of their pil'd bodies make a bridge,
And then march o'er on foot.

"They 're not my countrymen, but slaves,
Whose blood I freely spill;
They 're used to slaughter—and if you
Don't kill them off I will."

This said, his little fist he clench'd,
And smote the board full sore—
"Hum!" cried my Lord, then strode away,
And word spake never more!

A NEW SONG OF OLD SAYINGS.

BEFORE she published her formal declaration of war, England seized all the French vessels in her ports and captured all she could find on the high seas. Napoleon, in answer to this unwarranted act, forcibly detained all the English subjects found within the borders of France, and treated them as prisoners of war. Both these acts were without the rules of civilised international warfare, and they only went to prove the bitter hatred which existed between these two powerful nations; which, united in peace, might have ruled the destinies of the world. France was not at all prepared for war; her navy was scattered; her army disbanded; but such was the energy of the First Consul that within ten days after the declaration of war had been announced, he had invaded and taken possession of Hanover, one of the European possessions of the King of England. He then began to work out his scheme for the invasion of England, which was one of the most gigantic ever undertaken by him. It seems almost beyond belief that one man could possess the power and the ability to do what Napoleon did in his preparation for crossing the channel and attacking England upon her own soil. His plan failed, simply because of its immensity. During the two years of the threatened invasion, England at first ridiculed the

idea; then, as the strength and vastness of the undertaking dawned upon her, she became alarmed. Her scribblers and would-be poets filled the press with their vile and foolish rhymes. From this mass of rubbish we have selected two examples, which will illustrate the spirit pervading England at that time. They were published anonymously, as such libels and slanders always are.

A NEW SONG OF OLD SAYINGS.

ANON.

Bonaparte, the bully, resolv'd to come over,
With flat-bottom'd wherries, from Calais to Dover;
No perils to him in the billows are found,
"For if born to be hang'd he can never be drown'd."

From a Corsican dunghill this fungus did spring,
He was soon made a Captain and would be a King;
But the higher he rises the more he does evil,
"For a Beggar on Horseback will ride to the Devil."

To seize all that we have and then clap us in jail,
To devour all our victuals and drink all our ale,
And to grind us to dust is the Corsican's will—
"For we know all is grist that e'er comes to his mill.'

To stay quiet at home the First Consul can't bear,
Or mayhap he would have other fish to fry there;
So as fish of that sort does not suit his desire,
"He leaps out of the frying-pan into the fire."

He builds barges and cock-boats, and crafts without end,
And numbers the boats which to England he 'll send,
But in spite of his crafts and his barges and boats,
"He still reckons, I think, without one of his hosts."

He rides upon France and he tramples on Spain,
And holds Holland and Italy tight in a chain,
These he hazards for more, though I can't understand
"How one bird in the bush is worth two in the hand."

He trusts that his luck will all danger expel,
"But the pitcher is broke that goes oft to the well";
And when our brave soldiers this bully surround,
"Though he 's thought Penny-wise, he 'll look foolish in Pound."

France can never forget that our fathers of yore,
Used to pepper and baste her at sea and at shore;
And we 'll speedily prove to this Mock-Alexander,
"What was sauce for the goose, will be sauce for the gander."

I have heard and have read in a great many books,
Half the Frenchmen are tailors, and t' other half cooks;—
We 've fine trimmings in store for the Knights of the Cloth,
"And the Cooks that come here will but spoil their own broth."

It is said that the French are a numerous race,
And perhaps it is true, "for ill weeds grow a-pace";
But come when they will, and as many as dare,
"I expect they 'll arrive a day after the fair."

To invade us more safely these warriors boast
They will wait till a storm drives our fleet from the coast,
That 't will be an "ill wind," will be soon understood,
"For a wind that blows Frenchmen blows nobody good."

They would treat Britain worse than they 've treated
Mynheer,
But they 'll find, "they 've got the wrong sow by the
ear";
Let them come then in swarms by this Corsican led,
And I warrant, "we 'll hit the right nail on the head."

THE HISTORY OF HUMBUG.

ANON.

In ages long past, when Humbug was a trade,
You have heard of a thing which they called Gasconade!
'T was a neat way of saying just what was not true,
And threatening grand things which we never could do.

The word it was French, and it suited the nation,
Who have always been prone to—enlargification:
Drawcansir came next, in his science well skill'd,
Who killed all he saw, and then ate all he kill'd.

But these Braggarts of old, who once fill'd us with
wonder,
Must hide their small heads and be glad to knock under;
The true Braggadocia has now got the start—
And they call this grand hero—Don Puff, Bonaparte.

With a heart made of stone, and with feelings of lead,
In statue four feet, and with eyes sunk in his head;
All feather and sash, this immense Cockitoo,
How he struts and how threatens, "what things he will
do."

He swears his French nation will soon be afloat,
That he 'll beat our whole Fleet with his little cock-boat;
While the winds and the waves must all bow to his nod,
And with reverence look up to this little French god.

Our sailors subdued, his Flotilla comes over,
And the Consular Guard take their breakfasts at Dover;
While Don Puff in his seven-leagued boots ere 't is sun-
down,
Rides forward and takes his headquarters in London.

There seated—he gives us dull English a schooling,
And relieves our poor King from the trouble of ruling,
While his army so gay, as their custom and their trade is,
"*Pour passer le temps*" are amusing the ladies.

To all this fine boasting (with God our reliance)
"The tight little Island" returns its defiance;
And from Johnny Groat's house to Penzance is the
pray'r—
Let this Corsican Ruffian but come—if he dare!

THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

SCOTT treated the subject of the impending invasion in a far different manner. He saw nothing to ridicule or caricature in the man who ruled France. He saw the danger which threatened his own country, and, in a legitimate way, he endeavoured to arouse his fellow-countrymen to a proper sense of that danger. There were other English writers, like Wordsworth and Campbell, who were willing to treat Napoleon as a foeman worthy of British steel; but the great majority thought of him only as a Corsican pirate, coming over to burn, ravish, and destroy.

THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

(Written under the threat of Invasion in the Autumn of 1804.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The forest of Glenmore is drear,
  It is all of black pine and the dark oak tree;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,
  Is whistling the forest lullaby:
The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees,
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock;—
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the bard in fitful mood;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

"Wake ye from your sleep of death,
Minstrels and bards of other days!
For the midnight wind is on the heath,
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze:
The Spectre with his Bloody Hand,
Is wandering through the wild woodland;
The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
And the time is meet to awake the dead!

"Souls of the mighty, wake and say,
To what high strain your harps were strung,
When Lochlin plow'd her billowy way,
And on your shores her Norsemen flung?
Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,
Skill'd to prepare the raven's food,
All, by your harpings, doom'd to die
On bloody Largs and Loncarty.

"Mute are ye all? No murmurs strange
Upon the midnight breeze sail by;
Nor through the pines, with whistling change
Mimic the harp's wild harmony!
Mute are ye now?—Ye ne'er were mute
When Murder with his bloody foot,
And Rapine with his iron hand,
Were hovering near yon mountain strand.

"Oh, yet awake the strain to tell
By every deed in song enroll'd,
By every chief who fought or fell
For Albion's weal in battle bold:—
From Coilgach, first who roll'd his car
Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
To him, of veteran memory dear,
Who victor died on Aboukir.

"By all their swords, by all their scars,
By all their names, a mighty spell!
By all their wounds, by all their wars,
Arise, the mighty strain to tell!
For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,
More impious than the heathen Dane,
More grasping than all-grasping Rome.
Gaul's ravening legions hither come!"

The wind is hush'd, and still the lake—
Strange murmurs fill my tinkling ears,
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake
At the dread voice of other years—
"When targets clash'd, and bugles rung,
And blades round warriors' heads were flung,
The foremost of the band were we,
And hymn'd the joys of Liberty!"

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

THE following incident, as told by Campbell, is, in substance, historically true, and it illustrates a phase in the character of Napoleon, which many times found expression in similar acts of generosity and kindness. Often, when severity would have been justified and the taking of life, even, authorised, he listened to the inner voice, which pleaded for mercy, and nobly granted pardon. How illy he was repaid by many of those who received favour from his hands, is well known. The English tar was one of the few who appreciated the magnanimous trait of character which prompted the kindness shown him.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I love contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's glory!

'T was when his banners at Boulogne,
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;

And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over,
With envy they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this his sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning dreaming, doting—
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave and wrought
The live-long day laborious; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 't was a thing beyond
Description wretched, such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows,
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argus sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger;
And in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger:

"Rash man, that would'st yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad,
"But—absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"Ye 've both my favour fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

WHILE Napoleon was busy with his preparations for a descent upon England, a vile plot was being hatched, which had for its object his assassination. If the English government was not knowing to this plot, it at least made no effort to get rid of its head and front, Georges Cadoudal and the rest of his gang of ruffians. It harboured them in London and paid them money for past services; it sent its emissaries to all parts of Europe to help on the cause of overthrowing the French government; it encouraged the exiled Bourbons in their hope of recovering the throne of France; it did everything else than openly participate in the conspiracy. The plot was discovered; Moreau banished; Pichegru dead by his own hands; Cadoudal and a few others executed; most of the guilty ones pardoned. As to the merits of the capture, the trial, and the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, historians do not agree. Perhaps it would have been better had Napoleon pardoned this prince of royal blood. But the provocation was great; some definite example had to be made of Napoleon's power to crush conspirators and assassins, and to prove that he was the ruler of a mighty nation, elected by an almost unanimous vote of the people. The lesson, although a severe and cruel one, seemed necessary under the existing cir-

cumstances. We can pity the fate of the Duke; so we can that of Major André; and yet Napoleon, like Washington, had a duty to perform towards his country and he performed it. I do not think history quite concurs in the verdict expressed below.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

What means yon trampling? what that light
That glimmers in the inmost wood;
As though beneath the felon night,
It mark'd some deed of blood?
Behold yon figures, dim descried
In dark array; they speechless glide.
The forest moans; the raven's scream
Swells slowly o'er the moated stream,
As from the castle's topmost tower,
It chants its boding song alone:
A song, that at this awful hour
Bears dismal tidings in its funeral tone;
Tidings, that in some grey domestic's ear
Will on his wakeful bed strike deep mysterious fear.

And, hark, that loud report! 't is done;
There 's murder couch'd in yonder gloom;
'T is done, 't is done! the prize is won,
Another rival meets his doom.
The tyrant smiles,—with fell delight
He dwells upon the . . . . . .
The tyrant smiles; from terror freed,
Exulting in the foul misdeed,
And sternly in his secret breast
Marks out the victims next to fall.

His purpose fix'd; their moments fly no more,
  He points,—the poniard knows its own;
Unseen it strikes,—unseen they die,
  Foul midnight only hears, and shudders at the groan.
But justice yet shall lift her arm on high,
And Bourbon's blood no more ask vengeance from the sky.

ON A PICTURE OF NAPOLEON IN HIS ROBES.

THE Duke d'Enghien was executed on the twenty-first of March, 1804, and on the eighteen of May, following, Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor of France. The one event seemed to follow the other as a natural sequence. The people were grateful to the First Consul for what he had done for them; they recognised in him the only person able to govern France successfully, and, above all, they wanted the question settled as to who should rule the nation, Napoleon being dead. The conspiracy, just wiped out, had brought that question home to them in all its seriousness. Perhaps one of these plots might end the life of their beloved ruler before he could name his successor, or, perhaps, the successor named would not be acceptable to them. The establishment of the Empire with hereditary succession was the only solution possible. On the second of December, 1804, Napoleon and Josephine were crowned at Notre Dame. Pope Pius VII. had come from Rome to perform the ceremony. He did all else, except actually crown the Emperor and Empress. Napoleon did both these acts himself, by placing the crown, first upon his own head and then upon the head of Josephine. On the twenty-sixth of May, 1805, at Milan, Napoleon crowned himself King of Italy, using for that purpose the iron crown of Charlemagne.

Thus, at the age of thirty-six, we find the hero of Toulon; then a captain of artillery, now Emperor of France and King of Italy. Truly a wonderful advance in twelve years, for the son of an unknown Corsican lawyer, with no other aid than that of his own good sword and mighty intellect. He was not a "legitimate" in the sense used in the following verses, but the kingly robes fitted him far better than they did many born in the purple:

ON A PICTURE OF NAPOLEON IN HIS ROBES.

ANON.

I frankly own that gilded state
Improves an old legitimate;
That in "the good old times" the kings
Dressed in their robes were pretty things;
For glittering crowns, and garments flowing,
Make royal faces look more knowing;
And majesty 's a gorgeous word,
Though sometimes it may seem absurd—
For *sans* externals, at the best
'T is (with due reverence) but a jest.

Then let the diamond's lustre try
To light the dull unmeaning eye;
Let crimson folds and ermine screen
What 's wisely kept from being seen;
They 're right—the very fools and knaves,
Aye, e'en the sycophants and slaves,
(Although 't would not be quite polite)
Would laugh and sneer at such a sight.
Oh, leave then this caparisoned state
To deck the idly, meanly great;

Give to the Spaniard and the Moor
To worship Ferdinand's tambour.
To Austria's feeble lord impart
Something in place of brains and heart.
Let suits of rich brocade bestow
A mantle for Italian woe.

But it would take up too much time
To mention all these kings in rhyme;
I 'll just, *en passant*, name the Czar,
His rude Cossacks and gemmed tiar;
A sharper deep, who keenly rules
The councils of those faithless fools,
Who sets rights, justice at defiance,
To seal the most Holy Alliance!

Ill-judging painter! would'st thou bind
Such trappings round the splendid mind?
Trust me, the purple ill supplies
Napoleon's living energies.
Not all the gems of Russia's Czar
Could match his blazing earth-born star—
Not all the crowns of all the kings
That crouched beneath his eagle's wings—
No, though they burned like Afric's sky,
Were worth one sparkle of his eye!
Paint him while gazing on the might
Of Egypt's art, before the fight—
"Soldiers, from those high pyramids
Ages contemplate heroes' deeds!"

Or paint that young and daring chief
Who scaled the Alpine snow-clad reef,
When springing on the giant height
He pointed to the valleys bright,

With ardent brow and flashing eye,
Exclaiming "There lies Italy!"
Dashing along the dangerous ice,
Down many a fearful precipice,
The foremost of the impetuous brave,
Who rushed to glory or the grave;
Or he who, from his saddle-bow,
Gave laws to half the world below—
Paint him before or since his fall,
Hero or captive—great in all.
Let the proud charger paw the ground,
He brooks not to be harnessed round
With trappings, meeter for the share
Of horses at a country fair,
To make the gaping rabble stare.
I 'd rather see that flashing eye,
Like his own eagle's, soaring—high—
Bending its piercing glances o'er
Enraged Paesiello's score,
See his capricious fondness teaze
The lovely child upon his knees,
Than view him decked in purple state,
Like some poor weak legitimate!
His was that native lofty power
That sunk not at affliction's hour;
He left the world a name behind,
To prove the mastery of mind;
A spirit grief could not enthral,
Great in his fortunes—greater in his fall.
The captive exile's mighty woes
Have stained the annals of his foes.
He fell—like him of ancient story,
And shook the pillars of their glory;
England! when reeled thy island rock,
All Europe felt the moral shock,

And doubting honour's holiest ties,
Nations looked into nations' eyes.
Though conquests hang upon thy breath,
Thy banners far and wide unfurled,
Can they restore the unsullied faith,
That made thee conscience of the world?"

ON THE RUMOUR OF A WAR WITH AUSTRIA.

THE preparation for the invasion of England went on, and in the fall of 1805 everything was ready for the attempt. But the success or failure of Napoleon's mightiest scheme was never to be tested by an actual trial. Through the inability of Admiral Villeneuve to carry out the plan laid down for him, and the success of England in bringing about a new coalition of the European nations against France, it became necessary for Napoleon to withdraw his army from Boulogne and to abandon the idea of conquering England on her own shores. The rumour of an approaching war with Austria, and the result of such a strife, was told at the time by an obscure writer named Richaud, who, it is said, presented the lines to Napoleon before his departure for headquarters.

ON THE RUMOUR OF A WAR WITH AUSTRIA.

M. RICHAUD.

Kings, who so often vanquish'd, vainly dare
  Menace the victor that has laid you low,—
Look now at France,—and view your own despair
  In the majestic splendour of your foe.

What miserable pride, ye foolish kings,
  Still your deluded reason thus misleads!
Provoke the storm,—the bolt with lightning wings
  Shall fall,—but fall on your devoted heads.

And thou, Napoleon, if thy mighty sword
Shall for thy people conquer new renown ;
Go,—Europe shall attest, thy heart preferr'd
The modest olive to the laurel crown.

But thee, lov'd chief, to new achievements bold
The aroused spirit of the soldier calls ;
Speak !—and Vienna cowering shall behold
Our banners waving o'er her prostrate walls.

THE GRENADIER'S ADIEU TO THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

THE new coalition between England, Austria, and Russia, was first known to Napoleon when he heard that the Austrian and Russian armies were actually in the field advancing rapidly towards the frontiers of France. No declaration of war had been proclaimed. His enemies thought to catch the " Little Corporal " napping, but how fatal their mistake. No sooner was Napoleon apprised of what was going on than the camp at Boulogne was broken up and the Grand Army was sweeping like a whirlwind over France and towards the rear of the Austrian army.

" During the long continuance of the French encampment at Boulogne, the troops had formed, as it were, a romantic town of huts. Every hut had a garden surrounding it, kept in neat order, and stocked with vegetables and flowers. They had, besides, fowls, pigeons, and rabbits ; and these, with a cat and a dog, generally formed the little household of every soldier." It was upon the subject of the departure of the army from Boulogne that a lengthy poem was written, by a combination of authors consisting of Barre, Rodet, and Desfontaines. The following is the only translated extract from the poem we have been able to find.

THE GRENADIER'S ADIEU TO THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

BARRE, RODET, and DESFONTAINES.

The drum is beating, we must march,
We 're summon'd to another field,
A field that to our conq'ring swords
Shall soon a laurel harvest yield.
If English folly light the torch
Of war in Germany again,—
The loss is theirs,—the gain is ours,—
March! march! commence the bright campaign.

There, only by their glorious deeds
Our chiefs and gallant bands are known;
There, often have they met their foes,
And victory was all their own:—
There, hostile ranks, at our approach,
Prostrate beneath our feet shall bow;
There, smiling conquest waits to twine
A laurel wreath round every brow.

Adieu, my pretty turf-built hut!
Adieu, my little garden too!
I made, I deck'd you all myself,
And I am loth to part with you;
But since my arms I must resume,
And leave your comforts all behind,
Upon the hostile frontier soon
My tent shall flutter in the wind.

My pretty fowls and doves, adieu!
Adieu, my playful cat, to thee!
Who every morning round me came,
And were my little family.

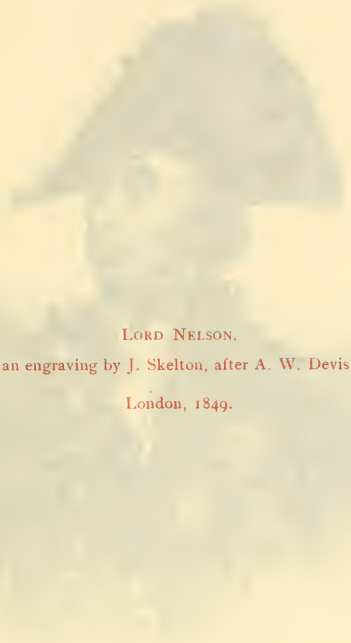
But thee, my dog, I shall not leave,—
No, thou shalt ever follow me,—
Shalt share my toils, shalt share my fame,
For thou art called Victory.

But no farewell I bid to you,
Ye praams, and boats, who, o'er the wave,
Were doom'd to waft to England's shore
Our hero chiefs, our soldiers brave.
To you, good gentlemen of Thames,
Soon, soon our visit shall be paid,
Soon, soon your merriment be o'er,—
'T is but a few short hours delayed.

TRAFALGAR.

THE plans formed by Napoleon to surprise and annihilate the Austrian army were, in every detail, successful. It was early in September, 1805, that the French army broke camp at Boulogne, and on the twentieth of October, following, General Mack surrendered with his whole army at Ulm. In less than two months the proud Austrian army, that had thought to catch the mighty Emperor off his guard, was itself caught in a most fatal snare and completely destroyed. Over fifty thousand prisoners were taken by the victors, without even a battle of any moment being fought, and with a total loss to the French army of less than twenty-five hundred men. As an old French Grenadier remarked, Napoleon had invented a new art of war in making his soldiers win victories with their legs instead of with their bayonets.

The wonderful success of Napoleon in this most remarkable campaign was considerably dampened by the overwhelming defeat of Admiral Villeneuve by Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. Had the naval forces of France in those days been commanded by the brains which led her armies on from victory to victory, the result at Trafalgar might have been different and the descent on England would, in all probability, have been successfully accomplished. The battle of Trafalgar was fought on the



Lord Nelson.

From an engraving by J. Skelton, after A. W. Devis (1805).

London, 1849.

twenty-first of October, 1805. The death of Nelson made the victory a dear one for England, but it put an end to any further attempt at invasion on the part of Napoleon. An interesting account of the death of Villeneuve is given by O'Meara in what purports to be Napoleon's story of how the Admiral met his end. O'Meara makes Napoleon say: "Villeneuve, afraid of being tried by court-martial for disobedience of orders, for I had ordered him not to sail or to engage the English, determined to destroy himself, and accordingly took his plates of the heart (he had been studying Anatomy with this purpose in view) and compared them with his breast. Exactly on the centre of the plate, he made a mark with a large pin, then fixed the pin as near as he could judge in the same spot in his own breast, shoved it in to the head, penetrated his heart, and expired. When the room was opened he was found dead; the pin in his breast, and a mark in the plate corresponding with the wound in his breast. He need not have done it, as he was a brave man, though possessed of no talent."

TRAFALGAR.

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

Northwest the wind was blowing
  Our good ships running free;
Seven leagues lay Cape Trafalgar
  Away upon our lee;
'T was then, as broke the morning,
  The Frenchmen we descried.
East away, there they lay,
  That day that Nelson died.

That was a sight to see, boys,
On which that morning shone;
We counted three-and-thirty,
Mounseer and stately Don;
And plain their great three-deckers
Amongst them we descried,—
"Safe," we said, "for Spithead,"
That day that Nelson died.

Then Nelson spoke to Hardy,
Upon his face the smile,
The very look he wore when
We beat them at the Nile!
"We must have twenty, Hardy,"
'T was thus the hero cried;
And we had twenty, lads,
That day that Nelson died.

Up went his latest signal;
Ah, well, my boys, he knew
That not a man among us
But would his duty do!
And as the signal flew, boys,
With shouts each crew replied;
How we cheered as we neared
The foe, when Nelson died!

We led the weather column,
But Collingwood, ahead,
A mile from all, the lee line
Right through the Frenchmen led;
"And what would Nelson give to
Be here with us!" he cried,
As he bore through their roar
That day that Nelson died.

Well, on the *Victory* stood, boys,
With every sail full spread ;
And as we neared them slowly
There was but little said.
There were thoughts of home amongst us,
And as their line we eyed,
Here and there, perhaps, a prayer,
That day that Nelson died.

A gun,—the *Bucentaure* first
Began with us the game ;
Another,—then their broadsides
From all sides through us came ;
With men fast falling round us,
While not a gun replied,
With sails rent, on we went,
That day that Nelson died.

" Steer for their admiral's flag, boys ! "
But where it flew none knew ;
" Then make for that four-decker,"
Said Nelson, " men, she 'll do ! "
So, at their *Trinidada*,
To get we straightway tried,
As we broke through their smoke,
That day that Nelson died.

'T was where they clustered thickest
That through their line we broke,
And to their *Bucentaure* first
Our thundering broadside spoke.
We shaved her ;—as our shot, boys,
Crashed through her shattered side,
She could feel how to keel,
That day that Nelson died.

Into the Don's four-decker
Our larboard broadsides pour,
Though all we well could spare her
Went to the *Bucentaure*.
Locked to another Frenchman,
Our starboard fire we plied,
Gun to gun till we won,
That day that Nelson died.

Redoubtable they call her,—
A curse upon her name!
'T was from her tops the bullet
That killed our hero came;
As from the deck, with Hardy,
The bloody fight he eyed,
And could hear cheer on cheer,
As they struck, that day he died.

"They 've done for me at last, friend!"
'T was thus they heard him say,
"But as I die as I would die, boys,
Upon this glorious day;
I 've done my duty, Hardy,"
He cried, and still he cried,—
As below, sad and slow,
We bore him as he died.

On wounded and on dying
The cockpit's lamp shone dim;
But many a groan we heard, lads,
Less for themselves than him.
And many a one among them
Had given, and scarcely sighed,
A limb to save him
Who there in glory died.

As slowly life ebbed from him
His thoughts were still the same:
"How many have we now, boys?"
Still faint and fainter came.
As ship on ship struck to us
His glazing eyes with pride,
As it seemed, flashed and gleamed,
As he knew he conquering died.

We beat them—how, you know, boys,
Yet many an eye was dim;
And when we talked of triumph,
We only thought of him.
And still, though fifty years, boys,
Have gone, who, without pride,
Names his name,—tells his fame,
Who at Trafalgar died!

BEFORE AUSTERLITZ.

On the thirteenth of November, 1805, Napoleon entered Vienna, and from there set out, at once, upon that other campaign, which was to end so gloriously for him at Austerlitz. With Austria and Russia in the field against him, with a combined force greatly outnumbering his own; with Prussia ready at the news of his first defeat to put two hundred thousand soldiers in his rear, cutting off his retreat and leaving him hundreds of leagues from his own capital; with England sending her money and her men to aid in crushing him, Napoleon was at this time in a very critical position. But his enemies again made the fatal mistake of thinking they could catch him asleep, and dearly did they pay for their blunder. On the evening of the first of December, as he looked over the field of Austerlitz and took in at a glance the plan of the Russians, he confidently said: "To-morrow before nightfall that army shall be my own." On the morning of the second of December, 1805, the "Sun of Austerlitz" arose, and before it went down Napoleon had proven the truth of his words of the night before. It was the first anniversary of his coronation, and he celebrated it by one of the most brilliant victories of his whole military career. Austria went down at Ulm, and Austerlitz forced Russia to the wall. The coalition was destroyed and peace was once more in sight.

BEFORE AUSTERLITZ.

WALTER THORNBURY.

December dawn—through frosty fogs
  The sun strove hard to shine,
A rolling of the muster drums
  Was heard along the line;
In simple grey the Corporal
  Rode with his head bent down,
More like a savan than the man
  Who won an Emperor's crown.

He looked at Soult, and raised his hand,
  And stood godlike upright,
Then all at once a silence fell
  As deep and hushed as night.
Ten thousand faces turned at once—
  Like flowers unto the sun—
Each gunner, with his lighted match,
  Stood silent by his gun.

"One year to-day, my sons, you placed
  The crown upon my head."
(We saw his coal-black eye was fired,
  His yellow cheek grew red),
"The Tartars yonder want to steal
  That iron crown you gave,
And will you let them?" Tête de Dieu!
  The shout the soldiers gave!

Six hundred cannon bellowed, "No!"
  The eagles waved—and then
There came the earthquake clamouring
  Of a hundred thousand men.
In waves of sound the grenadiers
  Cried, "Vive l'Empereur!" at once,

And fires broke out along the line,
Like Lapland's midnight suns.

"Soldiers, a thunderbolt must fall
Upon the Tartar's head,
Your Emperor will be this day
Victorious or dead.
My children, where the eagle flies
Is (who dare doubt it?) France;
To-day we 'll light the bivouac fire
With Russia's broken lance."

A grizzled giant, old Daru,
Looked round him with a frown—
He wore upon his broad bull chest
The order of the "Crown."
"To-morrow, Sire, those Russian flags
In sheaves we hope to bring,
And lay them at our Emperor's feet,
A bouquet for a King."

AUSTERLITZ.

ANON.

He stood before me stern and grey,
A soldier of the Empire gone;
And while we viewed that field whose name
Shines brightest in his country's fame,
To speak its tale went on.

"My fire of life is nearly fled,
Yet though it feebly flits,
Still must I view with kindling eye,
And heart with pride pulsating high,
The field of Austerlitz.

" Once more I see the serried lines,
The Bergen lanciers red ;
Their pennons floating broad and gay,
Their horses, that impatient neigh,
And Murat at their head.

" And onward still from rank to rank,
With speed of lightning flame,
With *viva* wild and ringing cheer,
And echo answer far and clear,
Was passed the Emperor's name.

" One moment and his proud eye roved
Far o'er that columned throng,
One moment, and the next he spoke
With voice that wavered not nor broke
Unto each phalanx long.

" ' Soldiers, I know your courage high,
I know it were but vain
To praise that spirit which hath won,
'Neath Alpine skies and Egypt's sun,
For France such glorious name.

" ' And that the glory on our flag,
Is glory that never flits,
Behold,' he said, ' in yonder sky,
'Neath which our eagles proudly fly,
The Sun of Austerlitz ! '

" He spoke the truth, as ever then ;
For e'er that sun went down,
Proud Austria was a crushed thing ;
Her laws as nothing, and her king
A beggar for his crown."

ODE TO THE COLUMN OF NAPOLEON.

Soon after the victory at Austerlitz peace was declared and Napoleon was at liberty once more to return to his beloved Paris. There he devoted himself, with all the force of his mighty genius, to the creation of those magnificent works of art and of public utility which stamp his name on the history of France even to this day. Out of the cannon taken from his enemies, he constructed that noble monument in the Place Vendome, which told so vividly the exploits of the Grand Army; to whose fidelity and courage it was consecrated.

ODE TO THE COLUMN OF NAPOLEON.

Victor Hugo.

On the foundation that his glory laid,
With indestructible materials made,
Alike secure from ruin and from rust,
Before whose might all monuments are dust,
The eternal Column, towering far on high,
Presents Napoleon's throne unto the sky.

Well deemed the hero, when his sovereign hand,
Fatigued with war, the lasting trophy planned,
That civil discord would retire in shame
Before the vast memorial of his name;
And that the nation would forget to praise
The deeds of those who shone in ancient days.

Around the earth his veterans he had led,
O'er smoking fields encumbered with the dead,
And from the presence of that host so true
Armies and kings in wild confusion flew,
Leaving their ponderous cannon on the plain,—
A prey to him and his victorious train!

Then, when the fields of France again were trod
By him who came triumphant as a god,
Bearing the spoils of the defeated world,—
He came mid joyous cries and flags unfurled,
Welcome as eagle to her infant brood
That waits on mountain-top its daily food!

But he, intent on his stupendous aims,
Straightway proceeds to where the furnace flames;
And while his troops, with haste and zealous glow,
The massive ordnance in the caldron throw,
He to the meanest artisan unfolds
His plans to form the fashion of the moulds.

Then to the war he led his troops once more,
And from the foe the palm of conquest bore;—
He drove the opponent armies from the plain,
And seized their dread artillery again,
As good material for the Column high,
Built to perpetuate his memory!

Such was his task! The roaring culverin,
The spur, the sabre, and the mortar's din,—
These were his earliest sports till Egypt gave
Her ancient Pyramids his smile to save;
Then, when the imperial crown adorned his brow,
He raised the monument we reverence now!

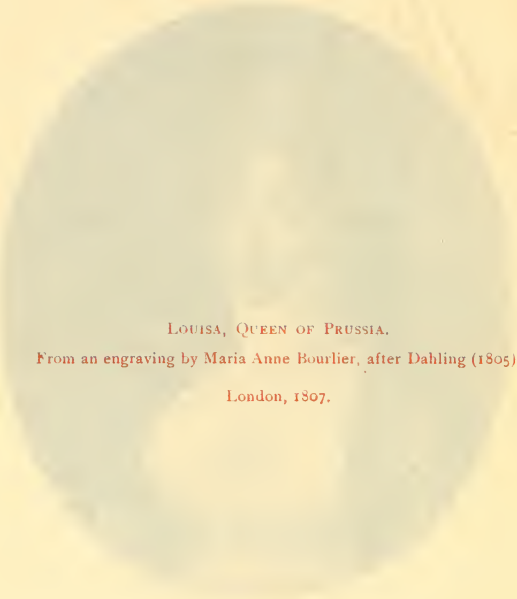
He raised that monument! The grandest age
Which e'er the historian's annals might engage
Furnished the subject, and the end of time
Shall boast that emblem of his course sublime,
Where Rhine and Tiber rolled in crimson flood,
And the tall snow-capped Alps all trembling stood!

For even as the giant race of old
Ossa on Pelion, mount on mountain, rolled,
To scale high heaven's towers, so he has made
His battles serve to help his escalade;
And thus to gratify his fancy wild,
Wagram, Arcole, on Austerlitz were piled!

The sun unveiled himself in beauty bright,
The eyes of all beamed gladness and delight,
When, with unruffled visage, thou did'st come,
Hero of France! unto the Place Vendome,
To mark thy Column towering from the ground,
And the four eagles ranged the base around.

'T was then, environed by thy warriors tried,
As erst the Romans flocked to Æmilius' side,—
'T was then each child—each infant, on whose head
Six summers scarcely had their radiance shed—
Murmured applause, and clapped their little hands,
And spied their fathers midst thy serried bands.

Oh, when thou stood'st there, godlike, proud, and great,
Pondering on conquest, majesty, and state,
Who would have thought that e'er the time could be
When a base senate should dishonour thee,
And cavil o'er thine ashes, for Vendome
At least is worthy to become thy tomb!



Louisa, Queen of Prussia.

From an engraving by Maria Anne Bourlier, after Dahling (1805).

London, 1807.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE.

WHATEVER his inclination may have been, Napoleon was not to be permitted to rest. Pitt, his greatest enemy, it is true, was dead, and Fox, his friend, had come into power in the English Cabinet, but this state of affairs was not to last. Fox dying, England succeeded in forming a new coalition between Russia, Prussia, and herself, and war was again declared against France. Jena, Eylau, and Friedland, were the answer Napoleon gave to this challenge, and bitterly did Prussia, especially, pay for her rash attempt to free herself from the toils of the French conqueror. But the seed was being sown which was to bring forth victory and revenge for Prussia and all Germany. Defeat and humiliation were bringing to the surface those brave, unflinching spirits that nothing could conquer. Had Frederick William been endowed with the same positive mind and courageous heart which Louisa, the Queen, possessed, the dawn of victory might have come sooner to that unhappy country. It took such soldiers as "Old Father Blucher" and such indomitable courage as Louisa possessed to cope with the magic power of Napoleon. It is told that at the battle of Jena, when the Prussian army was routed, the Queen, mounted upon a superb charger, remained on the field attended only by three or four of her escort. A band of French hussars

seeing her, rushed forward at full galop, and with drawn swords dispersed the little group and pursued her all the way to Weimar. Had not the horse her Majesty rode possessed the fleetness of a stag, the fair Queen would certainly have been captured.

This incident, be it history or not, gave occasion for the following poem :

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE.

A. L. A. Smith.

Fair Queen, away! to thy charger speak,
A band of hussars thy capture seek;
Oh, haste! escape! they are riding this way,
Speak, speak to thy charger without delay ;
They 're nigh.
Behold! they come at a break-neck pace,
A smile triumphant illumes each face,
Queen of the Prussians, now for a race,
To Weimar for safety—fly!

She turned, and her steed with a furious dash,
Over the field like the lightning's flash—
Fled.
Away, like an arrow from steel cross-bow,
Over hill and dale in the sun's fierce glow,
The Queen and her enemies thundering go,
On toward Weimar they sped.

The royal courser is swift and brave,
And his royal rider he tries to save,
But, no!
"Vive l'Empereur!" rings sharp and clear;
She turns and is startled to see them so near,
Then softly speaks in her charger's ear,
And away he bounds like a roe.

He speeds as though on the wings of the wind,
The Queen's pursuers are left behind.
No more
She fears, though each trooper grasps his reins,
Stands up in his stirrups, strikes spurs and strains;
For ride as they may, her steed still gains,
And Weimar is just before.

Safe! the clatter now fainter grows,
She sees in the distance her labouring foes,
The gates of the fortress stand open wide
To welcome the German nation's bride
So dear.
With gallop and dash, into Weimar she goes,
And the gates at once on her enemies close.
Give thanks, give thanks! she is safe with those
Who hail her with cheer on cheer!

THE GERMAN SONG.

JENA and Auerstadt were terrible blows to the Prussian monarchy. In the short space of a month, Napoleon had all but annihilated Prussia's armies; had captured all her principal cities and fortresses, and had entered Berlin in triumph. With a mere handful of soldiers Frederick retreated to the utmost confines of his kingdom, there to await the coming of Alexander and the Russian army. Everything was in the most dire confusion. The country was occupied and run over by the victorious French warriors; the glory of Frederick the Great and his Seven Years' War was as a tradition only, to this once proud and mighty nation, now bowed to the very dust in woeful humiliation. But the German poets and song writers began about this time to do the work, which armed soldiers, led by skilled leaders, had failed to accomplish. It was such soul-stirring hymns as the following that united the Fatherland in the one common cause, which had for its sole end and object the overthrow of Napoleon:

GERMAN SONG.

1806.

ERNEST MORITZ ARNDT.

O Hermann! for thy country's fall
No tears! Where vanquished valour bled

The victor rules, and Slavery's pall
Upon these hills and vales is spread.
Shame burns within me, for the brave
Lie mouldering in the freeman's grave.

No voice! where sturdy Luther spoke
Fearless for men who dared be free!
Oh, would that Heaven's thunder woke
My people for their liberty!
Must heroes fight and die in vain?—
Ye cowards, grasp your swords again!

Revenge! revenge! a gory shroud
To tyrants, and the slaves that yield!
Eternal honour calls aloud
For courage in the battle-field.
Who loves or fears a conquered land
That bows beneath the despot's hand?

And whither flee? Where Winkelried
And Tell and Ruyter bravely broke
Oppression's power—their country freed—
All—all beneath the usurper's yoke!
From Alpine fountains to the sea
The patriot dead alone are free.

My people! in this sorrowing night,
The clanking of your chains may be
The sign of vengeance, and the fight
Of former times the world may see,
When Hermann in that storied day
As a wild torrent cleft his way.

No idle song, O youth! thy boast
In self-born virtue be as one

Who is himself a mighty host
  By whose sole arm is victory won.
No blazoned monument so grand
As death for the dear Fatherland.

To die! how welcome to the brave!
  The tomb awakes no coward fear
Save to the wretched, trembling slave
  Who for his country sheds no tear.
To crown me with a fadeless wreath
Be thine, O happy, sacred death!

Come, shining sword! avenge my dead!
  Alone canst thou remove this shame.
Proud ornament! with slaughter red
  Restore my native land its fame.
By night, by day, in sun or shade,
Be girt around me, trusty blade.

The trumpet on the morning gale!
  Arm! forward to the bloody strife!
From loftiest mountain to the vale
  Asks dying Freedom for her life.
Our standard raise, to glory given,
And higher still our hearts to Heaven.

THE BATTLE OF EYLAU.

HUNDREDS of leagues from the frontiers of France; with a long dreary winter before him; with Russia and her countless hordes pouring down on him from the north, to join with Prussia, and what was left of her armies, in another effort to crush him; with Austria in his rear waiting only the opportune moment to attack him, the position of Napoleon after the battle of Jena appeared to be truly a dangerous one. Not so, however, to the master-mind that guided and controlled the fate of the Grand Army and of France. Instead of retreat, onward! was the word. To go into winter quarters on the Vistula and to push forward, still further in the spring, was the programme. The winter quarters were established, but they were to afford little rest to the weary soldiers. Alexander, thinking to surprise the French army while lying in cantonment, put his army in motion. Napoleon, ever on the alert and ready to take advantage of any false movement of his enemy, at once broke up his encampment, boldly moved out and attacked those who were to surprise and attack him. Beaten at every point, the Russian army, after a retreat of two hundred miles from the Vistula, took its stand upon the plain of Eylau, where, on the eighth of February, 1807, was fought one of the most terrible battles recorded in history. The destruction of

life on both sides was something awful, and the suffering endured by reason of the snow and ice and the intense cold, was appalling. After eighteen hours struggle, Napoleon remained master of the field, but with no decisive victory to his credit.

THE BATTLE OF EYLAU.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

Fast and furious falls the snow;
Shrilly the bleak tempests blow,
With a sound of wailing woe,
O'er the soil;
Where the watch-fires blaze around,
Thick the warriors strew the ground,
Each in weary slumber bound,
Worn with toil.

Harken to the cannon-blast!
Drums are beating fierce and fast:
Fierce and fast the trumpets cast
Warning call.
Form the battle's stern parade,
Charge the musket, draw the blade;
Square and column stand arrayed,
One and all.

On they rush in stern career,
Dragoon and swart cuirassier;
Hussar-lance and Cossack-spear
Clanging meet!
Now the grenadier of France
Sinks beneath the Imperial lance;
Now the Prussian horse advance,
Now retreat.

Davoust, with his line of steel,
Storms their squadrons till they reel,
While his ceaseless cannon-peal
Rends the sky.
'Gainst that crush of iron hail
Naught may Russia's ranks avail;
Like the torn leaves in the gale,
See, they fly!

Through the battle's smoky gloom
Shineth Murat's snowy plume;
Fast his cohorts to their doom
Spur the way.
Platoff, with his desert horde,
Is upon them with the sword;
Deep his Tartar-spears have gored
Their array.

With his thousands, Augereau
Paints with blood the virgin snow;
Low in war's red overthrow
Sleep they on!
Helm and breastplate they have lost,
Spoils that long shall be the boast
Of the savage-bearded host
Of the Don.

Charge, Napoleon! Where be those
At Marengo quelled thy foes;
Crowning thee at Jena's close
Conqueror?
At this hour of deadly need
Faintly thy old guardsmen bleed;
Vain dies cuirassier and steed,
Drenched with gore.

Sad the frosty moonbeam shone
O'er the snows with corses strown,
Where the frightful shriek and groan
Rose amain :
Loud the night-wind rang their knell ;
Fast the flaky horrors fell,
Hiding in their snowy cell
Heaps of slain !

Many a year hath passed and fled
O'er that harvest of the dead ;
On thy rock the Chief hath sped,
St. Helene !
Still the Polish peasant shows
The round hillocks of the foes,
Where the long grass rankly grows,
Darkly green.

NAPOLEON AT GOTHA.

DIRECTLY after the battle of Eylau, Napoleon endeavoured to bring about a settlement of peace with Russia and Prussia, and he made propositions to that effect; but his efforts were unavailing. The Allies, considering his proposal an indication of weakness, determined on a continuation of the war, and awaited only the event of spring in order to test once more the fate of battle. Napoleon returned with his army to their winter quarters upon the Vistula, which were, in a few months, to be again vacated for the bloody field. On the fifth of June, 1807, the Russians attacked the French in their cantonments; and on the fourteenth of the same month the battle of Friedland was fought, and another glorious victory added to the long list already won by Napoleon. Friedland was followed by the famous meeting of the Emperors upon a raft in the middle of the river Niemen, and the proclamation of the Peace of Tilsit, which was signed in July. The Continent was again at peace. England alone refused to acknowledge the Conqueror, and went steadily on in her determination to crush him and his government out of existence. The Emperor Alexander of Russia, on the other hand, was completely infatuated with Napoleon; and while yet at Tilsit the two entered into a secret treaty which had for its objects,

Constantinople for Alexander and the rest of Europe for Napoleon; or, at least, that was about the way Alexander understood it. Napoleon had no thought of permitting the key to all India to fall into the hands of Alexander; but it was his policy to make Alexander believe he would. To keep up the delusion and to further fascinate the Czar, the conference at Erfurt was appointed by Napoleon, and on the twenty-seventh of September, 1808, the two Emperors again met. Napoleon was the host, and to aid in entertaining the Czar he had for guests, kings, dukes, princes, and high dignitaries of the church, the army, and the state. All the splendour and the beauty of Germany flocked to the little town. It was there that Talma played to "a pit full of kings." It was there that Napoleon and Alexander united in a letter to the King of England imploring peace. It was there the two Emperors parted, never again to meet. Napoleon, it is true, did go to Moscow, and certainly received a warm welcome, but his old friend Alexander was not there to receive him. In 1809, at Schonbrun, while holding a grand review in celebration of the victory at Wagram and of the treaty of peace signed with Austria, Napoleon narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of a young German. It must have been this incident, which Bayard Taylor had in mind when he wrote the following lines, as we are wholly unable to find mention anywhere of an attempt on Napoleon's life during the meeting at Erfurt.

NAPOLEON AT GOTHA.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

We walk amid the currents of actions left undone,
The germs of deeds that wither, before they see the sun.
For every sentence uttered, a million more are dumb:
Men's lives are chains of chances, and History their sum.

Not he, the Syracusan, but each enpurpled lord
Must eat his banquet under the hair-suspended sword;
And one swift breath of silence may fix or change the fate
Of him whose force is building the fabric of a State.

Where o'er the windy uplands the slated turrets shine,
Duke August ruled at Gotha, in Castle Friedenstein,—
A handsome prince and courtly, of light and shallow heart,
No better than he should be, but with a taste for Art.

The fight was fought at Jena, eclipsed was Prussia's sun,
And by the French invaders the land was overrun;
But while the German people were silent in despair,
Duke August painted pictures, and curled his yellow hair.

Now, when at Erfurt gathered the ruling royal clan,
Themselves the humble subjects, their lord the Corsican,
Each bade to ball and banquet the sparer of his line:
Duke August with the others, to Castle Friedenstein.

Then were the larders rummaged, the forest-stags were slain,
The tuns of oldest vintage showered out their golden rain;
The towers were bright with banners—but all the people said:
"We, slaves, must feed our master—would God that he were dead!"

They drilled the ducal guardsmen, men young and straight and tall,
To form a double column, from gate to castle-wall;
And as there were but fifty, the first must wheel away,
Fall in behind the others, and lengthen the array.

"*Parbleu!*" Napoleon muttered: "Your Highness' guards I prize,
So young and strong and handsome, and all of equal size!"
"You, Sire," replied Duke August, "may have as fine, if you
Will twice or thrice repeat them, as I am forced to do!"

Now, in the Castle household, of all the folk, was one
Whose heart was hot within him, the Ducal Huntsman's son;
A proud and bright-eyed stripling; scarce fifteen years he had
But free of hall and chamber: Duke August loved the lad.

He saw the forceful homage; he heard the shouts that came
From base throats, or unwilling, but equally of shame;
He thought: "*One* man has done it—*one* life would free the land,
But all are slaves and cowards, and none will lift a hand!

"My grandsire hugged a bear to death, when broke his hunting-spear;
And has this little Frenchman a muzzle I should fear?
If kings are cowed, and princes, and all the land is scared,
Perhaps a boy can show them the thing they might have dared!"

Napoleon on the morrow was coming once again,
(And all the castle knew it) without his courtly train;
And, when the stairs were mounted, there was no other road
But one, long, lonely passage, to where the Duke abode.

None guessed the secret purpose the silent stripling kept.
Deep in the night he waited, and, when his father slept,
Took from the rack of weapons a musket old and tried,
And cleaned the lock and barrel, and laid it by his side.

He held it fast in slumber, he lifted it in dreams
Of sunlit mountain-forests and stainless mountain-streams;
And in the morn he loaded—the load was bullets three:
"For Deutschland—for Duke August—and now the third for me!"

"What! ever wilt be hunting?" the stately Marshal cried;
"I 'll fetch a stag of twenty!" the pale-faced boy replied,
As, clad in forest colour, he sauntered through the court,
And said, when none could hear him: "Now, may the time be short!"

The corridor was vacant, the windows full of sun;
He stole within the midmost, and primed afresh his gun;
Then stood, with all his senses alert in ear and eye
To catch the lightest signal that showed the Emperor nigh.

A sound of wheels; a silence; the muffled, sudden jar
Of guards their arms presenting; a footstep mounting far.
Then nearer, briskly nearer—a footstep, and alone!
And at the farther portal appeared Napoleon!

Alone, his hands behind him, his firm and massive head
With brooded plans uplifted, he came with measured tread;
And yet, those feet had shaken the nations from their poise,
And yet, that will to shake them depended on the boy's!

With finger on the trigger, the gun held hunter-wise,
His rapid heart-beats sending the blood to brain and eyes,
The boy stood, firm and deadly—another moment's space,
And then the Emperor saw him, and halted, face to face.

A mouth as cut in marble, and eye that pierced and stung
As might a god's, all-seeing, the soul of one so young;
A look that read his secret, that lamed his callow will,
That inly smiled, and dared him his purpose to fulfil!

As one a serpent trances, the boy forgetting all,
Felt but that face, nor noted the harmless musket's fall;
Nor breathed, nor thought, nor trembled; but, pale and cold as stone,
Saw pass, nor look behind him, the calm Napoleon.

And these two kept their secret; but from that day began
The sense of fate and duty that made the boy a man;
And still he lives to tell it,—and, better, lives to say:
"God's purposes were grander: He thrust me from his way!"

TALLEYRAND.

From an engraving by Le Vachex.

Paris, 1804.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT AT VIMEIRO.

It was soon after the peace of Tilsit that the first idea of an intervention in the affairs of Spain was suggested to Napoleon, and the suggestion came from that evil genius, Talleyrand. It is true that the secret treaty entered into at Fontainebleau between France and Spain on the twenty-seventh of September, 1807, had for its only apparent object the wiping of Portugal, as a nation, from the map of the world; but behind that Talleyrand had in view the same fate for Spain. In fulfilment of the above treaty the French army, in conjunction with that of Spain, entered Portugal, and, without resistance or bloodshed, Lisbon was occupied on the thirteenth of November, 1807. The royal family had fled, and but the day before had sailed for Brazil. The commander of the French forces, General Junot, was made governor of the country, and ruled it with varying degrees of success until the twenty-first of August following, when the result of the battle of Vimeiro led to the Convention of Cintra and the evacuation of Portugal by the entire French force.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT AT VIMEIRO.

Robert Southey.

This is Vimeiro; yonder stream, which flows
Westward through heathery highlands to the sea,

Is called Maceira, till of late a name,
Save to the dwellers of this peaceful vale,
Known only to the coasting mariner;
Now in the bloody page of war inscribed.
When to the aid of injured Portugal
Struggling against the intolerable yoke
Of treacherous France, England her old ally,
Long tried and always faithful found, went forth,
The embattled hosts, in equal strength arrayed
And equal discipline, encountered here.
Junot, the mock Abrantes, led the French,
And confident of skill so oft approved,
And vaunting many a victory, advanced
Against an untried foe. But when the ranks
Met in the shock of battle, man to man,
And bayonet to bayonet opposed,
The flower of France, cut down along their line,
Fell like ripe grass before the mower's scythe;
For the strong arm and rightful cause prevailed.
That day delivered Lisbon from the yoke,
And babes were taught to bless Sir Arthur's name.

BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

NAPOLEON'S interference in Spanish affairs was more than a mistake on his part; it was a blunder. It is difficult to find a single good excuse for his conduct towards that nation. It was wholly unwarranted, no matter from what point of view one looks at it. The meeting at Bayonne between Napoleon, Charles IV., and Ferdinand VII. took place on the fifteenth of April, 1808; on May first, Ferdinand abdicated in favour of his father, and on May fifth, the father surrendered the crown of Spain to Napoleon, who, on June sixth, following, gave the same to his brother Joseph. From that time forward everything went wrong on the Peninsula. Had Napoleon stopped before taking the course he did with regard to Spanish affairs, and had he been content with the glory already won, he might have gone down into history as the founder of an empire second only to that of Rome in its extent, power, and duration. It was at this period in his career he reached the zenith. Combined Europe lay at his feet. His brothers and sisters were kings and queens by virtue merely of their relationship to him. He was absolute master of the whole situation. Why then endanger it all by seizing a crown which he could not hope to keep? Why waste so much blood and treasure in trying to subjugate a people so bigoted and so priest-

ridden? He never gave any satisfactory answer himself; but he did say at St. Helena that the impolicy of his conduct in relation to Spain was irrevocably decided by the results, and that the unfortunate war in the Peninsula was a real affliction and the first cause of the calamities which afterward befell France; and he often expressed regret at having undertaken it. Joseph not being able to cope with the insurrections which were taking place in every part of his kingdom, and England having taken an active part in trying to restore the Bourbons to the throne by sending her armies to the help of Spain, Napoleon resolved once more to take the field in person, and on the fourth of November, 1808, he entered Spain at the head of an army of veterans. In less than five weeks he defeated every Spanish army he met and compelled the English army, under Sir John Moore, to beat a most disastrous and humiliating retreat towards the sea. In consequence of the news received by him that Austria had entered into an alliance with England and was about to attack him in the north, Napoleon turned over the command of his army to Marshal Soult and started for Paris. Soult drove the English army to Corunna, where it made its final stand before embarking, and where its gallant leader, Sir John Moore, was killed. Had Napoleon been allowed to retain personal command of the army, the result of the war in the Peninsula would no doubt have been just the opposite from what it turned out to be.

BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

The tide of fate rolls on!—heart-pierced and pale,
The gallant soldier lies, nor aught avail
The shield, the sword, the spirit of the brave,
From rapine's armed hand thy vales to save,
Land of illustrious heroes, who, of yore,
Drenched the same plains with the invader's gore,
Stood frowning, in the front of death, and hurled
Defiance to the conquerors of the world!
Oh, when we hear the agonising tale
Of those who, faint and fugitive and pale,
Saw hourly, harassed through their long retreat,
Some worn companion sinking at their feet,
Yet even in danger and from toil more bold,
Back on their gathering foes the tide of battle rolled;—
While tears of pity mingled with applause,
On the dread scene in silence let us pause.
Yes, pause, and ask, Is not thy lawful hand
Stretched out, O God, o'er a devoted land,
Whose vales of beauty Nature spread in vain,
Where Misery moaned on the uncultured plain,
Where Bigotry went by with jealous scowl,
Where Superstition muttered in his cowl;
Whilst o'er the Inquisition's dismal holds,
Its horrid banner waved in bleeding folds!

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE, 1809.

Sir John Moore could no doubt have made terms with Marshal Soult, whereby he would have been permitted to embark his troops under very reasonable conditions; but he chose to ask no favours from the French commander, and he fell, fighting gallantly for the honour of his country. His burial at midnight upon the ramparts of Corunna, from which place he had hoped to take his army in safety on the morrow, has been made familiar to all of us in the following lines:

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE, 1809.

Rev. Charles Wolfe.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
  As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
  O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
  The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
  And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
  Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
  With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!
Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard by th' distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory!
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him—alone with his glory!

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

SARAGOSSA was besieged twice before it was finally taken, and each time it was defended with the greatest valour by General Palafox, a brave and gallant Spanish soldier. In June, 1808, the French army, under command of General Lefebvre, appeared before the walls of the city, and for over two months the terrible contest went on. The Spaniards defended their homes with the fierce determination of their race, and with the resolve to beat back the invaders or die beneath the ruins of their city. When called upon to surrender, Palafox sent back the old Spanish challenge, "War at the knife's point." Every man within the city became a soldier, and even the women enlisted in the service. The monks either took up arms or engaged in the manufacture of gunpowder as the supply ran low. The suffering among the people was terrible, and the carnage caused by the bombardment and the assaults of the enemy was something horrible. Foot by foot the French army advanced, until fully one half of the city was in their possession. Hand-to-hand conflicts were of daily occurrence, and at one time it looked as if nothing could save the devoted inhabitants from the sword of the conquerors. A battery had been swept clean of its gunners by the awful fire of the foe; men could not be found brave enough to fill

the empty places; a woman sprang to the front, seized a lighted match from the hand of a dead artilleryman and poured the contents of a loaded cannon into the breasts of the advancing Frenchmen. Her example was contagious. The battery was served and the enemy repulsed at every point. This deed won for the noble woman the title of "The Maid of Saragossa."

In August Lefebvre raised the siege and withdrew from before the city.

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

CHARLES SWAIN.

There were murmurs through the night;
As of multitudes in prayer;
There were tears of wild affright,
And the wailing of despair:
For Invasion's gory hand
Scattered havoc o'er the land.

The startled morn arose
To the trumpet's fierce acclaim,
To the ringing steel of foes,
And the battle-bolts of flame;
Whilst the Gallic wolves of war
Round were howling, and afar.

The matron armed her son,
And pointed to the walls:
"See, the carnage hath begun,
'T is thy bleeding country calls!
Better, son, the patriot's tomb
Than a slave's ignoble doom."

The gray-haired father took
His time-worn brand and shield;
The pale monk closed his book,
The peasant left his field;
And daughters, e'en a scar had grieved,
Now deeds of dauntless heart achieved.

Right onward dashed the foe,
O'er the red and reeking ground,
Till the giant gates below
Burst with an earthquake sound;
And the rocking walls yawned deep,
'Neath the cannon's shattering sweep.

Yet ne'er with tyrant warred
A firmer, bolder band:
Again the gates were barred,
Again the walls were manned;
Again, as with prophetic sight,
The hallowed cross advanced the fight.

But heavier woes befell
The still unvanquished brave,
Mid sounds that seemed the knell
Of freedom's hopeless grave:
A hurricane, a blazing shower,
Swept—shivered rampart, rock, and tower!

In that appalling hour
When Fate with Gaul combined
To quell the freeman's power
To crush the valiant mind,—
When e'en the last defence had died,
Who braved the storm? who stemmed the tide?

No steel-girt knight of fame,
No chief of high emprise;
A maiden's soul enshrined the flame
Which lit Hope's darkening skies;
A maiden's valour dealt the blow,
And stepped 'tween conquest and the foe;

Stood on that fatal brink,
Defying pain and death!
And could Napoleon's legions shrink
Before a woman's breath?
Could Gaul's proud eagle, from its height,
Stoop to a mean, disastrous flight?

Yes: that fair arm withstood
The chivalry of France,
And poured destruction, like a flood,
On quailing helm and lance:
Leonidas in maiden's stole,
A woman's breast with Curtius' soul.

Heroic heart and true!
Thy deeds shall find a voice
To bid usurping tyrants rue,
And Freedom's sons rejoice:
The loved of Time, the prized of Fame,
Spain's noblest boast, and Gallia's shame!

THE BENEDICTION.

WHILE Napoleon and Soult were driving the English army under Moore out of Spain, Marshal Lannes was engaged in the second siege of Saragossa. Palafox made this one of the most memorable defences recorded in history. One hundred thousand souls filled the city, of whom about forty thousand were soldiers. For two months the horrible butchery went on, without cessation and without mercy. The crude fortifications were battered down, and the French army rushed over the walls only to meet a foe determined to fight while a stone remained standing in the city. Houses were demolished and convents blown into the air; still the conflict went on, from street to street and from house to house. The monks, with crucifixes in their hands, were unremitting in their endeavours to stimulate the exertions of the citizens and soldiers, and they contributed much, by their example and by their influence, to the obstinacy of the defence. They preached, they absolved, they fought, as the occasion demanded. They died storming a convent which the French had taken, and they died defending the sacred altar still in their possession. But all in vain; the French veterans were in the end victorious, and on the twenty-first of February, 1809, the intrepid Palafox surrendered. One third of the city was entirely demolished; one half

of the inhabitants and two thirds of the soldiers were dead. Disease and starvation had killed those whom the bullet spared. The hatred of the French soldier towards the monks, and the way they treated them during the awful siege, is vividly told in the following lines.

THE BENEDICTION.

FRANCIS COPPÉE.

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,
Raining down shots upon us from the windows,
"'T is the priest's doing!" was the word passed round;
So that, although since daybreak under arms,—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends,—piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel hat and long black coat were seen
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top, right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,
Colouring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound,
In such a dangerous defile, not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave:
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,
Fronting a convent. Twenty salwart monks
Defended it, black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing we swept the place; in fact we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.
The foul deed done—deliberately done—
And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
Under the huddled masses of the dead,
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
While in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak, it comes before me now—
The convent built in old time by the Moors
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;

And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.

I, *certes*, in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'T is on record
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax candle burning on the altar.
This time, however, I was awed,—so blanched
Was that old man!

"Shoot him!" our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning round,
He faced us with the elevated Host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us—
"*Vos benedicat*,"
Deus Omnipotens!"

The captain's order
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Levelled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed colour, though with steadfast look
Set upwards, and indomitably stern.
"*Pater et Filius!*"
Came the words. What frenzy,

What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 't was done.
The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
Held himself up; and strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated Host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard,
"*Et Sanctus Spiritus!*"

He said; and ending
His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood,
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
Of such a shameless murder and at sight
Of such a martyr,—with a chuckling laugh,
"Amen!"

Drawled out a drummer-boy.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

On the night of the twenty-second of January, 1809, Napoleon entered Paris on his return from Spain. The next day found him hard at work, mastering the situation in which he found France. Another war with Austria was about to be fought. Four hundred thousand soldiers, confident of their ability to win, were in full march against him. Napoleon, with his usual herculean energy and activity, inspired all France by his example. Still hoping for peace, he made the most gigantic preparations for war. Every possible emergency was provided against. But all negotiations for peace failed and Austria determined to force the fight. It was argued by that nation that the time was propitious for success; that the Spanish campaign had weakened France by demanding the presence there of so large a force of veterans, and that Napoleon, if he accepted the challenge to combat, would be compelled to take the field with an army of raw conscripts, easy to be beaten in the first battle. Never was foe more mistaken. On the ninth of April the advance guard of the Austrian army crossed the river Inn, and entered the territory of the King of Bavaria, one of Napoleon's allies. Napoleon at Paris was informed of this hostile act on the evening of the twelfth, and before midnight of that day he was on his

way to the seat of war as rapidly as post horses could carry him. On the seventeenth he was with the army. With not over two hundred thousand men, he was about to engage double that number, with all the advantages of position in their favour. The odds were terribly against him, but not for a moment did he hesitate. His whole army was at once set in motion, and victory after victory again perched upon its banners. At the battle of Eckmuhl the Austrians lost six thousand in dead and wounded; twenty thousand prisoners were taken from them, together with fifteen standards and the greater part of their artillery. Defeated in every battle, they endeavoured to cover their retreat by defending Ratisbon, but their effort was a vain one. Marshal Lannes stormed the walls of that city, and drove the foe over the Danube and out of the territory of Bavaria. It was at this place Napoleon received a slight wound in his foot by a spent ball.

It is hard to trace, to any reliable source, all the varied incidents and traditions connected with Napoleon's life, but the following has more of the elements of truth in it than many that pass current:

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

ROBERT BROWNING.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon:
  A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
  Stood on our storming day.

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with his mind.

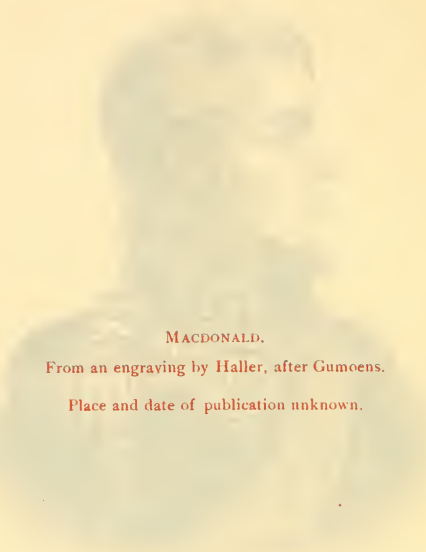
Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through),
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace,
We 've got Ratisbon!
The Marshal 's in the market-place,
And you 'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes

A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You 're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I 'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.



MACDONALD.

From an engraving by Haller, after Gumoens.

Place and date of publication unknown.

WAGRAM; OR, VICTORY IN DEATH.

AFTER the battle of Ratisbon, Napoleon advanced directly on Vienna, and on May tenth, exactly one month after the Austrians had crossed the Inn, he appeared before the walls of the capital and demanded its surrender. His demand being refused, a bombardment at once took place, which lasted until the thirteenth, when the city capitulated. At the commencement of the bombardment the royal family of Austria fled the city, leaving behind them, however, the Archduchess Marie Louise, who was confined to her bed by sickness. The imperial palace being in a direct line of the fire of one of the French batteries, the shot and shell falling around it threatened the life of the Archduchess. A flag of truce was sent to Napoleon advising him of this fact, whereupon he immediately ordered the battery to cease firing in that direction. This was Napoleon's first introduction to his future bride, as the sick Archduchess in less than a year became the wife of the man who was then storming her father's home.

The battles of Aspern and Essling, fought May twenty first and twenty-second, were nearly fatal to the plans of Napoleon. The destruction of the bridge across the swollen Danube cut his army in two, and left far too small a number across to contend successfully with the powerful

army of the Archduke Charles ; and the death of Marshal Lannes was a serious loss, as it deprived the Emperor of one of the most fearless, reliable, and gallant supporters he ever had. Napoleon's genius, however, saved his army, which, under his personal supervision, withdrew in good order across the smaller arm of the river to the island of Lobau, where the troops at once began to prepare for the awful struggle soon to take place. On the night of the fourth of July, the French army began its passage back across the Danube, and on the sixth, three hundred thousand men, with one thousand pieces of artillery, fought the famous battle of Wagram. The result was a complete overthrow of the Austrians and another glowing victory for Napoleon. It was the charge of the Guard under Macdonald, that turned the fortune of the day and won for that gallant soldier his Marshal's baton. The Austrian empire, prostrated in the dust, only escaped dismemberment by yielding the hand of an Archduchess to the Imperial victor. Wagram deservedly ranks among the decisive battles of Napoleon's career. Had it been lost to the French, the catastrophe of Waterloo might have been anticipated in 1809, and the "Star" of Napoleon have sunk forever on the shores of the Danube.

WAGRAM ; OR, VICTORY IN DEATH.

ANON.

I saw a sunrise on a battle-field.—
E'en at that early hour the gladsome beams
Broke upon smoke-wreaths and the roar of war ;
And o'er the dewy grass rush'd hurrying feet,—

Austria's white uniforms sweeping to the charge,
While France's eagles trembled in the gale.
—Full 'gainst the Gallic left, not half array'd,
The Austrian horse are charging home; and foot
And cannon follow fast, quick-belching forth
Their thunders. Troop on troop, amidst the smoke,
Napoleon sees them sweeping between him
And the broad Danube; and their loud hurrahs,
Heard o'er the din of battle, tell how nigh
They come upon his rear, and threat with fire
The floating bridge that brought his troops across.
Already stragglers flying from the charge,
Are seen, and baggage-waggons with their startled team,
Scampering in hot haste for the river's bank.

But in the centre, where the Old Guard stands
Like serried granite 'neath the enemies' fire,
Paces "the Emperor" to and fro, in front
Of the tall bearskin shakos,—where the shot
And shell of Austria's cannon make huge gaps.
Courier on courier, breathless spurring up,
Bring him untoward tidings of the fight.
Yet in a marble calm, as if no turn
Of Fortune's wheel could shake his clear-eyed soul,
He paces steadily that storm-swept spot,
Rooting by his example to their place
His vext brigades, now mustering dense and fast
For the bold game on which his soul is set.
"Massena! keep the Archduke's right in check:
Roll it but backward from the bridge apace,—
And the day yet is ours." But still his ear
Dreads every moment on his right to hear
The thundering of the Archduke's brother's horse,
The vanguard of the host on march from Rhab,
Charging with freshness on his press'd array.

At last the moment comes.—the word is given.—
The Emperor's self, as past his squadrons rush,
Down-bending o'er their chargers in hot haste,
Stabbing the air, cries out, "Give point! give point!"
And on sweep cuirassiers, hussars, and all,
Spurring, and thundering their "Vive l' Empereur!"—
Rank after rank bright-flashing in the sun
Like brazen waves of battle,—charging on
Right into smoke of th' enemies' batteries.
—Roar upon roar, and flash upon flash, break out
Like a volcano bursting,—a red chaos glares;—
And back they come, the routed horse, pell-mell,
Gnashing their teeth in fury at defeat;
Rallying with dinted helms and batter'd mail,
Again to plunge into the thick of fight.
And still the saddles empty, and scared steeds
Rush backwards riderless; and with oaths and cries
Again a broken flood of horse o'erspreads the plain.

"Macdonald! take the Guards, and lead them on.
The Plateau must be won!" And through the mass
Of flyers straight the serried column moves,
And the war storms anew. Right on they go,
Like men who hold life as a bagatelle,—
Up the brief slope, and in among the guns,
Giving and taking death,—yet still advancing,
Pushing their way with shot and bayonet-thrust
Amidst the foe, who round them like a wall
In front and on each flank hang dense; and still
The cannon thunder on the advancing band.—
Oh, then there was grim conflict! and the ranks
Of the French column melted fast away
In the unequal strife; and oft their chief
Sends word for help, and hears no help can come,—
And that he must go on. "Go on: the day

Hangs on your sword!" And on they went in sooth.
And as the hostile fire, or want of breath,
Or the re-forming of their shatter'd line,
Brings to a halt that foe-encompass'd band,
Nigh ruin'd by success, the Imperial Voice
Still sends them for sole word: "No aid—Go on!"

'T was a brave, bitter sight! Blacken'd and scorch'd,
Circled with fire and thunder, and the shouts
Of a most maddening war, where each man knows
Ruin or victory is in the scales,
Hewing their way, each step o'er fallen foes,
That Column marches on. On over guns
Dismounted, and rent banners, and the wreck
Of war's magnificence,—with blood-stain'd step,
O'er brothers, kinsmen, comrades dropping fast,
With clenched teeth and flashing eyes they press,
Panting, fainting, dwindling 'neath the fire;
Yet back—and back—and back compelling still
The foemen to give ground. Oh! sure
In that fell strife, with all its wasted wealth,
And wasted lives, and broken hopes, and hearts
Bleeding in far-off homes, and fever'd cries
Of mangled myriads,—there 's enough of woe
To glut Ambition for a thousand years!

I saw the sun set on that battle-field.—
A remnant of that Column, paused at last
On ground shot-furrowed, all begrimed and scorch'd
Like men escaped from out a crater's mouth,
Lean wearily on their arms. The clarion's call
Is pealing through the air of Victory!
And banners wave, and the bright setting sun
Streams o'er the armed field, from whence arose
The exultant music of a hundred bands,

Making war glorious. But no pæan comes
From that lone Victor-Column. They have fought
And won,—but won at what a cost! They have
No heart or breath for triumph: so they stand,
And hear but join not in the loud acclaim,—
Sad, mute, erect. 'T was Victory in Death!

SCHILL.

In consequence of the victory won at Wagram, an armistice was at once entered into between the French and Austrian armies, and on the fourteenth of October, 1809, a treaty of peace was concluded at Vienna, between Napoleon and Francis II. In the meantime, while Austria was being crushed beneath the juggernaut of Napoleon's genius, Prussia was not resting at all easy under the galling chains in which this same colossal power had bound her. The king, timid and irresolute, dared not make a move towards freeing his country from the yoke of the oppressor, but the people were in revolt against the hated Napoleon, and the queen and her party were ever ready to try the issue of battle once more. The leaven which was to work destruction to the "perfidious invader" was making itself felt throughout all Germany. Major Schill, commanding a regiment at Berlin, was heart and soul for the queen and his beloved fatherland, and, notwithstanding the fact that Prussia and France were at peace, he determined, wholly on his own responsibility, to make a bold attempt to arouse Prussia and to force his king into a declaration of war. On the twenty-eighth of March, 1809, he rode out of Berlin, at the head of his hussars, on that ride from which he never was to return. There could be but one result to this brave,

but foolish enterprise, and that was complete failure. Schill's career was a short but brilliant one. The end came at Stralsund, on the thirty-first of May, where he died, gallantly leading his men against his country's foes.

SCHILL.

ERNEST MORITZ ARNDT.

Who bursts from Berlin, with his sabre in hand?
Who ride at his heel, like the rush of the wave?
They are warriors of Prussia, the flower of the land,
And 't is Schill leads them on, to renown—and the grave!

Six hundred hussars, in their pomp and their pride!
Their chargers are fleet, and their bosoms are bold;
And deep shall that sabre in vengeance be dyed,
Ere those chargers shall halt, or those bosoms be cold.

Then the yager in green, and the dark musqueteer,
By thousands they rose, at the bidding of one;
Then galloped the hunters, no hunters of deer,
And Prussia rejoiced that the chase was begun.

What summoned this spirit of grandeur from gloom?
Was he called from the camp, was he sent from the throne?
'T was the voice of his country, it came from her tomb;
And it rises to honour him now that he 's gone!

Remember him, Dodendorff! whirlwind and rain
Bleach the bones of the Frenchmen that fell by his blade;
At sunset they saw its first flash on thy plain;
At midnight three thousand were still as thy shade.

Then, Domitz! thy ramparts were flooded with gore,
No longer a hold for the tyrant and slave.
But, Prussia, the day of thy glory was o'er!
And to Pommern he rushed, to renown and the grave.

Fly, slaves of Napoleon, for vengeance is come!
Now plunge in the earth, now escape on the wind;
With the heart of the vulture, now borrow its plume,
For Schill and his riders are thundering behind.

All gallant and gay they came in at the gate,
Where Wallenstein's banner once waved in its pride;
A king in his spirit, a king in his state,
Though now his dark tomb but o'ershadows the tide.

Then dashed the hussar, like a storm, on the foe,
And the trench and the street were a field and a grave;
For the sorrows of Prussia gave weight to the blow,
And the slave of Napoleon was crush'd like a slave.

O Schill—O Schill! thou warrior of fame!
To the field, to the field spur thy charger again;
Why bury in ramparts and fosses the flame
That should blaze upon mountain, and forest, and plain!

Stralsund was his sepulchre, city of woe!
No more on thy ramparts his banner shall wave;
The bullet was sent, and the warrior lies low,
And the dastard may trample the dust of the brave!

He was plunged in the grave without trumpet or toll,
No prayer of his warriors was heard on the wind;
No peal of the cannon, no drum's muffled roll,
Told the love and the sorrow that lingered behind.

They cut off his head ; but his triumph is won,
And the love of his country shall weep o'er his bier ;
And her high-hearted sons, from the cot to the throne,
Shall honour the dust of the chief that lies here !

When the fight is begun, and the Prussian hussar
Comes down, like a cataract burst from its hill ;
Thy glory shall flash thro' the storm like a star,
And his watchword of vengeance be, Schill, brave Schill !

ANDREW HOFER.

By the terms of the treaty of Presburg, in 1806, the Tyrol was taken from Austria and given to Bavaria, an ally of France. In April, 1809, at the call of the Archduke John of Austria, the Tyrolese arose in rebellion against the Bavarian Government. Andrew Hofer, the landlord of a village inn, became one of the heroes of that insurrection, and he was finally elected commander-in-chief of the Tyrolean army. As Schill fought in Germany for freedom, so did Hofer fight among the mountain-passes of his native country. It was liberty or death with him. After Austria had been beaten at Wagram and the peace of Vienna had been signed, and there was no possible chance for his making headway against the mighty power of the French conqueror, this patriot struggled on, deserted by Austria and by his own troops. In the end he was captured, taken as a prisoner to Mantua, and there tried by court marshal and shot.

ANDREW HOFER.

JULIUS MOSEN.

At Mantua in chains
  The gallant Hofer lay,
In Mantua to death
  Led him the foe away ;
His brothers' hearts bled for the chief,

For Germany, disgrace and grief,
And Tyrol's mountain-land!

His hands behind him clasped,
With firm and measured pace,
Marched Andrew Hofer on;
He feared not death to face,
Death whom from Iselberg aloft
Into the vale he sent so oft
In Tyrol's holy land.

But when from dungeon-grate,
In Mantua's stronghold,
Their hands on high he saw
His faithful brothers hold,
"O God, be with you all!" he said,
"And with the German realm betrayed,
And Tyrol's holy land!"

The drummer's hand refused
To beat the solemn march,
While Andrew Hofer passed
The portal's gloomy arch;
In fetters shackled, yet so free,
There on the bastion stood he,
Brave Tyrol's gallant son.

They bade him then kneel down,
He answered, "I will not!
Here standing will I die,
As I have stood and fought,
As now I tread this bulwark's bank,
Long life to my good Kaiser Frank,
And, Tyrol, hail to thee!"

A grenadier then took
The bandage from his hand,
While Hofer spake a prayer,
His last on earthly land.
"Mark well!" he with loud voice exclaimed,
"Now fire! Ah! 't was badly aimed!
O Tyrol, fare thee well!"

TALAVERA.

WHILE Napoleon was winning victory after victory against Austria and the coalition in the north, everything was going wrong in the Peninsula. Joseph Bonaparte was in no sense a soldier. The art of war was a mystery to him, and of its wants and necessities he knew nothing. So little confidence had the marshals, sent by Napoleon to fight his battles in Spain and Portugual, in the military operations of Joseph that they paid no attention to his orders ; on the contrary, they seemed to think that it was proper to act each for himself, totally disregarding the good of the service, and the commands of the king. Personal comfort and aggrandisement were sought after. Spite and jealousy prevailed among these veteran generals like among a band of schoolboys. There was no concert of action ; no willing aid lent each other. The whole campaign went wrong from beginning to end. The French soldiers fought with their accustomed bravery ; but, with quarrelsome leaders, against British valour and guerrilla warfare, their efforts were unavailing. The battle of Talavera, fought the twenty-eight of July, 1809, resulted in a defeat of the French army, and a most signal victory for the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley. Alternate victory and defeat attended until the twenty-first of June, 1813, when Napoleon's enterprise in Spain met its Waterloo at the battle of Vittoria.

TALAVERA.

LORD BYRON.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries;
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar!
In every peal she calls, "Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethern ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high: from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousand cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowering in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon!
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rose them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share:
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies:
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilise the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot,—Ambition's honoured fools!
Yes, honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

LAMENT OF JOSEPHINE.

It was in 1806, while Napoleon and Talleyrand were holding midnight conferences at Fontainebleau concerning the secret part of the treaty of Tilsit, that Fouché, not knowing what was going on, but wrongly suspecting the subject of the meetings to be the divorce of Josephine, determined to bring about that result, and so gain credit to himself. He went to Josephine, and, enlarging upon the interests of France, which called for a successor to the Emperor, and the glory which would redound to her, he succeeded in gaining her permission to draft a letter from her to the President of the Senate offering to relinguish her position as Empress and wife. She was to sign the letter the next morning; but Madame de Remusat, being informed of what was going on, and not wishing to give up her position under the Empress, determined to advise Napoleon of what had taken place. She waited that night until the Emperor had left his Cabinet to go to bed, which was at one o'clock. She demanded an audience, but, being a young and a beautiful woman and the hour being unseemly, was refused. She persisted in her request, and insisted so strongly that her business was of the utmost importance, that she was admitted as Napoleon was about to retire. She told the story in all its details, and Napoleon, thanking her, went at once to

Josephine and told her there was no truth in the story, and he promised her that if reasons of state ever demanded a divorce, he himself would be the first to tell her; which he did, when the time came.

Napoleon's first serious mistake was his interference in Spanish affairs; his second was his divorce from Josephine. The only excuse he ever gave for it—the welfare of France—was a weak one, and one devoid of all merit. In after years, shorn of his power and wasting his life away as a captive in the hands of an unrelenting foe, he acknowledged his act of injustice and admitted he had made a mistake, which left for him thereafter only defeat, humiliation, and sorrow. The true reason for the divorce was Napoleon's instinct of approaching weakness. He felt that the mighty empire he had reared was carrying the utmost weight it could bear and that any more drain upon its resources would cause it to tumble to the ground. He, therefore, sought to strengthen himself by an alliance with some one of the great powers of Europe most to be feared. Russia was first asked to bolster up his cause with the hand of the Emperor's sister. Alexander was willing to grant the request made, but his mother refused, and she gained the day. Austria, with the smoke of Wagram still in her eyes, saw less clearly the result, and upon being asked, consented to furnish the bride. On the sixteenth of December, 1809, Josephine was banished to Malmaison with the title of Empress, and on the second of April, 1810, Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, took her place in the Tuileries.

Lament of Josephine.

Mary E. Hewitt.

The Empress!—what 's to me the empty name!
  This regal state—this glittering pageant-life?
A tinsell'd cheat!—Am I not crown'd with shame?
  Shorn of my glorious name, Napoleon's Wife!
Set with a bauble here to play my part,
And shroud with veil of pomp my breaking heart.

'T is mockery!—thought is with the days ere thou,
  Seeking the world's love, unto mine grew cold—
Ere yet the diadem entwined my brow,
  Tightening around my brain its serpent fold—
When each quick life-pulse throbbed, unschool'd of art,
When my wide empire was Napoleon's heart!

My spirit quails before this loneliness—
  Why did no warning thought within me rise,
Telling thy hand would stay its fond caress
  To wreathe the victim for the sacrifice!
That joy, the dove so to my bosom prest,
Would change to this keen vulture at my breast!

Parted forever!—who hath dared make twain
  Those He hath join'd?—the nation's mighty voice!
And thou hast bounded forward from my chain,
  Like the freed captive,—therefore, heart! rejoice
Above the ashes of my hopes, that he
Hath o'er their ruin leapt to liberty!

NAPOLEON AND THE MOTHER.

THE birth of Napoleon's son, which took place on the twentieth day of March, 1811, was the occasion for the wildest enthusiasm in Paris and throughout France, and no doubt the proudest moment in the great Emperor's life was when he appeared before the assembled crowd of awaiting courtiers, holding in his arms his infant heir, whom he introduced as the King of Rome. What hopes and ambitions must have filled his breast, and how cruelly were father and son to be disappointed, and what a fall both were to experience so near in the future! From the height of his ambition to the deepest depth of humiliation for the father; from the Imperial throne to the rank of a subject to a foreign nation for the son.

The following incident, is doubtless, based upon the one related by Madame Junot in her memoirs; the only difference being that Napoleon's son was in reality between two and three years of age at the time of the occurrence, and that the petitioner was a young widow with her little boy by her side, asking a pension for the loss of her husband shortly before killed in Spain. The petition was actually placed in the King of Rome's hands and by him taken to the Emperor, who immediately granted the pension asked for, saying that it was his majesty the King of Rome who gave it.

NAPOLEON AND THE MOTHER.

EDWARD J. O'REILLY.

A mother paced the Tuileries
With hopes as changeful as a wave,
And wildly prayed, on bended knees,
Napoleon, her son to save!
The cruel conscript claimed his arm,
And made the widow desolate:
And now, she deemed her words might charm
A king, to change his martial fate!

Within her trembling hand, she bore
A missive to the "King of Rome"—
A child to whom three days before,
The light of earth had been unknown.
'T was soiled: the ink, with tear-drops stored,
Grew pallid with the grief it spoke,
But shone more bright, when it implored
The "King" to break the soldier's yoke!

The Emperor, his royal sire,
Then read it to the cradled king,
And knelt to hear with feigned desire,
The words his majesty would bring!
Then, turning to the mother there,
Napoleon, with joy replied:
"The King in silence heard your prayer,
And silence is consent, implied!"

Such deeds, like some bright stranger stars
Which light a dreary winter's eve,
Throughout Napoleon's ruthless wars,
Their saving rays of glory leave!
And, through his carnage, blood, and strife—
Amidst his smiles above the slain—
They tell us of that purer life
Which bared his breast to pity's reign!

THE FLIGHT OF MASSENA, OR THE PROPHET MISTAKEN.

ONE of Napoleon's mistakes in carrying on the war in the Peninsula was his persistent underrating of the magnitude and difficulty of the task assigned to his lieutenants. He thought his presence in the field wholly unnecessary, and that he could remain in Paris and successfully direct a campaign, which in its every feature was totally different from any theretofore engaged in by him. When Massena, who was probably the best soldier he had, was sent to the front with his army of veterans and directed to drive Wellington into the sea, it was taken for granted that the campaign would be a short one, and that Lisbon would soon be in the Marshal's possession and the English army on its way home, completely routed. The result proved how easy it is to plan a campaign away from the field of operation, and how difficult it is to have others carry it out, especially when such obstacles are met with as Wellington placed in the way of the Prince of Essling. The "spoiled child of victory" was compelled to admit that fate was no longer kind to him, and, for the first time in his history, he ordered a retreat. The English writers at once took advantage of the Marshal's misfortune and greatly did they exult therein.

MASSENA.

From an engraving by Fiesinger, after Bonne-maison.

Paris, 1801.

THE FLIGHT OF MASSENA! OR THE PROPHET MISTAKEN.

ANON.

"Go," said the Tyrant swell'd with pride,
"Drive Wellington into the tide,
And, Prince of Essling, I decree
That Lusitania thine shall be."

The Prince of Essling made his bow—
Thank'd his kind master—pledg'd his vow
To die, or do the doughty deed—
Then vaulted on his warrior steed.

Full fourscore thousand veterans form
The columns of his chosen swarm;
A well-train'd, desperate, hardy brood,
Inured to scenes of death and blood—
True dogs of war, by rapine fed,
And to compassion's dictates dead.

Onward they march with awful sweep
O'er fruitful dell and rugged steep,
Leaving behind them as they go
A frightful waste of want and woe.
Onward they urge their vengeful way
To where the boast of Britain lay—
Dreaming of nothing but success,
Against the British van they press:
But at Busaco's bloody height
Their haste was check'd by British might.
Here victory first, that long had smil'd,
Began to frown on her spoil'd child,
And seem'd to cry, "Adieu! adieu!
Proud Massena, I 've done with you;
My favours henceforth I 'll bestow
(For he deserves them) on your Foe!

Nay look not, my old pet, so gruff,
I find I 've spoil'd you long enough—
A crown is a precarious thing—
I never meant you for a—king—
Take my advice, return to France—
You 'll rue your trip if you advance."
As on his ear her accents rung;
His grim soul winced, to madness stung;
Yet, maugre menace of mischance,
Boldly resolv'd he to advance:
For still before his gloating eyes,
Glitter'd ambition's promis'd prize—
" Drive Wellington into the sea,
And Lusitania thine shall be."

Meanwhile sagacious Wellington,
Undazzled by his triumph won,
Resolv'd to quit his laurell'd seat,
And seek a more secure retreat,
Where he his far out-numbering foes
Might with less risk of loss oppose.
More circumspection taught to use,
His track the fierce French Chief pursues,
Till on his view the grandeur shines
Of Mafra's strong embattled lines:
The mighty bar, whose lofty length
Marr'd all his hopes, mock'd all his strength.
Here, like some gaunt wolf, baulk'd of food,
The baffled Warrior, growling, stood,
Manœuv'ring, threat'ning, all in vain,
Thro' winter's cold inclement reign.
Fatigu'd, dishearten'd, held at bay,
His troops disease, and famine's prey,
At length he on a stated night,
In doleful dumps, betook to flight,

And left behind his high renown,
And lost (O sad!) his promis'd crown.

Mistaken C—BB—TT! lack-a-day!
The confident has run away,
And left another wreath of glory,
To deck "Lord Talavera's" story!

INSCRIPTION FOR THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS.

In the spring of 1810 the French army in the Peninsula numbered about three hundred thousand. Napoleon had thought to take command in person, but the divorce, his marriage with Marie Louise, and the cares of the empire prevented him from carrying out his purpose. He certainly made a mistake in not being with his army. The quarrels and jealousies existing between his marshals rendered his presence positively necessary, if success was to be obtained. England kept up a bitter and a most determined struggle, and Wellington in planning and executing the Lines of Torres Vedras, laid the foundation for the defeat and the expulsion of French arms from the Peninsula. The Lines of Torres Vedras were a vast system of formidable defences erected between the ocean and the Tagus in front of Lisbon. Wellington is said to have remarked that behind these fortifications he "deposited the independence of Portugal and even of Spain." It was here Massena met the obstacle which prevented his advance upon Lisbon, and which eventually compelled him to withdraw his entire army from Portugal.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS.

Robert Southey.

Through all Iberia, from the Atlantic shores
To far Pyrene, Wellington hath left

His trophies ; but no monument records
To after-time a more enduring praise
Than this which marks his triumph here attained
By intellect, and patience to the end
Holding through good and ill its course assigned,
The stamp and seal of greatness. Here the chief
Perceived in foresight Lisbon's sure defence,
A vantage-ground for all reverse prepared,
Where Portugal and England might defy
All strength of hostile numbers. Not for this
Of hostile enterprise did he abate,
Or gallant purpose : witness the proud day
Which saw Soult's murderous host from Porto driven ;
Bear witness, Talavera, made by him
Famous forever ; and that later fight
When from Busaco's solitude the birds,
Then first affrighted in their sanctuary,
Fled from the thunders and the fires of war.
But when Spain's feeble counsels, in delay
As erring as in action premature,
Had left him in the field without support,
And Bonaparte, having trampled down
The strength and pride of Austria, this way turned
His single thought and undivided power,
Retreating hither the great general came ;
And proud Massena, when the boastful chief
Of plundered Lisbon dreamt, here found himself
Stopped suddenly in his presumptuous course.
From Ericeyra on the western sea,
By Mafra's princely convent, and the heights
Of Montichique, and Bucellas famed
For generous vines, the formidable works
Extending, rested on the guarded shores
Of Tagus, that rich river who received
Into his ample and rejoicing port

The harvests and the wealth of distant lands,
Secure, insulting with the grand display
The robber's greedy sight. Five months the foe
Beheld these lines, made inexpugnable
By perfect skill, and patriot feelings here
With discipline conjoined, courageous hands,
True spirits, and one comprehensive mind
All overseeing and pervading all.
Five months, tormenting still his heart with hope,
He saw his projects frustrated ; the power
Of the blaspheming tyrant whom he served
Fail in the proof ; his thousands disappear,
In silent and inglorious war consumed ;
Till hence retreating, maddened with despite,
Here did the self-styled Son of Victory leave,
Never to be redeemed, that vaunted name.

BARROSA.

FOR the next two years the Peninsular war was carried on in Spain. Victory and defeat, alternately, came to the French cause, but the end brought complete triumph for the Allies. King Joseph and the armies which kept him on the throne by the power of their bayonets only, went back to France, having accomplished nothing. In all human probability had Napoleon made no King Joseph, and had he not sent his best captains and the flower of his veteran armies to waste their time and their blood in an uncalled-for and an unjustifiable warfare, the history of Europe would not be what it is. The battle of Barrosa was fought the fifth of March, 1811, and resulted in a most decisive defeat for Marshal Victor.

BARROSA.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Though the four quarters of the world have seen
The British valour proved triumphantly
Upon the French, in many a field far-famed,
Yet may the noble Island in her rolls
Of glory write Barrosa's name. For there,
Not by the issue of deliberate plans
Consulted well, was the fierce contest won,
Nor by the leader's eye intuitive,

Nor force of either arm of war, nor art
Of skilled artillerist, nor the discipline
Of troops to absolute obedience trained;
But by the spring and impulse of the heart,
Brought fairly to the trial, when all else
Seemed, like a wrestler's garment, thrown aside;
By individual courage and the sense
Of honour, their old country's, and their own,
There to be forfeited, or there upheld;—
This warmed the soldier's soul, and gave his hand
The strength that carries with it victory.
More to enhance their praise, the day was fought
Against all circumstances; a painful march,
Through twenty hours of night and day prolonged,
Forespent the British troops; and hope delayed
Had left their spirits palled. But when the word
Was given to turn, and charge, and win the heights,
The welcome order came to them like rain
Upon a traveller in the thirsty sands.
Rejoicing, up the ascent, and in the front
Of danger, they with steady step advanced,
And with the insupportable bayonet
Drove down the foe. The vanquished Victor saw,
And thought of Talavera, and deplored
His eagle lost. But England saw, well pleased,
Her old ascendency that day sustained;
And Scotland, shouting over all her hills,
Among her worthies ranked another Graham.

ALBUERA.

THE only poetry we have been able to find relating to the Peninsular war is that written in favour of the cause of the Allies, or in laudation of the noble deeds performed by the English, Spanish, and Portuguese during that long struggle. The friends and admirers of Napoleon have not cared to eulogise his course of action with regard to the affairs of Spain and Portugal, and with some considerable good reason. On the other hand, English poets have taken great delight in "writing up" the misfortunes of the French armies in the Peninsula, and verses innumerable have told the story of their great enemy's ill luck in that quarter of the globe. At Albuera Marshal Soult suffered defeat at the hands of the combined allied forces commanded by the English Marshal Beresford. The Spanish forces fought with more than usual bravery, and, without doubt, the old French Marshal owed his defeat as much to them as he did to the valour of the English soldiers.

ALBUERA.

CAPEL LOFFT.

Xerxes, when the Three Hundred he beheld
Who drove his myriads, broke his tented pride,
And with Leonidas at Pylæ died,
With venerating awe his heart was quelled.

Philip, thy stern breast 'gainst itself rebelled
At Chæronea, as thy victor stride
Passed by the Theban band; who, side by side,
Like brothers fell, nor one his comrades knelled.
Does not the dread Napoleon think of these,
These "sons of glory, these sure heirs of fame,"
At Albuera who have left a name,
True Spaniards, which oblivion ne'er shall seize?
Glory to them eternity decrees:
Does not his inmost heart revere their hallowed flame?

THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

SALAMANCA only added to the misfortune of the French cause in Spain. Wellington there gained a signal victory over Marshal Marmont, who, besides defeat, received a serious wound which compelled him to give up the command of the army and retire to France. The Peninsula proved a field of but little glory for these great French captains, who, in all other quarters of the world had won such famous renown. Wellington, on the other hand, was there making for himself a record which would soon earn for him the title of the "Iron Duke," and finally entitle him to engage personally the "Little Corporal" himself.

THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD.

Hark! the deep mouth'd cannon's sound,
Tells the list'ning world around,
Marmont 's vanquish'd!—Victory 's won!
By our glorious Wellington.

Oh! may some Bard, like Scott, relate
His deeds in arms, so nobly great,
That, to do justice to his name,
The Poet ought to share his fame!
Yet still my bosom warmly glows,
When England triumphs o'er her foes;

And wishes, though in humble lays,
To celebrate my country's praise!

Marmont, in numbers proud and strong,
Drove the fierce tide of war along,
To crush on Salamanca's plain,
At one great blow, the hopes of Spain!
Or else, perhaps, he thought to shield
The Phantom King, who dared the field;
And thus to save the Tyrant's race,
He met his own, and Gaul's disgrace.
The British Chief, with piercing eye,
Saw when to retrograde—not fly—
And thus deceiv'd the sanguine foe,
Who rush'd on fate, defeat, and woe!
For, at the word, the Britons turn,
And, while their bosoms nobly burn,
Strangers to ev'ry thought of fear,
They trample on the Gallic spear;
Renew the deeds that Cressy saw,
And turn at once the tide of war!
In dreadful charge, the British van
Bore down whole squadrons, horse and man;
From hill to hill, pursued, they run,
Like shadows chas'd before the Sun!
Fetlock'd in gore, the Victors prest
On many gallant Frenchman's breast.
Who might have liv'd in happier times,
Exempt from Bonaparte's crimes;
But now in mangled heaps they lie,
Cursing their Tyrant ere they die,
Who dragg'd them from their native plain
To perish, for his cause, in Spain!
The Tormes, once a limpid flood,
Red with the slaughter, swell'd with blood,

And join'd the Douro to the Sea,
Proclaiming England's Victory!
While Portugal may proudly say,
She shar'd the honours of the day,
When by the British Hero led,
Her sons, with Britons, nobly bled!
Long time the work of Death was done,
Nor ceas'd but with the setting Sun,
When shelter'd by the gloom of night,
The routed Foe urged on his flight.
Next morn (our Victory complete),
The Eagles saw at Wellesley's feet,
With countless prisoners in his train,
And thousands breathless on the plain!
All the proud Leaders of the Foe
Are captives, wounded or laid low;
While Spanish hills and valleys ring,
Blessing England's Prince and King,
Who sent Their Hero to sustain,
Th' invaded Monarchy of Spain;
What Meed 's for Wellington in store?
Whose brows were laurel-crown'd before
In every clime!—on every shore!
Our Edward 's mighty in renown,
And Henry fam'd in story.
Marlb'rough, who shook the Gallic crown,
Did not surpass your glory!
They fill'd of Fame the brightest page;
You live the Hero of your age;
The Nation's boundless Gratitude 's your own,
With honours trebled, from the British Throne!
England beheld the Wave to Nelson yield,
As He the Ocean, You command the Field!

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

MATTERS in Spain were assuming a serious and an alarming character. Napoleon, busy with his plans for the invasion of Russia, had no time, money, or soldiers to spare in the cause of his sorely tried marshals in the Peninsula. The guerilla warfare adopted by the Spaniards and the obstinate valour displayed by the English veterans were more than a match for the hitherto unconquered warriors of France. The struggle, it is true, was kept up in a gallant and heroic manner until the twenty-first of June, 1813, when the battle of Vittoria was fought, which proved the Waterloo of the French cause in the Peninsula. Five years of continued cruel and inhuman warfare, costing rivers of blood and untold fortune, resulted in absolutely nothing but disaster to the great hopes of Napoleon.

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

WILLIAM GLEN.

Sing, a' ye bards, wi' loud acclaim,
High glory gie to gallant Graham,
Heap laurels on our marshal's fame,
Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.
Triumphant freedom smiled on Spain,
An' raised her stately form again,
Whan the British lion shook his mane
On the mountains of Vittoria.

Let blustering Suchet crously crack,
Let Joseph rin the coward's track,
An' Jourdan wish his baton back
He left upon Vittoria.
If e'er they meet their worthy king,
Let them dance roun' him in a ring,
An' some Scots piper play the spring
He blew them at Vittoria.

Gie truth and honour to the Dane,
Gie German's monarch heart and brain,
But aye in sic a cause as Spain
Gie Britain a Vittoria.
The English rose was ne'er sae red,
The shamrock waved whare glory led,
An' the Scottish thistle rear'd its head
In joy upon Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
Whare thousands fought an' mony fell,
But the Glascow heroes bore the bell
At the battle of Vittoria.
The Paris maids may ban them a',
Their lads are maistly wede awa',
An' cauld an' pale as wreaths o' snaw
They lie upon Vittoria.

Wi' quakin' heart and tremblin' knees
The eagle standard-bearer flees,
While the "meteor flag" floats to the breeze,
An' wantons on Vittoria.
Britannia's glory there was shown,
By the undaunted Wellington,
An' the tyrant trembled on his throne,
Whan hearin' o' Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits o' the brave,
Let a' their trophies for them wave,
An' green be our Cadogan's grave,
Upon thy field, Vittoria!
There let eternal laurels bloom,
While maidens mourn his early doom,
An' deck his lowly honour'd tomb
Wi' roses on Vittoria.

Ye Caledonian war-pipes, play,
Barrosa heard your Hielan' lay,
An' the gallant Scot show'd there that day
A prelude to Vittoria.
Shout to the heroes—swell ilk voice,—
To them wha made poor Spain rejoice,
Shout Wellington an' Lynedoch, boys,
Barrosa an' Vittoria.

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

THE Russian campaign proved a serious matter for all concerned in it. Southey, who delighted in using his pen against everything pertaining to Napoleon, made this campaign the subject of a poem, called at the time humorous, but which lacks all the elements of good taste. "Prolix buffoonery" are the proper terms to apply to it. There is, as has been well said, too much "jaunty hilarity" in it. The author might far better, and with much more credit to himself, have treated his theme with sobriety, as the occasion certainly called for such treatment. But it was the fashion in those days for English writers to ridicule Napoleon, and Southey was not the man to let such an opportunity as this go by without giving expression to his personal feelings. The poem will amuse the reader, and it will, at least, afford him a chance to try his skill at unravelling the Russian puzzle of proper names embraced therein.

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more
Must go with him to Moscow:
There were Marshals by the dozen,
And Dukes by the score;
Princes a few, and Kings one or two;
While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigh-ho for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!
General Rapp, the Emperor Nap;
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Nothing would do
For the whole of this crew,
But they must be marching to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he talk'd so big
That he frighten'd Mr. Roscoe.
John Bull, he cries, if you 'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please
To grant you peace, upon your knees,
Because he is going to Moscow!
He 'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And beat the Russians, and eat the Prussians:
For the fields are green, and the sky is blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And he 'll certainly march to Moscow!

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the March to Moscow;
The Russians, he said, they were undone,

And the great Fee—Faw—Fum
Would presently come,
With a hop, step, and jump, unto London.
For, as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff it,
Do it he could, and do it he would,
And from doing it nothing would come but good,
And nothing could call him off it.
Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know,
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's Review,
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckon'd ;
It was, through thick and thin, to its party true ;
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !
It served them for Law and for Gospel too.

But the Russians stoutly they turned to
Upon the road to Moscow.
Nap had to fight his way all through ;
They could fight, though they could not *parlez vous* ;
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !
And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !
But to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him
All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tormazon and Jemalon,

And all the others that end in on;
Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch,
And Karatschkowitch,
And all the others that end in itch;
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in eff,
Wasiltschikoff, Kostomaroff,
And Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in off;
Rajeffsky, and Novereffsky,
And Rieffsky,
And all the others that end in effsky;
Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,
And all the others that end in offsky;
And Platoff he play'd them off,
And Shouvaloff he shovell'd them off,
And Markoff he mark'd them off,
And Krosnoff he cross'd them off,
And Tuchkoff he touch'd them off,
And Boroskoff he bored them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Worronzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctor'd them off,
And Rodionoff he flogg'd them off.
And last of all, an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all know by sight very well,
But which no can speak, and no one can spell.
They stuck close to Nap with all their might;
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and night;
He would rather *parlez-vous* than fight;

But he look'd white, and he look'd blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
When *parlez-vous* no more would do,
For they remembered Moscow.

And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found in that hour,
Cared nothing for him nor for all his power;
For him who, while Europe crouch'd under his rod,
Put his trust in his fortune, and not in his God,
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!
What a horrible journey from Moscow!

What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow?
Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night;
And he was besides in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white, and the sky so blue
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away—I tell you true,—
Upon the road from Moscow.
"'T is myself," quoth he, "I must mind most,
So the Devil may take the hindmost."

Too cold upon the road was he;
Too hot had he been at Moscow;
But colder and hotter he may be,
For the grave is colder than Moscovy;
And a place there is to be kept in view,

Where the fire is red, and the brimstone blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Which he must go to,
If the Pope say true,
If he does not in time look about him;
Where his namesake almost
He may have for his Host;
He has reckon'd too long without him;
If that Host get him in Purgatory,
He won't leave him there alone with his glory,
But there he must stay for a very long day,
For from thence there is no stealing away,
As there was on the road to Moscow.

VIVE L' EMPEREUR.

NAPOLEON and Alexander were, no doubt, both, in a great measure, responsible for the rupture which took place in 1812 between their respective nations; but the great responsibility for the Russian campaign and the awful results which attended it, must rest, in justice, with England. She had resolved that the complete overthrow of Napoleon and his government was the only condition that would be accepted by her for a cessation of hostility against the hated usurper of the French throne. French commerce was driven from the seas and destroyed; coalition after coalition was formed with European nations to act against the common enemy and for ten years there had been no truce in her efforts to destroy her great and only rival. Carrying on an incessant warfare in the Peninsula, which demanded the presence of the flower of the French army to hold in check, England had sought to surprise and cripple France by entering into a coalition with Austria and inducing that nation to declare war. Wagram put an end to that scheme, and the marriage of Napoleon to the Archduchess of Austria was not just the result anticipated by England. Russia was the only continental nation unconquered by the mighty legions of France. Alexander had sworn eternal friendship to Napoleon at Tilsit; but with the understanding that Constan-

tinople should be his. Napoleon had agreed to this, but with the mental reservation that he would never permit the key to India to be placed in the hands of any one but himself; and he had further resolved that Russia must join in the continental blockade against English commerce. Peace between England and France meant an end of the war with Spain and no war with Russia; but England would not have it that way. With Napoleon's veterans and mightiest marshals engaged in the Peninsula, the time was ripe for more intrigue, and the coalition between England and Russia was formed. It was, indeed, a serious matter for France, at that time, to engage in a war with so powerful an adversary as Russia, backed, as she was, by the influence and wealth of England. Her allies, it is true, embraced all the nations of Europe, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden excepted; but the friendship of most of them was a forced and a strained one. Austria and Prussia stood ready to break their compacts at the first auspicious moment, and Bernadotte, traitor at heart to Napoleon's cause from the early days of the republic, had already entered into an alliance with Russia, and was about to turn his guns upon the man who had made it possible for him to wear a crown. It was within the power of England, and England alone, to stop the invasion of Russia, and to give the world universal peace; but to give the world peace never was her purpose, so long as Napoleon sat at the head of the government of France. Russia could not, with honour, submit to the demands of France, and France, in justice to herself, could not recede, and so war was invoked.

Never before in his whole history had Napoleon assembled such an army as crossed the Niemen under his command, on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth of June, 1812. It seemed but the matter of a short campaign when terms of peace would be dictated by him from Russia's ancient capital, as they had been from Berlin and Vienna. But such was not to be the case. Things went wrong with him from the beginning of the campaign to the end. On the banks of the Niemen, before crossing into Russian territory, the Emperor was thrown from his horse on the sands; which incident caused some one present to remark: "That is a bad omen, a Roman would turn back." But, instead of turning back, he rode with the advance guard, urging everything forward. Reaching the river Wilia, he found the bridges destroyed, and the stream swollen with recent rains. Anxious to get on he ordered a squadron of Polish cavalry to cross by swimming. They instantly plunged into the water, but before they could reach the middle of the stream the torrent broke their ranks and swept them away, almost to a man, before the very eyes of Napoleon, to whom many of them in their last struggle turned their faces, and as they sank from sight exclaimed in loud tones, "Vive l'Empereur." This historical incident is the subject of the following lines:

VIVE L'EMPEREUR!

R. MONTGOMERY.

By Wilia's banks the rushing river swept
Like a careering whirlwind; white with foam,
And plunging on in many a gurgled roar
Of furious rage. So fiercely flies the steed,

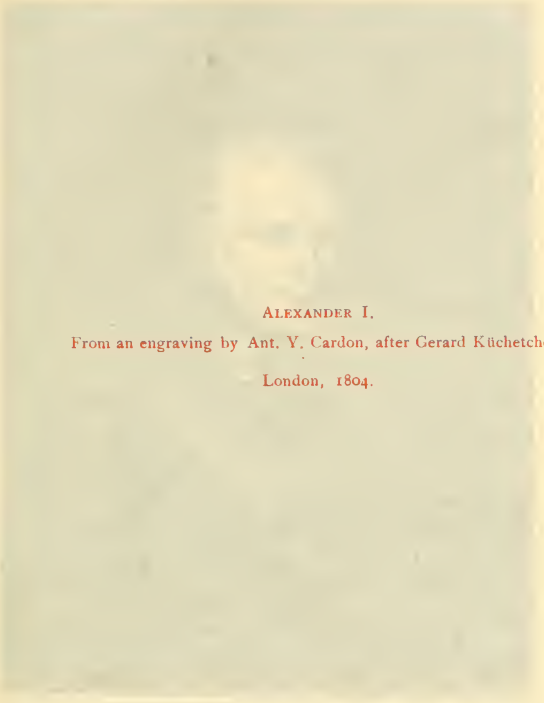
Unmanacled, that with his upshot ears,
And limbs vein-swelling with their wrathful glow,
Undaunted gallops over hill and dale,
His mane dishevelled and his eyes on fire:
Each massy bridge was ruined, and afar
The giddy wrecks were battling with the flood,
Till whirl'd below. 'T was then Napoleon came
With his embattled hosts. That wondrous man
Whose daring spirit, with volcanic rage,
Breathed flame and ruin on the affrighted world.
His eye could span the Universe! His soul
Had fire enough to vanquish all! In vain
Wild Nature barred his progress with her piles
Tiar'd by the clouds;—in vain the rocks
Upreared their ice-haired heads to block his path,
Or hurled their torrents at him! With a glance
Fierce as the eagle's, when his piercing eye
Gleams through the darkening air, he looked beyond
Them all! Nature and he were giants twin,
And her impediments but forced the flames
Of genius from his soul; as thunder clouds,
Together clashed, dart forth their lightning gleams.

Upon the howling flood he casts a glance,
Such as the tiger darts, ere on his prey
He springs, to gnash it in his rav'nous fangs;
Then fiercely cried,—"On, on! my valiant Poles!"
They answer'd not! but with a clanging stir
Goaded their panting battle-steeds, and plunged
Amid the torrent's rush. Like loosened crags
Down dashing on the sea, the warriors sank,
Emburied in the stream; then buoy'd again,
And panting, cleaved their roaring track. Beneath
Their gallant burdens, bravely pawed the steeds,
With blowing nostrils, and red-rolling eyes,

And many a furious snort: against their breasts
The cloven waters foam'd, and flash'd behind
Their darting hoofs; and roar'd and raged around
The dripping ranks, like a disturbed den
Of lions in the wood; but vain the rush;
Midway the maddening torrent overwhelm'd
The struggling files; like a tremendous blast
Among autumnal leaves, it scatter'd all!
Rank after rank was buried in the flood,
Upon their panting steeds; while round their heads
The waters yell'd, as victors o'er their foes;
But in that gasp—while yet their spirits hung
'Tween life and death, as feathers in the air—
They turned their heads, and with triumphant shrieks
Of valour, wildly sounded,—"Vive l'Empereur!"
He heard their death-cries rolling on the blast,
And as a lake just rippled into life,
His features flutter'd with terrific throes
Of agony; and then he gnash'd his teeth,
And dug his nails into his palms, and heav'd
His breast, and glanced his eyes, and groan'd for words!

BORODINO.

ALEXANDER'S tactics during Napoleon's advance on Moscow were a series of masterly retreats. His policy, which, no doubt, was the only one which could have succeeded, was to draw the invaders as far as possible into his own country and away from their source of supplies. He did not dare risk the fate of Russia upon the fortune of battle, for he well knew what the result would be. His army destroyed, he would be at the mercy of a foe who would make him pay dearly for his temerity in opposing him in arms. He chose rather to let desolation and want do what his soldiers could not. In pursuance of this policy, the Russians in their retreat left behind them an utterly barren waste. Cities and villages were burned to the ground; provisions for man and beast were removed far beyond the reach of the advancing armies; bridges were destroyed and roads made as nearly impassable as human ingenuity could accomplish such a task. A show of battle was made at several points, but only enough to encourage the pursuit. Moscow was twenty-five hundred miles from Paris, and the nearer Napoleon approached to that city the nearer he was to his own destruction. Alexander knew this, Napoleon did not. Counselled by his marshals not to push on further, the Emperor paid no attention to their advice. A retreat,



ALEXANDER I.

From an engraving by Ant. V. Cardon, after Gerard Küchetchen.

London, 1804.

to him, was disgrace ; to tarry in the midst of his enemies meant ruin. In a steady advance, though at a cost which was frightful, he saw his only chance for success, his only hope for honour and for glory. Every battle he could force his foes to fight, resulted in victory ; but victory void of any decisive meaning. At last, Moscow was near at hand, and Alexander determined to make one mighty effort to prevent Napoleon from entering the city, which, once entered by the invading armies, was doomed to self-destruction. On the seventh of September the battle of Borodino was fought. Three hundred thousand men hurled themselves against each other with the fury of unchained demons. From early dawn until the close of day the awful struggle went on, and when in the end, the Russians were forced to retire from their strongly entrenched position, it was without disorder, fighting inch by inch the ground they were obliged to yield. The losses, on both sides, were simply horrible and the victory won by Napoleon, if victory it was, turned out to be of little worth.

BORODINO.

From the Russian of Pushkin.

All night beside our guns we lay,
Nor tent nor fire was there ;
Our arms we whetted for the fray,
And prayed our whispered prayer.
The tempest raged till morning red ;
I, while a gun-car propped my head,
Spoke in my comrade's ear :
" Brother, hear'st thou how fierce and fast,

Like freedom's war song, yon wild blast?"
But wrapt in dreams of years long past,
My comrade did not hear.

The drums beat loud—the mist-cloud dun
'Gan eastward lighter grow,
And launched from unexpected gun
Came greeting from the foe.
Then spake our chief before our line;
"Moscow's behind us, children mine!
Moscow we die to shield;
'T was thus our brethren did the deed!"
And one and all we vowed to bleed;
And well that promise did we heed
On Borodino's field.

I shudder at the thought—ah me!
Poltava, Rymnik—there
In hope of glory battled we,
But here in grim despair.
We closed our ranks without a sound,
Guns thundered, bullets whistled round;
I crossed myself—when nigh
My comrade fell, all bleeding red;
I panted to avenge the dead,
And from my levelled gun the lead
With deadly aim did fly.

"March forward, march!" No more I know
Of what befell that day;
Six times we yielded to the foe,
Six times the foe gave way;
And shadowy banners waved above,
And shadowy foes against us strove,
And fire through smoke did rain;

Full on the guns the horsemen broke,
The wearied arm refused its stroke,
And rushing balls their flight did choke
In hills of gory slain.

There dead and living mingled lay,
The cold night gathered round,
And all who yet survived the fray
In deepest gloom were drowned;
The roaring cannon ceased to boom,
But guns that beat amid the gloom
Showed where the foe withdrew.
How welcome was the morning red!
"Now God be praised!" I only said,
For shivering on a couch of dead
I lay the long night through.

There, in death's sleep our bravest lay,
Beneath the fatal shade;
How gallant and how stanch that day!
Alas! that could not aid.
But ever in the roll of Fame,
Above Poltava's, Rymnik's name
Rings Borodino's praise.
Sooner the Prophet's tongue shall lie,
Sooner shall fade Heaven's shining eye,
Than from our Northern memory
Shall time that field erase.

THE JEWELLED GLOVE.

On the fourteenth of September, 1812, the French army entered Moscow. Here the soldiers expected to find food and shelter, so long and so urgently needed. Here they were to obtain that rest, so well earned by the many weary days and sleepless nights they had passed through. Here awaited them the ease and comfort, oriental in comparison with the hardships they had left behind. How different the reality from what they had fancied was to be their lot! One of the most magnificent of cities, deserted as the barren face of a desert. Not a soul to be seen, save those vile and inhuman wretches left behind to do the will of their masters. Palace and cottage given up alike to the enemy and to plunder. The French soldiers, bidding defiance to the flames, already bursting forth from all quarters of the city indulged in all kinds of excesses. The young officers, more refined in their amusements, sought to forget war and its attendant horrors in the pleasures of the dance, and many scenes like the one portrayed in the following lines, so far as the dance is concerned, is said to have actually taken place, although "Celia" and the other joyous "daughters" of France were not present; at least not at the time they are represented to be in this poem.

THE JEWELLED GLOVE.

ANON.

Gay tones rang on the darkness from out a palace fair,
And echo answered echo with music sweet and rare,
And gorgeous lights were shining, and Pleasure ruled the hour,
And not a shadow burdened her beauty and her power;
And swiftly flew the moments, as in the mazy dance
Mingled the sons and daughters of gay and lovely France.

'T was in a lordly dwelling those joyous ones had met,
And its blazonry was gleaming with a ducal coronet;
The air was rich with fragrance, and the soldier's waving plume
Was bending o'er the roses on Beauty's cheek of bloom;
And swiftly flew the moments, as in the mazy dance
Mingles the sons and daughters of gay and lovely France.

They had heard Marengo's thunder—those stern and gallants braves!
They had stemmed the roar of battle beside Italian waves,
And seen the best and bravest, in many a gory pile,
Heaped up around the billows of the redly-rolling Nile;
But thoughtless, now, and happy, they mingle in the dance
With the fair and 'witching daughters of gay and sunny France.

The gale grew deep and mournful, as the prophet tones of old,
And then arose in fury, with murmurs loud and cold;
But they heeded not its accents, and the wild, foreboding sound
Was blent with song and laughter, as the goblet passed around;

And louder swelled the music, as in the mazy dance
Mingled the sons and daughters of gay and gallant France.

But hark!—a shrill reveille breaks on the midnight air—
A thrilling cry of terror disturbs the Wassail there;
It shook the warrior's plumage, and chased the happy glow
From off his regal forehead and woman's gentle brow;
With sad and troubled spirits, they rested from the dance—
The joyous sons and daughters of gay and gallant France.

"Fire!" loud, and clear, and awful, it reached that breathless crowd;
"Fire! fire!" ten thousand voices replied like thunder loud;
"Fire! fire!" and there were echoed wild shrieks of agony,
As flames from blazing Moscow lit up the lurid sky!
All pale, but calm and silent, they rested from the dance—
The noble sons and daughters of gay and gallant France.

O'er tower and dome and palace those glowing demons twine,
In splendour stern and matchless and terribly sublime;
They shot toward angry heaven, they lit the snowy sod—
They seemed like the avengers of some offended god!
As gates of Death they gathered around the hosts of France,
And glared upon the figures that had left the mazy dance.

Carnot looked out on Moscow, and watched her sullen foe,
He heard the bursting bomb-shells, the piercing cries of woe,
And the air grew hot and heavy—the sky was red as blood—

The roar of fire resounded like a stormy ocean-flood;
He turned again to Celia—the fairest in the dance—
A bright and happy blossom from a viny glen of France.

She caught the dauntless spirit within his eyes of night,
And smiled upon her soldier with a glance of love and light,
And proudly gazed upon him, as his wavy ebon hair
Was tossed by deathful breezes from off his forehead fair.
She leaned upon his bosom, as they rested from the dance—
The starred and noble bosom that beat for her and France.

Carnot looked on the dancers and the lady of his love,
And toward the burning city—then waved his jewelled glove,
And cried: "Though the fire poureth like the sweeping autumn rain,
Come, join with me, my gallants, and defiance to the flames!
Lead forth the gentle daughters of our beloved France,
To brighten with their beauty the mazes of the dance.

"The Russian dogs have folded in ruin Moscow's walls;
But Gallia's warrior fears not, and these are noble halls.
And though the night is cheerless, the tempest wild and high,
And spectre-hosts are sweeping across the winter sky—
What care we? Fill the goblet, ye knights of sword and lance,
Drink to our Eagle banner, Napoleon, and our France!

"The hero now is watching, in Kremlin's lofty tow'r
The progress of this conflict—the fiery demon's pow'r;

Then hasten, comrades, hasten, one dance with lady fair,
And then to prancing charges, and we will seek him there;
Come, smile again, fair daughters of gay and queenly France!
We wait for you the signal to join the graceful dance."

Again the brave young Carnot upraised his jewelled hand,
And every fear departed from out the thoughtless band;
Pale cheeks regained their crimson, the music swelled again,
While onward crept the legions of misery and flame!
Bright—nearer and nearer came they, and glared upon the dance,
And mocked the merry children of gay and sunny France.

They hissed in bloody circles, then angrily arose
On works of peerless splendour, and gleamed o'er Northern snows;
They leaped to meet the whirlwind in the wildly flying cloud,
They spread for Gallia's Eagle a gory funeral shroud.
Woe to the haughty Carnot, and those among the dance!
Woe to the star of glory and haughty plume of France!

The crash of falling columns arose o'er every sound:
"Fly! fly for life!" cried Carnot—"the flames are all around;
Look to these helpless maidens! O Celia, Celia, fly!
Oh, if I can but save her, how joyous will I die!"
Woe, woe to youthful Carnot and those who joined the dance!
Woe to the star of glory and eagle-plume of France!

He pressed his Celia to him, and op'd the massive door—
The sea of fire before them was red as human gore!

He gazed upon the lady, and then in wild despair,
Sprang to the lurid lattice—a pall of flame was there!
On every wall around them the fiends of ruin dance.
Woe to the sons and daughters of gay and happy France!

One instant, pale with terror, they gazed upon the scene;
Then quickly came a cry: "The fire has reached the magazine!
Great God! it is beneath us!" All passionless and calm,
And stupefied to silence, they heard the wild alarm;
And Carnot whispered slowly, and with a mournful glance:
"We stray no more, dear Celia, among the vales of France!"

Gemmed ringlets hid the orders upon his heaving breast,
While round the trembling lady one gallant arm he pressed;
His eyes of starry midnight were beaming still with love,
And in his hand uplifted he held the jewelled glove!
The firelight floated brightly on the victims of the dance,
And mocked the helpless children of gay and queenly France.

"God bless our far-off dear ones, whom we shall see no more,
And safely give to Gallia, her guardian emperor!
We meet our death together—" A shriek—a startling boom—
And sternly closed around them the iron bands of Doom!
Gone was the ducal palace, and all within its halls,
While woe and ruin brooded o'er fated Moscow's walls!

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

By way of prefix, the author of the following lines has given us an historical account of the transactions which led up to and are so vividly depicted in his poem. His narrative is so brief and accurate that we take pleasure in adopting his words. He says: "The action of the following poem commences at midnight on the 15th of September, A.D. 1812. The city had been fired on the night of the 14th; but owing to the stillness of the air, and the exertions of Marshal Mortier, who had been appointed governor of the city by Napoleon with the command of the Young Guard, it had been extinguished. On the night of the 15th, however, the wind was so strong that it overcame the exertions of the wearied troops. According to the best authorities, the city burned from the 15th to the 20th constantly. On the third day the firebrands, borne by a violent northwest wind, set fire to one of the towers or pavilions of the Kremlin adjoining the arsenal where Lariboisière, commander-in-chief of the artillery, had caused the ammunition of the artillery of the Guard to be deposited. Napoleon had taken up his quarters in the Kremlin, and did not leave it till the night of the 16th, after it was surrounded by flames. He then transferred his headquarters to the imperial palace of Petershoff, about a league from the outer circuit of the

city; after which he gave orders for the evacuation." "We left Moscow," says Gen. Dumas, "under a real rain of fire. The wind was so violent that it carried to a great distance the iron plates which were torn from the roofs and made red-hot by the flames. The feet of our horses were burnt. It is impossible to form an idea of the confusion that prevailed in this precipitate evacuation. The noise of the fire resembled the warring of the waves; it was truly a tempest in an ocean of fire. We bivouacked on the skirts of a little wood from which we could behold this frightful spectacle—the image of Hell." Napoleon himself said: "It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, and sky and clouds of flame. Mountains of red rolling flame, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh! it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld."

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

COL. EIDOLON.

How often, when the wished-for prize is near,
  And all its beauties agitate the soul,
Is the gay smile exchanged for sorrow's tear,
  And every feeling bursts without control?
How often is man's feeble arm upraised
  In opposition to unchanging fate?
How often is the hero men have praised,
  Made, but by great circumstances, great?
Yet would I not decry the fate of him
  Before whose name all Europe once could bow;

Before whose brightness other flames grow dim,
Whose laurel is yet green upon his brow.
No, no, I would not pluck one laurel leaf
From out the crown Napoleon proudly won;
The first, the last, with reign as bright, as brief
As meteors, rushing headlong to the sun.
Aye, proudly could I worship at thy shrine,
Napoleon, Europe's greatest, brightest son;
For none has lived whose fame can equal thine,
In cabinet or field, save our own Washington.

'T is noon of night, the wind is high,
And clouds and tempests shroud the sky,
And sleet, and snow, and wind are driven
From every quarter of the heaven;
None are abroad at this wild hour,
And Moscow's streets deserted lay
For show and pomp, and pride and power,
Had all been shorn away.
No beauteous moon in splendour rolled
And tipped with gold her thousand spires;
No twinkling stars their love-tales told,
No Borealis lit their fires.
'T was silence all—save when a blast
More keen and shrill came sweeping by;
The snow in clouds was upward cast,
As winds were warring with the sky.
Around, the snow in hillocks piled,
Each hut and palace covered o'er;
Man shrank aghast from scenes so wild,
Each moment wilder than before.
The sentry marched his lonely round,
Lonely indeed on night so dire;
He stops—what is that startling sound?
The Kremlin sentry's cry of "fire."

What! ho! Mortier! awake! awake!
But Mortier's ear had caught the sound,
For balmy sleep will oft forsake
One girt with dangerous horrors round.
"Fire! fire!" the sentries loud proclaim,
The dreadful drama has begun;
Moscow is wrapt at once in flame—
From every spot the people run.
The scene had opened—night and storm,
And fire and shouting filled the air;
On every hand was loud alarm,
On every face was blank despair.
The flames arise—huge balls of fire
Appear as falling from the clouds;
Now crashes some high towering spire,
Forth rush with shrieks the startled crowds,
Sullen explosions shake the earth,
And dull and rumbling sounds are heard,
Such as presage an earthquake's birth,
When every secret depth is stirred;
Then bursts the flames on every side
The clouds seem waves of liquid fire.
A whirlwind fierce directs the tide
That rolls o'er Moscow in its ire.
Most dreadful night; confusion reigns,
At every point is raging fire;
The elements have burst their chains;
And still grow fiercer, wilder, higher.
Onward it drives, like ocean-wave
When tempests make the waters rave.
Mortier's Young Guard amid this scene
Of awful desolation rushed;
Blacked and begrimed, they spring between
The crushing and the crushed;
More swiftly still the flames arose,

And nobly, yet in vain, they strove;
They seemed to triumph o'er their foes,
And towards the Kremlin drove.

'T is morn, 't is noon, 't is night, and still
The city burned with fiercer glow;
The howling storm and shouting fill
With terror friend and foe.
Napoleon holds the Kremlin yet,
But watches with an anxious eye.
Nor leaves it, though the stern Murat
Beseeches him to fly.
He paced the chamber to and fro,
The element comes sweeping nigher;
When rises from the crowd below
The cry, "The Kremlin is on fire!"
Slowly he left the palace then
With sullen movement of despair,
Like to a goaded lion when
The hunters near his lair.

Again 't is day—again 't is night;
The hurricane with fiercer blast
Drives o'er the city in its might;
The burning roofs are upward cast.
The city was a sea of flame;
The heavens a canopy of fire;
The clouds like boiling wave became;
Now they advance and now retire;
And here and there a trembling spire
Looms darkling, like a ship's tall mast
Above this desolation dire;
A moment—and 't is downward cast.
Behold that palace, proud and fair,
That rears its turrets to the skies,
Reels, tumbles, falls in ruins there;

And crushed beneath, the cottage lies.
The mothers gaze with tearful eyes,
Where once their homes and children smiled ;
The infants scream with piteous cries,
Affrighted at a scene so wild ;
They rush along the fiery street,
Bearing whate'er they love the most
Or, gathered into groups, they meet
Death, when each hope is lost.
'T is done: grim Desolation bends
Her form where once a city rose,
Destroyed by those who were its friends,
To save it from its foes.
Now may we pause, the shout is dumb,
The hurricane is stilled at last ;
No more is heard the distant hum,
That told the swiftly coming blast.
The fire is quenched, save here and there
Bursts fiercely forth a fitful flame ;
In sullen mood, in dire despair,
The troops retire with naught but fame.
'T is silence, sadness, ruin all,
And friend and foe look on aghast ;
Does it presage Napoleon's fall,
That thus he should be checked at last?
A day of Empire, brief and bright,
To set at last in endless night.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

WHILE the idea was a barbarous one, the burning of Moscow by the Russians had that of sublime devotion to one's country in it which would have ranked the originator of the scheme, had he then lived, high up among the Roman heroes of ancient times. In a modern, civilised nation, with art, refinement, culture, and education developed as they are to-day, such a sacrifice, even to save the nation's very existence, would not be thought of.

After the fire had burned itself out for want of material to feed upon, and nothing was left of that magnificent city but the massive Kremlin, Napoleon and his army moved back within its walls; he taking up his quarters at the Kremlin, his soldiers doing as best they could out of the ruins which surrounded them. Order prevailed, and all the machinery of a well-governed municipality was set in motion. Actors and singers came from Paris, and the evening entertainments of the Tuileries were revived at the palace of the Czar. The army was fed, clothed, and recruited up to beyond the strength of what it was when it entered the city. The sick and wounded were in the ranks again, and everything looked hopeful for a successful termination of the campaign. For over a month this delusion was indulged in. Alexander would surely soon sue for peace, thought Napoleon,

and so he lingered on, until, one day, instead of the peaceful messenger expected, a terrible snow-storm came to tell him he had stayed too long. Men he could contend with, but a Russian winter he was in no condition to confront, and, on the twenty-third of October, a retreat was ordered; a retreat which was to leave a record behind it unparalleled in history for the terrible suffering it brought to all those who participated in it. Beaten nowhere by mortal foe, the elements were at last to vanquish the Grand Army. The order to retreat came to the ears of Napoleon's veterans as a new sound, unheard of before, and it was in sullen silence they turned their backs to the enemy and their faces towards home.

Of the many poems written on the subject we have chosen the following two as embodying, in our judgment, the best description of what that retreat really was. One was written by an Englishman; the other by a Frenchman, and yet how near alike, putting aside the personal animus of the writers, do they tell the awful story.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

GEORGE CROLY.

Magnificence of ruin! what has time
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
How glorious shone the invader's pomp afar!
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came;
The land before them silence and despair,
The land behind them massacre and flame;
Blood will have tenfold blood. What are they now?
A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,
Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood,
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
Billow on endless billow; on through wood,
O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved, to clangour rude
Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

Again they reached thee, Borodino! still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,
Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay;
In vain the startled legions burst away;
The land was all one naked sepulchre;
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,
Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mouldering drear.

The field was as they left it; fosse and fort
Steaming with slaughter still, but desolate;
The cannon flung dismantled by its port;
Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait
Was won and lost, and thronged with dead, till fate
Had fixed upon the victor,—half undone.
There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone;
But death was at their heels, they shuddered and rushed on.

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark to the gale!
As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
That from the north in sullen grandeur sail

Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness broods
Upon the wild horizon, and the woods,
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
As the gust sweeps them, and those upper floods
Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil.

They reach the wilderness! The majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gaze,
Stern nakedness,—dark earth and wrathful sky.
If ruins were there, they long had ceased to blaze;
If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays,
Even by a skeleton, the crime of man;
Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in night; before their van
The struggling daylight shows the unmeasured desert wan.

Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
At once is covered with a livid veil;
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel;
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel;
The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun;
Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answered by the dying roar
Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown;
Now in the awful gusts the deserts hoar
Is tempested, a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly;
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour;
Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
And dying, hear the storm but wilder thunder by.

Such is the hand of Heaven! A human blow
Had crushed them in the flight, or flung the chain
Round them where Moscow's stately towers were low
And all bestilled. But thou! thy battle-plain
Was a whole empire; that devoted train
Must war from day to day with storm and gloom,
(Man following, like the wolves, to rend the slain)
Must lie from night to night as in a tomb,
Must fly, toil, bleed for home; yet never see that home.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

VICTOR HUGO.

It snowed. A defeat was our conquest red!
For once the Eagle was hanging its head.
Sad days! the Emperor turned slowly his back
On smoking Moscow, blent orange and black.
The winter burst, avalanche-like, to reign
Over the endless blanched sheet of the plain.
Nor chief, nor banner in order could keep,
The wolves of warfare were 'wildered like sheep.
The wings from centre could hardly be known
Through snow o'er horses and carts o'erthrown,
Where froze the wounded. In the bivouacs forlorn
Strange sights and gruesome met the breaking morn:
Mute were the bugles, while the men bestrode
Steeds turned to marble, unheeding the goad.
The shells and bullets came down with the snow
As though the heavens hated these poor troops below.
Surprised at trembling, though it was with cold,
Who ne'er had trembled out of fear, the veterans bold
Marched stern; to grizzled moustache hoar-frost clung
'Neath banners that in leaden masses hung.
It snowed, went snowing still. And chill the breeze
Whistled upon the glassy, endless seas,

Where naked feet on, on for ever went,
With naught to eat, and not a sheltering tent.
They were not living troops as seen in war,
But merely phantoms of a dream, afar
In darkness wandering, amid the vapour dim,—
A mystery; of shadows a procession grim,
Nearing a blackening sky, into its rim.
Frightful, since boundless, solitude behold
Where only Nemesis wove, mute and cold,
A net all snowy with its soft meshes dense,
A shroud of magnitude for host immense;
Till every one felt as if left alone
In a wide wilderness where no light shone,
To die, with pity none, and none to see
That from this mournful realm none should get free.
Their foes the frozen North and Czar—That, worse.
Cannons were broken up in haste accurst
To burn the frames and make the pale fire high,
Where those lay down who never woke, or woke to die.
Sad and commingled, groups that blindly fled
Were swallowed smoothly by the desert dread.
'Neath folds of blankness, monuments were raised
O'er regiments. And History, amazed,
Could not record the ruin of this retreat,
Unlike a downfall known before the defeat
Of Hannibal—reversed and wrapped in gloom!
Of Attila, when nations met their doom!
Perished an army—fled French glory then.
Though there the Emperor! he stood and gazed
At the wild havoc, like a monarch dazed
In woodland hoar, who felt the shrieking saw—
He, living oak, beheld his branches fall, with awe.
Chiefs, soldiers, comrades died. But still warm love
Kept those that rose all dastard fear above,
As on his tent they saw his shadow pass—

Backwards and forwards, for they credited, alas!
His fortune's star! it could not, could not be
That he had not his work to do—a destiny?
To hurl him headlong from his high estate,
Would be high treason in his bondman, Fate,
But all the while he felt himself alone,
Stunned with disasters few have ever known.
Sudden, a fear came o'er his troubled soul,
What more was written on the Future's scroll?
Was this an expiation? It must be, yea!
He turned to God for one enlightening ray.
"Is this the vengeance, Lord of Hosts?" he sighed,
But the first murmur on his parched lips died.
"Is this the vengeance? Must my glory set?"
A pause: his name was called; of flame a jet
Sprang in the darkness—a Voice answered: "No! Not yet."
Outside still fell the smothering snow.
Was it a voice indeed? or but a dream!
It was the vulture's, but how like the sea-bird's scream.

THE FATHER OF THE REGIMENT.

NO body of men ever went through the same trials and came out of them with a better record than did the Grand Army of France on its retreat from Moscow. The soldiers composing that army, it is true, were but human and many proved weak and cowardly when the crucial test came to be applied ; but, as an offset to this side of the story, we find the history of that retreat full of recitals of noble deeds of heroic daring and self-sacrifice. Marshal, grenadier, and drummer-boy stood ever ready to suffer if some more needy might possibly profit thereby. In November, in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, the Grand Army (or what was left of it), with the exception of Marshal Ney's corps, crossed the Dnieper. How different was the passage then from what it had been a few months before, in the full glow of a summer's day, with victory and glory attending every forward movement. Then every soldier was looking towards Smolensk as the place where food, shelter, and rest were to be found ; now they were fleeing from the city as if it were plague-stricken. Ney, lost in the snow, and Davoust, grimly holding the enemy in check while the Dnieper was being crossed, were not the only heroes of the Russian campaign. The incident mentioned in the following poem is but an illustration of the many that occurred during that memorable retreat.

THE FATHER OF THE REGIMENT.

WALTER THORNBURY.

Thick snow-wreaths weighed upon the firs,
  Snow shrouded all the plain,
Snow brooded in the dusky clouds,
  Snow matted the chill rain,
Snow filled the valleys to the brim,
  Snow whitened all the air;
The snowdrifts on the Dnieper road
  Blinded us with their glare.

The white snow on our eagles weighed,
  It capped each crimson plume;
Knee-deep it now began to rise,
  Striking us all with gloom.
It clotted on our waggon wheels,
  And on our knapsacks weighed,
It clung to every soldier's breast,
  And every bayonet-blade.

It quenched the shells and dulled the shot
  That round us faster fell,
As all our bayonets glancing moved
  Down the long Russian dell
That to the Dnieper river bore.
  Ney battled in our rear;
Griloff was nearly on us then,
  The Cossacks gathered near.

The Russian lancers charged our guards,
  Our grenadiers, and horse;
The Russian serfs, with axe and knife,
  Were gathering in force,
As floods of us with carts and guns

Bore down upon the ridge
That led, by snowy swathes and slopes,
Unto the Dnieper bridge.

The sun, a dull broad spot of blood,
Smouldered through icy clouds;
The snow, in blinding heavy flakes,
Was weaving soldiers' shrouds.
Here lay a powder-waggon split,
Its wheels all black and torn,
And there a gun half buried in
The ruts its weight had worn.

Drums splashed with blood and broken swords
Were scattered everywhere;
Our shattered muskets, shakos pierced,
Lay partly buried there.
Guns foundered, chests of cartridge burst
Lay by the dead defaced;
By hasty graves of hillocked snow
You could our path have traced.

Still one battalion firm was left,
Made up of Davoust's men,
"The Vieille Roche" we called the band
In admiration then.
The "Father of the Regiment,"
De Maubourg, led us on,
With the old Roman's iron will,
Though hope had almost gone.

Two sons he had, who guarded him
From every Cossack spear;
One was a grenadier, whose heart
Had never known a fear;

The other boy a lusty drum
Beat by his father's side;
I often saw the father smile
To see the stripling's pride.

There came a rush of ponderous guns,
Grinding the red-churned snow,
Making their way o'er dying men
Unto the bridge below.
Ney gathered close his prickly squares
To keep the Russians back,
For fast those yelling Cossacks came
Upon our bleeding track.

Maubourg was there erect and firm
I saw him through the fire;
He stooped to kiss a dying friend,
Then seemed to rise the higher.
Great gaps the Russian cannon tore
Through our retreating ranks,
As slowly, grimly, Ney drew back
Unto the river banks.

Shot in the knee I saw Maubourg,
Borne by his sons—slow—slow;
They staggered o'er the muddy ruts
And through the clogging snow.
"Fly, leave me, children! Dear to France
Young lives are," then he said.
They both refused: a round shot came,
And struck the eldest—dead.

The boy knelt weeping by his side,
Trying in vain to lift
The old man's body, which but sank
The deeper in the drift.

"Leave me, my child!" he cried again.
"Think of your mother,—go.
We meet in heaven. I will stay,
Death is no more my foe."

The boy fell weeping on his breast,
And there had gladly died,
But I released his clutching hands,
And tore them from his side.
One kiss—no more—and then he went,
Beating his drum for us;
I did not dare to turn and see
The old man perish thus.

Again there came a rush of spears,
But we drove on the guns,
We—bronze and iron with the heat
Of the Egyptian suns.
The eagles led,—our bayonets pressed
Over the Dnieper bridge;
Ney was the last to turn and pass
Down the long, gory ridge.

The boy became a marshal, sirs;
I saw him yesterday
Talking to Soult, who loves right well
To chat of siege and fray.
He often finds our barracks out
And comes to see us all,
We who escaped from Moscow's fire,
From Russian sword and ball.

PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA.

HUMAN foresight and skill could not have done more than was done by Napoleon to prevent the awful sacrifice of life which took place at the passage of the Beresina. What was left of the army itself, had it not been encumbered by more than its own number of stragglers, would, no doubt, have succeeded in crossing the river with but the ordinary loss of such a manœuvre, undertaken in the face of a desperate foe. But fate seemed cruel, and those who had suffered so much on account of the needless invasion of Russia, were to suffer still more before France and home were reached. The horrors of that appalling catastrophe are vividly pictured in the following lines.

PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

On with the cohorts,—on! A darkening cloud
Of Cossack lances hovers o'er the heights;
And hark!—the Russian thunder on the rear
Thins the retreating ranks.

The haggard French,
Like summoned spectres, facing toward their foes,
And goading on the lean and dying steeds
That totter 'neath their huge artillery,
Give desperate battle. Wrapt in volumed smoke
A dense and motley mass of hurried forms
Rush towards the Beresina. Soldiers mix

Undisciplined amid the feebler throng,
While from the rough ravines the rumbling cars
That bear the sick and wounded, with the spoils,
Torn rashly from red Moscow's sea of flame,
Line the steep banks. Chilled with the endless shade
Of black pine-forests, where unslumbering winds
Make bitter music,—every heart is sick
For the warm breath of its far, native vales,
Vine-clad and beautiful. Pale, meagre hands
Stretched forth in eager misery, implore
Quick passage o'er the flood. But there it rolls,
'Neath its ice-curtain, horrible and hoarse,
A fatal barrier 'gainst its country's foes.
The combat deepens. Lo! in one broad flash
The Russian sabre gleams, and the wild hoof
Treads out despairing life.

With maniac haste
They throng the bridge, those fugitives of France,
Reckless of all, save that last, desperate chance,
Rush, struggle, strive, the powerful thrust the weak,
And crush the dying.

Hark! a thundering crash,
A cry of horror! Down the broken bridge
Sinks, and the wretched multitude plunge deep
'Neath the devouring tide. That piercing shriek
With which they took their farewell of the sky,
Did haunt the living, as some doleful ghost
Troubleth the fever-dream. Some for a while,
With ice and death contending, sink and rise,
While some in wilder agony essay
To hold their footing on that tossing mass
Of miserable life, making their path
O'er palpitating bosoms. 'T is in vain!

The keen pang passes and the satiate flood
Shuts silent o'er its prey.

The severed host
Stand gazing on each shore. The gulf,—the dead
Forbid their union. One sad throng is waned
To Russia's dungeons, one with shivering haste
Spread o'er the wild, through toil and pain to hew
Their many roads to death. From desert plains,
From sacked and solitary villages
Gaunt Famine springs to seize them; Winter's wrath,
Unresting day or night, with blast and storm,
And one eternal magazine of frost,
Smites the astonished victims.

God of Heaven!
Warrest thou with France, that thus thine elements
Do fight against her sons? Yet on they press,
Stern, rigid, silent,—every bosom steeled
By the strong might of its own misery
Against all sympathy of kindred ties.
The brother on his fainting brother treads;
Friend tears from friend the garment and the bread,—
That last, scant morsel, which his quivering lip
Hoards in its death-pang. Round the midnight fires,
That fiercely through the startled forest blaze,
The dreaming shadows gather, madly pleased
To bask and scorch and perish,—with their limbs
Crisped like the martyr's, and their heads fast sealed
To the frost-pillow of their fearful rest.
Turn back, turn back, thou fur-clad emperor,
Thus toward the palace of the Tuileries
Flying with breathless speed. Yon meagre forms,
Yon breathing skeletons, with tattered robes,
And bare and bleeding feet, and matted locks,

Are these the high and haughty troops of France,
The buoyant conscripts, who from their blest homes
Went gayly at thy bidding? When the cry
Of weeping Love demands her cherished ones,
The nursed upon her breast:—the idol-gods
Of her deep worship,—wilt thou coldly point
The Beresina,—the drear hospital,
The frequent snow-mound on the unsheltered march,
Where the lost soldier sleeps!

O War! War! War!
Thou false baptised, who by thy vaunted name
Of glory stealest o'er the ear of man
To rive his bosom with thy thousand darts,
Disrobed of pomp and circumstance, stand forth,
And show thy written league with sin and death.
Yes, ere ambition's heart is seared and sold
And desolated, bid him mark thine end
And count thy wages.

The proud victor's plume,
The hero's trophied fame, the warrior's wreath
Of blood-dashed laurel,—what will these avail
The spirit parting from material things?
One slender leaflet from the tree of peace,
Borne, dove-like, o'er the waste and warring earth,
Is better passport at the gate of Heaven.

THE FLIGHT.

HISTORIANS do not agree upon the question whether or not Napoleon should have left the army before it was safely out of Russian territory. Most of them, however, concur in the opinion that good policy demanded his presence at Paris, and that once there he would be able to do more towards saving the army than he possibly could by remaining at headquarters; but they differ materially when they come to the moral part of the question. However right or wrong his critics, Napoleon himself thought, directly after the crossing of the Beresina, that his presence was needed more at home than with his comrades in the field, and on the fifth of December he turned the command of the army over to Murat and set out for Paris. He, evidently, made a mistake in trusting his brother-in-law the way he did, and no doubt it would have been better for the immediate welfare of the army could he have remained in person with it. But the situation was a critical one. The near success of Malet's conspiracy, based as it was merely upon a forged report of his death, proved how necessary it was becoming for Napoleon to keep himself before his people at Paris. His star was on the decline. So many mourning households had cast a shadow over its brilliancy, and nothing but another Austerlitz could save it from total eclipse.

The magic of his presence was the great hope of his friends. The English writers, as usual, took advantage of Napoleon's misfortune ; and the subject of his leaving the army was handled by them in a way not at all complimentary to his character or to his courage.

THE FLIGHT.

ANON.

Bonaparte flew off in a pet,
On a sledge, over deep Russian snow,
To proclaim to the world he was beat,
And had met a complete overthrow.

To Paris he hied him away,
Stealing home like a thief in the night ;
Afraid to approach it by day,
Lest the people might view his sad plight.

And calling revenge for their friends,
Left to perish midst Russia's bleak wild,
The child for his father demands,
The mother cries loud for her child.

What answer the Ruffian could make,
'T is hard for one's thoughts to conceive ;
But sure on his throne he must shake,
And his horrors no art can relieve.

In vain may he write Bulletins,
Heaping lies upon lies as before,
The truth now too naked is seen,
And his slaves will believe him no more.

But rising *en masse* through the realm,
Break their chains on the murderer's head,

In his fulness of sin overwhelm
Him, and lay the wretch low with the dead.

Then may Freedom revisit their lands,
And Europe's deep wrongs be redress'd,
When a Tyrant no longer commands,
The people no more are oppress'd.

"*Ça Ira!*" then let every one sing,
When these joyous events shall arise,
Peace will come then with balm on her wing,
And Gratitude's voice reach the skies.

TO NAPOLEON, FLYING FROM WILNA.

WHAT Napoleon's thoughts were, as, wrapped in silence and gloom, he flew over the barren, inhospitable snows towards warm and sunny France, no one could know. Behind him was the starved and frozen wreck of the grandest army he had ever led into battle; before him lowered the dark clouds of doubt and unrest; and treason confronted him in the guise of many whom he had loaded with favours. Had his star betrayed him into making the fatal mistake of his life; or was he again to lead his legions on to greater victories than they had yet won? Impenetrable were his thoughts. Not even the keen eye of an Englishman could pierce the veil which concealed so well that wonderful mind.

TO NAPOLEON, FLYING FROM WILNA.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

Lone Fugitive, where are the throngs that late
  Thou led'st in martial pomp? Well may'st thou start!
  Fallen are unnumber'd legions! small the part
That lives, to curse thee with a rancorous hate.
Close at thy heels the Russ, in victor state,
  Comes thundering on; and terror chills thy heart.
  In every hand thou see'st of death the dart,
And hear'st in every breeze the voice of fate.

Proud Lord, thy boasted star with dimmer light
  Begins to burn! In solitary woe
Thus ever may'st thou fly, and wild affright.
  So Persia's king, his countless hosts laid low,
Urged o'er the insulted wave his lonely flight,
  And shuddering, thought each sound announc'd the vengeful foe.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

THE Abbe de Pradt, then French Ambassador at Warsaw, gives a detailed account in his *Embassy to Warsaw in 1812*, of the interview he had with Napoleon, as the Emperor and those who accompanied him passed through that city on their way to Paris. It is this story Mr. Thornbury has taken for the basis of the principal scene pictured in his poem, and it is the Abbe himself who is there represented as narrating the occurrence. No one of Napoleon's friends has ever believed the story as told by Pradt. It is full of prejudice and extravagance, and reads more like a caricature than an effort at truth telling. What is said about the condition and conduct of the wretched remnant of the Grand Army is nearer the mark. But the story, as a whole, is a curious one, and it will profit the student of Napoleonic history to read it in its entirety.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

As it appeared to a certain Abbe, at Warsaw, December 10, 1812.

WALTER THORNBURY.

The yellow snow-fog curdled thick,
  Dark, brooding, dull, and brown,
About the ramparts, hiding all
  The steeples of the town ;

The icicles, as thick as beams,
Hung down from every roof,
When all at once we heard a sound
As of a muffled hoof.

'T was nothing but a soldier's horse,
All riderless and torn
With bullets; scarce his bleeding legs
Could reach the gate. A morn
Of horror broke upon us then;
We listened, but no drum—
Only a sullen, distant roar,
Telling us that they come.

Next, slowly staggering through the fog,
A grenadier reeled past,
A bloody turban round his head,
His pallid face aghast.
Behind him, with an arm bound up
With half a Russian flag,
Came one—then three—the last one sopped
His breast with crimson rag.

All day the frozen, bleeding men
Came pouring through the place;
Drums broken, colours torn to shreds,
Foul wounds on every face.
Black powder-waggons, scorched and split,
Broad wheels caked thick with snow,
Red bayonets bent, and swords that still
Were reeking from the blow.

The ground was strewn with epaulettes,
Letters, and cards, and songs;
The barrels, leaking drops of gold,
Were trampled by the throngs.

A brutal, selfish, goring mob,
Yet here and there a trace
Of the divine shone out, and lit
A gashed and suffering face.

Here came a youth, who on his back,
His dying father bore;
With bandaged feet the brave youth limped,
Slow, shuddering, dripping gore.
And even 'mid the trampling crowd,
Maimed, crippled by the frost,
I found that every spark of good
Was not extinct and lost.

Deep in the ranks of savage men
I saw two grenadiers
Leading their corporal, his breast
Stabbed by the Cossack spears.
He saved that boy, whose tearful eyes
Were fixed upon the three—
Although too weak to beat his drum
Still for his company.

Half-stripped, or wrapped in furs and gowns,
The broken ranks went on;
They ran if anyone called out
"The Cossacks of the Don!"
The whispered rumour, like a fire,
Spreads fast from street to street,
With boding look and shaking head
The staring gossips meet.

"Ten thousand horses every night
Were smitten by the frost;
Full thirty thousand rank and file
In Beresina lost.

The Cossacks fill their caps with gold
The Frenchmen fling away.
Napoleon was shot the first,
And only lived a day—

"They say that Caulaincourt is lost—
The guns are left behind:
God's curse has fallen on these thieves—
He sent the snow and wind."
Tired of the clatter and the noise,
I sought an inner room,
Where twenty wax-lights, starry clear,
Drove off the fog and gloom.

I took my wanton Ovid down,
And soon forgot the scene,
As through my dreams I saw arise
The rosy-bosomed queen.
My wine stood mantling in the glass
(The goblet of Voltaire),
I sipped and dozed, and dozed and sipped,
Slow rocking in my chair,
When open flew the bursting door,
And Caulaincourt stalked in—
Tall, gaunt, and wrapped in frozen furs
Hard frozen to his skin.

The wretched hag of the low inn
Puffed at the sullen fire
Of spitting wood, that hissed and smoked;
There stood the Jove whose ire
But lately set the world aflame,
Wrapped in a green pelisse,
Fur-lined, and stiff with half-burnt lace,
Trying to seem at ease.

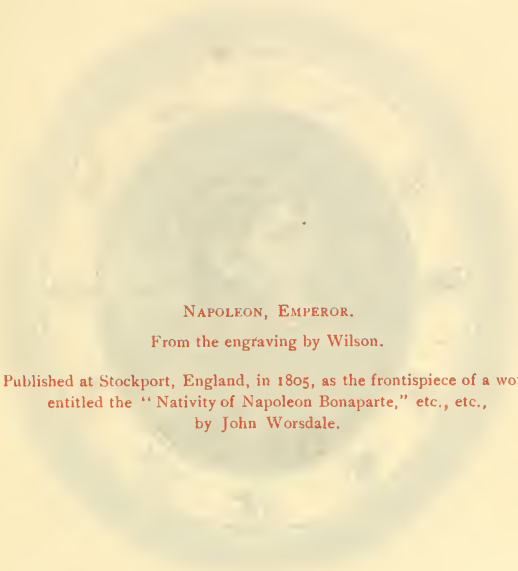
"Bah! Du sublime au ridicule
Il n'y a qu'un pas,"
He said. "The rascals think they 've made
A comet of my star.
The army broken?—dangers?—pish!
I did not bring the frost.
Levy ten thousand Poles, Duroc—
Who tells me we have lost?

"I beat them everywhere, Murat—
It is a costly game;
But nothing venture, nothing win—
I 'm sorry now we came.
That burning Moscow was a deed
Worthy of ancient Rome—
Mind that I gild the Invalides
To match the Kremlin dome.

"Well? well as Beelzebub himself!"
He leaped into the sleigh
Sent for to bear the Cæsar off
Upon his ruthless way.
A flash of fire!—the court-yard stones
Snapped out—the landlord cheered—
In a hell-gulf of pitchy dark
The carriage disappeared.

BONAPARTE'S RETURN TO PARIS, INCOG.

NAPOLEON reached Paris on his return from Moscow at midnight on the eighteenth of December, 1812, and history relates how, upon being ushered into the room of the Empress, she did not, at first, recognise him as the Emperor, and how, for a moment, great confusion ensued; she thinking some intruder had broken in upon her slumbers. The scene must have been ludicrous in the extreme; the *ci-devant* mighty conqueror stealing back to his own like a thief in the night, instead of with the blare of trumpets and the booming of cannon, that had always theretofore announced his triumphant return from the field of battle. Upon this occasion he and his famous twenty-ninth bulletin arrived in Paris about the same time. What a revelation they brought to every fireside in France. Instead of the usual victory, they brought news of such a disaster as had never before fallen to the lot of the brave soldiers of the Grand Army. If there ever was an occurrence in the history of this great man, which would excuse the writing of such verses as the following, it was upon the occasion of his return to Paris, for surely the manner of his return, and the reception he met with at the hands of his august spouse, were anything but dignified. Although the author does not confine himself strictly to the truth, there is enough of the reality in his recital to save it from being called pure fiction.



NAPOLEON, EMPEROR.

From the engraving by Wilson.

Published at Stockport, England, in 1805, as the frontispiece of a work entitled the "Nativity of Napoleon Bonaparte," etc., etc., by John Worsdale.

BONAPARTE'S RETURN TO PARIS, INCOG.

ANON.

As Maria Louisa lay pond'ring in bed
With the sweet King of Rome, the delight of beholders,
" I wonder," thought she, " where old Nap rests his head,
Or indeed if he 's got e'en a head on his shoulders.

" For 't is whispered, I hardly know how to believe it,
That Nap has in Russia been terribly bang'd,
So drubb'd and disgraced, he can never retrieve it,
Yet if it be true, I 'd as lieve he were hang'd.

" To drag me from home and each tender relation,
In France, every horror, and danger to brave,
In hourly terror of assassination,
For being of Boney, the wife—and the slave.

" Oh! would that I never had left my dear Father,
I 've repented but once—ever since, to my sorrow,
Were the time to come over again, I would rather
Than be Boney's Empress—be buried to-morrow.

" For none here surmise how basely he treats me,
Ye Frenchmen,—the English, ye call Johnny Bull,
Yet, if they but knew how Napole cheats ye,
They well might return, and call you Fanny Gull.

" Alas, and alas, I hope that he never,
He never again, to me will come back,
Oh! then I would sing, *Te Deum* for ever,
And marry for joy some handsome Cossack."

So ponder'd Maria, when all in a minute,
A terrible ringing was heard at the gate—
" 'T is a Courier," thought she, " I hope there 's some good in 't,
And that rascal Old Nappy has met with his fate.

" Fly, my maids," she exclaims,—"ye soldiers, all fly—
I faint with impatience—what is it, you log?
Come tell me—be quick—" " Please, your Majesty,
The Emperor himself has arrived—incog."

" You villain, you lie," cried Maria Louisa,
" 'T is a falsehood you utter to torture your Queen."
" Oh, I am arrived, of her troubles to ease her!"
Exclaims a gruff varlet, of horrible mien.

Maria turn'd round, and full in her view
Stood an object, of shoes, and of breeches bereft,
His skin of a swarthy and mud-colour'd hue,
And on his thin back, scarce a tatter was left.

" What, you!" cried Maria, and scream'd with affright;
" You sans-culotte ruffian, what is it you say?
Here, soldiers—a thief under cover of night
Has led all the sentinels' senses astray.

" Here, seize him, and bind him—the infamous dog
Would pass himself off for your Emperor Nap,
And coming stark naked, to call it incog,—
Besides, he 's a thousand miles off, by the map."

" Oh, this is too bad, parbleu! I declare,"
Cried Nappy the Great—for 't was him all the while—
" Madame, dis is carrying de joke too far,
I 'm de Grand Napoleon, I swear—you may smile—

" Vincenza! diable! what, can you not speak!
Am I le Grand Napoleon? say yes, or no:
Where 's the King of Rome? Were he but awake,
In a moment, his Father the Emperor, he 'd know.

" What, smiling again!—Vincenza! you 're dumb!
I shall surely go mad—how 's this?—I 'm betray'd!"

Vincenza reflected—the time was not come
To strike a safe blow—so he stammering said:

"Madame—by gar, it is all very true,
Dis is de Grand Emperor, I do assure you,
Through frost, and through snow, full many a mile
We 've scamper'd — the Cossacks behind us the while—"

"Peace, idiot!" cried Nap, "a plague on your throat,
What have Cossacks with me, or your story to do?
You know while I slumber'd they pilfer'd my coat,
And this rag—is one that I borrow'd of you."

Vincenza bow'd low, and Maria with grief
Saw the Tyrant again, as her Lord she must own,
And swallow the tale of the Cossack and thief,
And share with a sans-culotte Emperor the throne.

So she rush'd to his arms with well-acted surprise,
And wept on his shoulder, tears true from her heart;
When Boney exclaim'd, "Now, Madame, use your eyes,
And trace thro' his tatters the great Bonaparte."

"Yes, yes, I can trace him," she archly replied,
"Yet I ne'er saw so much of his person before;"
"Yet, Madame!" cried Nap, distending with pride,
I 'm cover'd with glory for evermore."

"It may be," said Maria, "yet you don't seem to warm,"
Cried Vincenza, "With cold, and with hunger, we 're dead!"
"Peace, worm!"—thundered Nap, "You the Empress alarm,
"Retire—Madame, will you lead me to bed?"

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

Mr. Wordsworth was one of the few English writers who treated Napoleon as a rational fellow being, and who, while not in favour of him as a ruler of the French nation, was willing to give him fair treatment. In his summing up of the cause and effect of the terrible fate which overtook the French army on its retreat through the frozen wilderness of Russia, Wordsworth frankly admits that it was not Alexander's skill, nor his soldiers' valour which conquered those legions that had never before known defeat, and he asserts that it was the elements, alone, which accomplished the task of obliterating from the face of the earth one of the finest armies the world ever saw.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

1812–13.

William Wordsworth.

Humanity, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,
In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain;
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand

These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn,
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was—dread Winter! who beset,
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host, when from the regions of the Pole
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal—
That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;
He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
Life to consume in Manhood's firmest hold;
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs;
For why—unless for liberty enrolled
And sacred home—ah! why should hoary Age be bold?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind
Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,
And to the battle ride.
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault;
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink—and, in one instant, find
Burial and death; look for them—and descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

SONG OF LIBERTY.

AFTER his return to Paris from the ill-fated Russian campaign, Napoleon began at once to prepare for another struggle; a struggle which was to prove more disastrous to his hopes than the one through which he had just passed. He was once more about to enter the field against combined Europe, and this time, for the first since he had come into power, were the frontiers of France to be invaded by her foes. Prussia was the first of his allies to break away from him and enter into an alliance with Russia. Sweden had already joined the coalition, and Austria was about to join hands in the fight. Spain and Portugal were lost, and Wellington was on the march to invade France from the South. Murat, to save his own throne, agreed to turn his guns against the man who had given him his sister in marriage, and who had made it possible for him to be a king. Jomini was about to desert his flag in the face of the enemy, and Moreau was already on his way from America to join the Emperor Alexander. The death struggle of the mighty conqueror was at hand and terrible the struggle was to be. All Germany was being aroused and united in a common cause against the "French Usurper." The song-writers of the Fatherland were soon to reap the harvest of their labours.

The following song was composed on the march of the Prussian army from Potsdam to Breslau, and was the first German song of liberty published in 1813.

SONG OF LIBERTY.

La Motte Fouqué.

Mount! mount! for sacred freedom fight!
The battle soon must be.
The night is past, and red the light
Streams o'er the dewy lea.

Up! let the coward idlers sleep!
Who envies them their rest?
We march with joyful hearts to keep
Our honoured king's request.

To us he said: "My brave ones all!
My chasseurs! where are they?"
Responsive to his patriot call
We hastened to obey.

We vowed to strike with mighty hand
As it becomes the free—
A safeguard for our native land
With heaven's grace to be.

Sleep calmly, wives and children dear!
To God your sorrows tell.
The hour, alas! of blood is near,
But all your fears dispel.

Approved we hasten to the field;
What though the strife begins!
'T is joy our loved ones thus to shield,
For pious courage wins.

Returning, all may not be found!
But some, in glory's grave,
Shall never hear the songs resound
Of those they died to save.

Come, glowing heart! despise the pain
Of death; for, evermore,
Shall he who falls, a kingdom gain
On heaven's eternal shore!

THE VISIT TO THE MILITARY HOSPITAL.

On the fifteenth of April, 1813, Napoleon left Paris for headquarters. The veterans of the Grand Army, the soldiers who had fought at Lodi, at Marengo, and at Austerlitz, had disappeared, nearly to a man, beneath the snows of Russia, or under the burning suns of Spain and Portugal. The army which was about to undertake the gigantic task of beating back the threatened tide of invasion consisted, almost wholly, of conscripts; boys who had never faced a foe or fired a gun upon the field of battle, and yet these boys, every one of them, were to prove themselves heroes. With these youthful warriors the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen were fought and won. Never in his whole military career did Napoleon prove himself a greater general than he did during the campaign of 1813. The odds against him were simply overpowering, and it was fated that mere numbers alone were soon to crush him.

The battle of Lutzen was fought on the second of May, 1813, and what, at first, looked like a most disastrous defeat was turned, by the timely appearance of Napoleon upon the field, into one of his most glorious victories. A few days before the battle the Old Guard lost its gallant leader, Marshal Bessières, who had commanded this invincible band since 1796, but, even without him, the Guard had

still to experience its first defeat, and it finished at Lutzen the work which the conscripts had so well begun. Bautzen was fought on the twenty first of May, following, and it resulted in another brilliant victory for the French cause. Both these battles were won, because the love the young conscripts bore to their Emperor equalled that of his old veterans; it was a devotion on their part till death. The scene pictured in the following poem is not a fancy one, but one that shows how Napoleon was worshipped by his soldiers, even as they fought, with death for their foe, their last fight.

THE VISIT TO THE MILITARY HOSPITAL.

(After Bautzen, 1813.)

WALTER THORNBURY.

"This is the fate of those who war,"
Napoleon said to me;
"High at the morn, but low at night.
Take down that map and see
How many leagues we won to-day.
Ten losses. I retire.
One Victory. Berlin, Breslau,
Shall crumble at my fire."

We stood outside the Thirteenth Ward,
He spoke as hushed and low
As if each word on some sick man
Would fall a smiting blow;
He turned the handle very soft
As to one sleeping, then
We stood beside the line of beds,
Among the wounded men.

He laid his hand with woman's care
  Upon a soldier's brow;
The dying face turned slowly up.
" Do you not know me now?
Your Emperor?" The dying lips
  Struggled for life, the heart
Beat once, the sick man faltered out,
" Comrades, 't is Bonaparte!"

Then with a groan lay down again,
  To pray for him and die.
The tears sprang up into my eyes
  When faint and weak, the cry
Ran through the ward of Austerlitz,
  " The Emperor is come!"
And one poor boy with bandaged hand
  Caught at his broken drum.

The dying on their pillows rose,
  To swell the hoarse, low cheer
That rolled along—'t was pitiful,
  Yet saddening to hear.
" My children," cried the Emperor,
  " My old Imperial Guards,
My 'Salamanders,' 'Never-turns,'
  My 'Lions,' my 'Die-hards,'

" I love you as I love my life;
  We are the self-same stock.
France cares for you—'t was you who bled
  To build her on the rock;
Your wives and orphans she will take
  To her capacious heart.
Dare she forget them while *he* reigns,
  Your little Bonaparte?

"My children——" But the rare seen tears
Rose up and filled his throat,
As every bugler took his horn
And blew the battle note;
And then the wounded drummer boy,
Two dead men's beds betwixt,
Crawled to the floor and slung his drum,
And plied his little sticks.

A one-armed man took off a flag
He 'd bound around his waist,
To stop and staunch the brave heart's blood
That from his gashes raced.
He waved it round his feeble head,
His large eyes all a-fire,
Then let it drop, and laid him down,
The brave man—to expire.

BONEY AND DUROC.

THE comrades of his early triumphs were dropping out, one by one. Lannes was the first to answer the final roll call. Bessières' turn came next, and now, by a bullet which seemed to have spent its force and to have already performed its deadly work, Duroc was for ever separated from his beloved chief. "One after the other the stars were setting in the constellation of his first years of glory." Duroc was, perhaps, nearer to Napoleon, and knew him more intimately, than any other of the brilliant warriors who had followed him through all his years of wonderful success. There can be no possible doubt that the death of Duroc deeply affected the Emperor, and that he lost in him one of the few really faithful friends he had among all those famous marshals, who were great because Napoleon had made it possible for them to become so. What a vile parody the following lines are on the last interview which took place between these two friends as Duroc lay dying, and yet, they are only in tune with all that was written in those days by Englishmen about any and every thing connected in any way with the "hated tyrant" who occupied the "usurped" throne of France.

BONEY AND DUROC.

Tune—"The Vicar and Moses."

ANON.

When the darkness of night
Put an end to the fight,
And the thunder of Death ceas'd to shock;
To supply a full stop,
A huge cannon-ball pop,
Came and brought on his marrows Duroc.
Tol de rol, etc.

When he heard this mishap,
Soon appeared mighty Nap,
His eyes for defeat were o'erflowing;
Duroc thought 't was for him,
Bid him dry up each glim,
But exclaimed—"Sire, for you I am going!"
Tol de rol, etc.

Boney cried, "Yes, I see
You 're no longer for me,
I 'm sorry such hero to lose;
Too true you have said,
In glory's great bed,
You must take a bit of a snooze."
Tol de rol, etc.

"But Marshal, my Brother,
Life there is another;
And, Duroc, oh, think what a treat!
When enough fam'd in story,
I 'll go there to glory,
And there without fail we will meet."
Tol de rol, etc.

"That the Pris'ners I 've shot,
And the sick sent to pot,
Make my claim good, I think clear as mud;
Eternally happy,
You 'll be when there, Nappy,
Has sailed on the ocean of blood."
Tol de rol, etc.

"Yes," Duroc replied,
"But my grief I can't hide,
My speech is all broken by tears;
I fear, sad presage!
You will live to old age,
And stop here some thirty years longer."
Tol de rol, etc.

"Such period I own,
Bonaparte on the throne,
I 'm afraid France is destin'd to see;
Nor think it a crime,
When I say that the time
Will seem long to the Devil and me."
Fal de ral, de rol, etc.

THE BATTLE OF DRESDEN.

AFTER the victory won at Bautzen, Napoleon, as was usual with him, offered peace to the Allies; but the terms they insisted upon were such as in honour he could not accept. Austria, as yet neutral, pretended to act as mediator between the hostile nations; but, seeking war rather than peace, she proclaimed the fact that if peace was not accepted by France on the basis laid down by herself, she would at once declare war and join the coalition. Napoleon, knowing well the critical position he occupied, offered new concessions to his enemies; which were about to be accepted when the news came of Wellington's great victory over Soult at Vittoria. This victory meant the invasion of France from the south by the English army. All terms of peace were at once refused. Austria, showing her true colours, declared war, and, with two hundred thousand more soldiers to aid them, the Allies began the fight, which, this time, was to end in the downfall of the man who, alone, had conduered them, combined, so many times. Hoping to capture the city of Dresden, the Allies attacked it when they knew the dreaded Napoleon was far away in Silesia engaged with Blucher. Marshal St. Cyr, in command of the city, defended it nobly, but his young soldiers were no match for the overwhelming forces hurled against them, and a sur-

render seemed the only alternative left. Napoleon, hearing of the situation, turned back and with forced marches retraced his steps with almost unexampled rapidity towards the apparently doomed city. He appeared in sight just as the routed garrison were flying from the place, and coming with his legions thundering down the sides of the mountains and over the bridges of Elbe, he called the retreating soldiers back to their duty, and, turning suddenly the tide of battle, he never rested until the scattered forces of the allied armies were driven far over the hills of Erzgebirge.

THE BATTLE OF DRESDEN.

MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

Back to your posts! Again, again,
  Yon falt'ring flag let victory fill;
Pour from your ranks the fiery rain,
  And bid the exulting foe be still.

Back to your posts! We come—we come,
  A thousand legions, fresh for war,
Are rushing through the forest's gloom,—
  Are pouring down the mountains far.

Go, bid th' "astonished eagles" stand,
  And on yon bristling hosts advance;
Up, coward heart and fainting hand!
  Who yields where rides the "Heir of France"?

Far where Silesia's waters sweep,
  Beneath us quaked the coffined dead;
The Saxon, from his slumbers deep,
  Woke, startled at our midnight tread.

And, thundering through each lofty arch,
Thy bridges, Elbe, our strength have known;
We pause not from our rushing march,—
On to the breathless conflict—On!

The arms of France are burnished still;
Yon countless hosts before us met
May league their legions as they will;
Their shouts shall change to wailings yet.

Forth on their track! Those hosts in flight
Shall seek the heather's dreamless bed;
And far o'er Erzgebirge's hills, to-night
The wolves shall match their gory dead.

Hail, glorious field! Not yet, not yet
Hath sunk Napoleon's peerless star;
And, where his glittering lance is set,
Far backward streams the tide of war.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

In the early spring of 1813 there was published in Germany the "Fatherland's Call to Arms in the Struggle for Liberation," and Karl Theodor Koerner was among the first to respond. Not yet twenty-two years old, when he fell fighting gallantly for his country, this brilliant young German poet did more for the cause of the Fatherland, both with his pen and with his sword, than would be thought possible in one so young. He was mortally wounded in a skirmish which took place on the twenty-sixth of August, 1813, between the Prussian free-corps, commanded by Major Lutzon, of which he was a member, and the French, near Gadebusch, and he died the same day. It was on the morning of the day he was killed that he wrote the following song, one of the wildest of his war songs, a love-rhapsody to his sword—the soldier's bride.

Germany owes a great deal to her song-writers, and at that time, the period of her sorest need, Koerner did his part well, and cheerfully he gave up his young life that his country might be free.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

Karl Theodor Koerner.

Sword! on my left side gleaming,
What means thy bright eye's beaming?
It makes my spirit dance
To see thy friendly glance.
Hurrah!

"A valiant rider bears me;—
A free-born German wears me:
That makes my eye so bright,
That is the Sword's delight."
Hurrah!

Yes, good Sword, I am free!
And love thee heartily;
And clasp thee by my side
Even as a plighted bride.
Hurrah!

"And I to thee, by Heaven,
My light steel life have given—
When shall the knot be tied?
When wilt thou take thy Bride?"
Hurrah!

The trumpet's solemn warning
Shall hail the bridal morning;
When cannon-thunders wake,
Then my true love I take.
Hurrah!

"O blessed, blessed meeting!
My heart is wildly beating:
Come, Bridegroom! come for me!
My garland waiteth thee."
Hurrah!

Why in the scabbard rattle,
So wild, so fierce for battle?
What means this restless glow?
My Sword? why clatter so?
Hurrah!

"Well may thy prisoner rattle:
My spirit yearns for battle.
Rider! 't is war's wild glow
That makes me tremble so."
Hurrah!

Stay in thy chamber near,
My Love! what wilt thou here?
Still in thy chamber bide!
Soon, soon I take my Bride.
Hurrah!

"Let me no longer wait,
Love's garden blooms in state
With roses bloody-red,
And many a bright death-bed."
Hurrah!

Now then, come forth, my Bride!
Come forth, thou Rider's Pride!
Come out, my Good Sword! come
Forth from thy father's home!
Hurrah!

"Oh in the field to prance
The glorious wedding dance!
How, in the sun's bright beams,
Bride-like the clear steel gleams!"
Hurrah!

Then forward! valiant fighters!
And forward! German riders!
And, when the heart grows cold,
Let each his Love enfold!
Hurrah!

Once on the left it hung,
And stolen glances flung;
Now clearly on your right
Doth God each fond Bride plight.
Hurrah!

Then let your hot lips feel
That virgin cheek of steel!
One kiss! and woe betide
Him who forsakes the Bride!
Hurrah!

Now let the Loved One sing!
Now let the clear blade ring
Till the bright sparks shall fly,
Heralds of victory!
Hurrah!

For hark! the trumpet's warning
Proclaims the marriage-morning;
It dawns in festal pride:
Hurrah! thou Iron Bride!
Hurrah!

MOREAU.

From an engraving by Elizabeth G. Herhan, after Guérin.

Paris, 1799.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL MOREAU.

"THROW a dozen bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it." The above words, pronounced by Napoleon at the battle of Dresden, sealed the fate of his old rival Moreau. It is said that when Moreau met Jomini in the camp of the allied armies, Moreau expressed surprise to find Jomini bearing arms against France, to which Jomini replied: "Yes, but I am not a Frenchman." Moreau felt the rebuke keenly and turned away without further remark. The hero of Hohenlinden, fighting against his own countrymen, was certainly a strange turn in history; but it was then a time when one after another the men who had been heroes were fast becoming traitors. They were the rats deserting the ship that had carried them safely to fame and glory, now that the ship itself was in hourly danger of being wrecked. The fate which overtook Moreau was a terrible price to pay for a few hours of vain-glorious boasting. With both legs carried away by a cannon ball —he died, taking with him to the grave the hatred he bore towards the man who had it in his power in 1804 to have had him shot as a traitor and a conspirator.

The praise bestowed upon Moreau in the lines which follow were little deserved by him, however great his ability and his early glory.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL MOREAU.

JOHN AMBROSE WILLIAMS.

Soul of the Chief! whose glory-crested name,
Whose worth, whose valour lives in endless fame,
A tear—wet tribute to thine urn I pay,
For all my heart is melted in my lay.
When Europe, bursting from oppression, shook
A despot's power, and dar'd his fiercest look,
Thy genius smil'd, and from Columbia's shore
Flew to the aid of millions—slaves no more.

"To arms! to arms!" each gallant sovereign cried,
"To arms! to arms!" each patriot voice replied:
Forth thousands rush'd, impetuous, for the flight,
And hail'd Moreau their blest protecting light.
The chief beheld the patriot bands advance,
And charge, with souls of fire, the hosts of France,
"On! on! ye brave!" th' ill-fated hero cries,
"Slavery 's your doom, or freedom be your prize;
Maintain the conflict, blood, 't is true, must flow,
War still must breed fresh ravage and fresh woe;
But virtuous blood shall not in vain be spilt,
Peace it shall purchase and o'erpower guilt."
He said—bright Heaven! death speeded with the wind,
And instant struck the hope of half mankind,
Destructive fire, O fatal scene! he fell.
Cold are his shatter'd limbs,—brave chief, farewell!

BLÜCHER'S BALL.

THE victory won at Dresden was barren of any decisive advantage to the French cause. Even before the roar of the battle had ceased, Macdonald was compelled at Katzbach to acknowledge a signal defeat at the hands of that sturdy old Prussian, Marshal Blücher; Vandamme was overthrown in Bohemia; Oudinot was confronted by his old comrade-in-arms, Bernadotte, and victory perched upon the banner of the King of Sweden; Ney was assailed and beaten by an overwhelming force of the Allies. Such were the tidings brought to Napoleon as he lay on a sick bed at Dresden, worn out and exhausted by almost superhuman exertion.

Blücher was forging to the front in those days, and his was the fiery spirit which was to push the fight, even to the very walls of Paris. The "debauched old dragoon" was becoming the leader and the inspiration of all Germany.

BLÜCHER'S BALL.

ADOLF LUDWIG FOLLEN.

By the Katzbach, by the Katzbach, ha! there was a merry dance;
Wild and weird and whirling waltzes skipped ye through, ye knaves of France!
For there struck the great bass-viol an old German master famed,—
Marshal Forward, Prince of Wallstadt, Gebhardt Lebrecht Blücher named.

Up! the Blücher hath the ball-room lighted with the cannon's glare!
Spread yourselves, ye gay, green carpets, that the dancing moistens there!
And his fiddle-bow at first he waxed with Goldberg and with Jauer;
Whew! he 's drawn it now full length, his play a stormy northern shower!
Ha! the dance went briskly onward, tingling madness seized them all:
As when howling, mighty tempests on the arms of windmills fall.
But the old man wants it cheery, wants a pleasant dancing chime;
And with gun-stocks clearly, loudly, beats the old Teutonic time.
Say, who, standing by the old man, strikes so hard the kettle-drum,
And, with crushing strength of arm, down lets the thundering hammer come?
Gneisenau, the gallant champion: Alemannia's envious foes
Smites the mighty pair, her living double-eagle, shivering blows.
And the old man scrapes the sweep-out: hapless Franks and hapless trulls!
Now what dancers leads the graybeard? Na! ha! ha! 't is dead men's skulls!
But, as ye too much were heated in the sultriness of hell,
Till ye sweated blood and brains, he made the Katzbach cool ye well.
From the Katzbach, while ye stiffen, hear the ancient proverb say,
"Wanton varlets, venal blockheads, must with clubs be beat away!"

THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG.

THE battle of Leipzig, fought on the sixteenth and the eighteenth of October, 1813, was most disastrous in its result to the already waning fortune of the great Emperor. It had been the purpose af the Allies all through this campaign to avoid coming in contact with Napoleon personally. At Dresden they did not think it possible for him to be in the city; hence their attack. Moreau and Jomini had given them good advice; to fight the French marshals on every occasion offered, but to run from the invincible chief. At Leipzig they felt strong, and confident enough to risk a combat, with Napoleon in personal command of the French Army. During two days the awful conflict was kept up, and had it not been for vile treachery and infamous desertion the result of the battle might have been the reverse of what it was. Assailed by double his own number, betrayed and deserted by those in whom he trusted, Napoleon was forced to order a retreat—a retreat which was to prove second only to the retreat from Russia in calamity and woe. After his victory at Dresden Napoleon proposed the scheme of advancing directly on Berlin; thus compelling the Allies to retrace their steps in order to defend that city and their own country; but he was overruled, and Leipzig was the result. Perhaps, had the Emperor fol-

lowed out his plan, the mighty genius with which he was endowed would again have astonished the world by deferring his near downfall, if not avoiding it altogether.

Ernest Moritz Arndt, the author of the following poem, was one of the German writers of those days who did so much in uniting the Fatherland in its efforts to overthrow the hated French ruler.

THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG.

ERNEST MORITZ ARNDT.

"Whence comest thou in thy garments red,
Soiling the hue of the green grass plain?"
"I come from the field where brave men bled,
Red from the gore of the knightly slain,
Repelling the crash of the fierce assailing;
Mothers and brides may be sorely wailing,
For I am red."

"Speak, comrade, speak, and tell me true;
How call ye the land of the fateful fight?"
"At Leipzig the murd'rous fierce review
Dimmed with full tear-drops many a sight;
The balls like winter snowflakes flying,
Stifled the breath of thousands dying,
By Leipzig town."

"Name me the hosts that in battle array
Let fly their diverse banners wide."
"All lands to join in the dread affray
Against the hated French took side;
The gallant Swede and the valiant Prussian,
The Austrian famed in fight and the Russian—
All, all went forth."

"And who in the strife won the hard-fought day,
And who took the prize with iron hand?"
"God scattered the foreigner like the sea-spray,
God drove off the foreigner like the light sand;
Many thousands covered the grass sward lying,
The rest like hares to the four winds flying,
With Napoleon too."

"God bless thee, Comrade, thank thee well!
A tale is this the full heart to cheer,"
Sounds like a cymbal of heavenly swell,
A story of strife and a story of fear,
Leave the widows and brides to their wail of sorrow;
We 'll sing a glad song for full many a morrow
Of the Leipzig fight.

Leipzig, good town of the fair lindens shade,
A day of proud glory shall long be thine;
So long as the years roll their ceaseless grade,
So long as the suns shall continue to shine,
So long as the streams to the ocean are seeking,
So long shall thy sons be the fond praise speaking
Of the Leipzig fight.

PONIATOWSKI.

It was a fatal mistake, on the part of some one, that but a single bridge afforded passage across the river Elster to the retreating French army after the battle of Leipzig. The result proved how great an oversight it was. The premature blowing up of this bridge, which was an inexcusable blunder, cut Napoleon's army in two and left more than twenty-five thousand men without means of escape and completely at the mercy of the victorious Allies. To Marshals Macdonald and Poniatowski had been assigned the forlorn task of defending the city and of holding back the enemy until the rest of the army had safely crossed the river. Bravely were these gallant warriors striving to perform that duty when the sound of the awful explosion at the bridge reached their ears and told them of the utter impossibility of their saving the devoted soldiers who had so nobly stood by them. It became at once a question of every man for himself. Macdonald plunged with his horse into the river and escaped to the opposite side; but not so the brave and heroic Pole. Thrice wounded, he endeavoured to cross the stream which lay between him and safety, but the struggle was too much for the sorely tried marshal and he sank, never again to rise. For his gallant conduct on the field of battle Poniatowski had received from the hand of Napoleon but the day before the baton of a

Marshal of France. Commanding the extreme rear guard of the French army, and almost surrounded by the enemy he was fighting to hold back, he drew his sword when he heard the noise of the fatal explosion, and turning to those around him, said: "Gentlemen, it now becomes us to die with honour." It is hard to believe the story of the death of such a hero, as it is told by Beranger, himself a Frenchman.

PONIATOWSKI.

PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER.

What! are ye flying, conquerors of the world?
Hath Fortune blundered before Leipzig's walls?
What, flying! whilst the bridge blown up and hurled
In ruins back, to the hoarse torrent falls!
Men, horses, arms, all wildly mingled, there
Are plunged; the Elster rolls encumbered by;
But deaf it rolls to vow or tear or prayer:
"Frenchman, give but a hand, and I am saved!"
the cry.

"Naught but a hand? a plague on him who craves!
Press on, press on! for whom should we delay?"
'T is for a hero sinking in the waves,
'T is Poniatowski, wounded thrice to-day.
Who cares? Fear bids them haste with savage speed,
To stern, cold hearts for aid doth he apply;
The waters part him from his faithful steed:
"Frenchman, give but a hand, and I am saved!"
his cry.

He dies—not yet—he struggles—swims—once more
The charger's mane his clutching fingers feel.
"What! to die drowned! whilst there upon the shore
I hear the cannon, and I see the steel!

Help, comrades, help! You boasted I was brave!
I loved you—this my blood should testify.
Ah! 't is for France some drops I still would save!
Frenchman, give but a hand, and I am saved!"
his cry.

There is no succour! and his failing hand
Lets go its guide: "Poland, adieu, adieu!"
But lo! a dream descends at Heaven's command,
With brilliant image dawning on his view.
"Ha! the White Eagle to the combat wakes;
All soaked with Russian blood I see it fly,
Loud on mine ear a hymn of glory breaks:
Frenchman, give but a hand, and I am saved!"
his cry.

There is no succour! he is dead,—the foe
Along the reedy shore their camp have made.
That day is distant; but a voice of woe
Still calls beneath the waters' deepest shade.
And now (great God! give man a willing ear)
That mournful voice is lifted to the sky!
Wherefore from heaven re-echoed to us here,
"Frenchman, give but a hand, and I am saved!"
the cry.

'T is Poland, 't is her faithful sons' lament:
How oft our battles she hath helped to gain!
She drowns herself in her own heart's blood, spent
With lavish flow, her honour to maintain.
As then the Chief, whose mangled corse was found
In Elster's waves,—he for our land did die,—
Now calls a nation, o'er a gulf profound,
"Frenchman, give but a hand, and we are saved!"
the cry.

PRINCE WREDE'S DEATH.

DESERTED by all his allies, his own brother-in-law, Murat, among the number, Napoleon's days of triumph were over. Borne down by the irresistible force of brute strength alone, he made in 1813 a truly wonderful struggle for the cause of France, and bitterly did his foes pay for every advantage gained by them. At Hanau the Austrian and Bavarian armies sought to cut off his retreat. It cost them ten thousand men to try the experiment; which proved a most disastrous failure on their part. The Bavarian General Wrede forfeited his life in this battle as a penalty for fighting against his old commander, whom he had followed so often to victory.

PRINCE WREDE'S DEATH.

ARTHUR RAPP.

By Hanau, where the Kinzig dark and deep,
To meet the Main, rolls on its treacherous way,
Right on the road to Frankfurt, it is spanned
By an old bridge, built strong of basalt grey.
Midway, encased within the basalt wall,
A narrow marble tablet marks a name.
'T is but the one word, "Wrede," but it speaks
To German hearts of glory and of fame.

Napoleon, after Leipzig's stern defeat,
To gain his France once more, here on his way

Met proud Bavaria's proudest prince. At last
The dauntless lion found himself at bay.
But, though ten thousand French were forced to find
In Kinzig's treacherous flood a horrid grave,
Prince Wrede, too, fell, wounded unto death.
Yon tablet marks the spot. God rest the brave!

And now the legend goes, that on this spot
Where Wrede fell, his ghost is often seen.
For, when the moon with her full flood of light
Upon that tablet throws her silver sheen,
'T is said, the prince, casting upon the flood
A pitying look, tries, so the story goes,
To stem the rushing waters, and to save
The drowned thousands of his ghostly foes.

BLÜCHER.

From an engraving by J. Swaine, after a drawing from life by F. Rehberg.

London (no date).

BLÜCHER AT THE RHINE.

WITH the close of the year 1813 came an end to all hope for any material success on the part of the French army. One after another, the strongholds and fortresses held by France in Germany succumbed, and over eighty thousand soldiers became prisoners in the hands of the Allies. It was no longer a question of conquest beyond the Rhine, but one of whether France could prevent the crossing of that stream by the armies of her foes. Fate was against him. Napoleon's star approached the horizon in its downward course, and in a short time it was destined to disappear altogether. On the twenty-first of December the Austrian army crossed the Rhine, and on the last day of the year the Prussian army followed. It was Blücher who urged and inspired this movement. The Allied Sovereigns, strong as they were, hesitated to attack the lion in his own den, but the sturdy old marshal had his way and the march to Paris began.

BLÜCHER AT THE RHINE.

AUGUST KOPISCH.

'T was on the Rhine the armies lay:
To France or not? is 't yea, or nay?
They pondered long, and pondered well;
At length old Blücher broke the spell:

"Bring here the map to me!
The road to France is straight and free.
Where is the foe?"—"The foe, why here!"
"We 'll beat him! forward! never fear!
Say, where lies Paris?"—"Paris here!"
"We 'll take it! forward! never fear!
So throw the bridge across the Rhine,
Methinks the Frenchman's sparkling wine
Will taste the best where grows the vine!"

THE GAULS AND FRANKS.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth of January, 1814, Napoleon left Paris for the last time, but one, to take command of his army. He had invested the Empress with the Regency, and had confided her safety and that of their son to the guardianship and protection of his subjects in the capital. He never saw either wife or son again. More than a million men were pouring in from all sides upon unhappy France. The Rhine no longer held back the advancing hosts on the one side, nor did the Pyrenees prove a barrier on the other. Napoleon could not muster over two hundred thousand soldiers, all told, to check the flood that was sweeping everything from its path. So much intrigue, so much desertion and treachery, so much misery, and so many vacant firesides had frozen the blood of France, until even such a stirring appeal as the following had no effect to bring about a general uprising. As Napoleon himself once said: "Frenchmen in times of victory are heroes; in times of defeat they are children." At the date of the following noble invocation, the armies of the Allied Sovereigns were rapidly advancing on Paris.

THE GAULS AND FRANKS.

(January, 1814.)

Pierre Jean de Beranger.

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks!
On, advance,
Hope of France!

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks!
Forward, forward, Gauls and Franks!

Blindly following the call
Of Attila, again
Comes the barbarian train,
Doomed a second time to fall,
Vanquished on the fields of Gaul.

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks!
On, advance, etc.

Leaving his morass behind,
Mark how the rude Cossack,
In place of bivouac,
Trusts the English that he 'll find
Comfort, in our halls reclined.

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks!
On, advance, etc.

Shivering all his days, ill-fed,
The Russ, in snowy waste
Pent up, no more would taste
Acorns and his own black bread,
Craving ours, so white, instead.

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks!
On, advance, etc.

Wines we have in luscious store,
Laid up for us to toast,
The victories we boast—
These shall thirsty Saxons pour?
Ours the song, the cup, no more?

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks!
On, advance, etc.

Daughters passing fair have we—
  Too fair for foul embrace
  Of hideous Calmuck race—
Wives, whose charms are rare to see—
Sons of theirs should Frenchmen be?

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks!
  On, advance, etc.

What! the monuments so dear—
  Trophies that now so well
  Of all our glory tell—
These in ruins disappear!
What, in Paris! Prussians here!

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks!
  On, advance, etc.

Noble Franks, and honest Gauls!
  Peace, man's best friend below,
  Ere long herself will show,
Blessing, here within your walls,
Triumphs won where honour calls.

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks!
  On, advance, etc.

ODE.

If Southey had had no other theme to write about than "Napoleon and His Misdeeds," he would have had subject enough. He was such an intense hater of the head of the French Government, and had such a desire to write him down, that his fertile pen could hardly keep pace with the rapid working of his mind. Honesty of purpose and truth in recital had no place with this poet. His only aim, seemingly, was to slander and villify the man he hated.

Early in January, 1814, Napoleon sought peace with the Allies, which was refused by them with scorn. They offered a cessation of hostilities, not a peace, but at the price of a surrender by Napoleon of all he had gained for France during the preceding twenty years. The Rhine, the Pyrenees, and the Alps were to be the boundaries beyond which France could not go. These terms, harsh as they were, were accepted and would, probably, have been the basis of a treaty had not England interfered. She would listen to no terms but the dethronement of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons, and she had her way.

ODE.

(Written during the negotiations with Bonaparte, in January, 1814.)

Robert Southey.

Who counsels peace at this momentous hour,
When God hath given deliverance to the oppress'd
And to the injured power?

Who counsels peace, when vengeance, like a flood,
Rolls on, no longer now to be repress'd;
When innocent blood
From the four corners of the world cries out
For justice upon one accursed head;
When freedom hath her holy banners spread
Over all nations, now in one just cause
United; when, with one sublime accord,
Europe throws off the yoke abhorr'd,
And loyalty, and faith, and ancient laws
Follow the avenging sword!

Woe, woe to England! woe and endless shame
If this heroic land,
False to her feelings and unspotted fame,
Hold out the olive to the tyrant's hand!
Woe to the world, if Bonaparte's throne
Be suffer'd still to stand!
For by what name shall right and wrong be known,—
What new and courtly phrases most we feign
For falsehood, murder, and all monstrous crimes,
If that perfidious Corsican maintain
Still his detested reign,
And France, who yearns even now to break her chain
Beneath his iron rule be left to groan?
No! by the innumerable dead,
Whose blood hath for his lust of power been shed,
Death only can for his foul deeds atone;
That peace which death and judgment can bestow,
That peace be Bonaparte's,—that alone!

For sooner shall the Ethiop change his skin,
Or from the leopard shall her spots depart,
Than this man change his old, flagitious heart.

Have ye not seen him in the balance weigh'd
And there found wanting? On the stage of blood
Foremost the resolute adventurer stood;
And when by many a battle won,
He placed upon his brow the crown,
Curbing delirious France beneath his sway,
Then, like Octavius in old time,
Fair name might he have handed down,
Effacing many a stain of former crime.
Fool! should he cast away that bright renown!
Fool! the redemption proffer'd should he lose!
When Heaven such grace vouchsafed him that the way
To good and evil lay
Before him, which to choose.

But evil was his good,
For all too long in blood had he been nursed,
And ne'er was earth with verier tyrant cursed.
Bold man and bad,
Remorseless, godless, full of fraud and lies,
And black with murders and with perjuries,
Himself in hell's whole panoply he clad;
No law but his own headstrong will he knew,
No counsellor but his own wicked heart.
From evil thus portentous strength he drew,
And trampled under foot all human ties,
All holy laws, all natural charities.

O France! beneath this fierce barbarian's sway
Disgraced thou art to all succeeding times;
Rapine and blood, and fire have mark'd thy way
All loathsome, all unutterable crimes.
A curse is on thee, France! from far and wide
It hath gone up to heaven. All lands have cried
For vengeance upon thy detested head!

All nations curse thee, France! for whereso'er,
In peace or war, thy banner hath been spread,
All forms of human woe have follow'd there.
The living and the dead
Cry out alike against thee! They who bear,
Crouching beneath its weight, thine iron yoke,
Join in the bitterness of secret prayer
The voice of that innumerable throng,
Whose slaughter'd spirits day and night invoke
The everlasting Judge of right and wrong,
How long, O Lord! Holy and Just, how long!

A mercilesss oppressor hast thou been,
Thyself remorselessly oppress'd meantime;
Greedy of war, when all that thou couldst gain
Was but to dye thy soul with deeper crime,
And rivet faster round thyself the chain.
Oh! blind to honour, and to interest blind,
When thus in abject servitude resign'd
To this barbarian upstart, thou couldst brave
God's justice, and the heart of human-kind!
Madly thou thoughtest to enslave the world,
Thyself the while a miserable slave.
Behold, the flag of vengeance is unfurl'd!
The dreadful armies of the North advance;
While England, Portugal, and Spain combined,
Give their triumphant banners to the wind,
And stand victorious in the fields of France.

One man hath been for ten long, wretched years
The cause of all this blood and all these tears;
One man in this most awful point of time
Draws on thy danger, as he caused thy crime.
Wait not too long the event,
For now whole Europe comes against thee bent.

His wiles and their own strength the nations know.
Wise from past wrongs, on future peace intent,
The people and the princes, with one mind,
From all parts move against the general foe;
One act of justice, one atoning blow,
One execrable head laid low,
Even yet, O France! averts thy punishment,
Open thine eyes!—too long hast thou been blind;
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

France, if thou lovest thine ancient fame,
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame!
By the bones which bleach on Jaffa's beach;
By the blood which on Domingo's shore
Hath clogg'd the carrion-birds with gore;
By the flesh which gorged the wolves of Spain,
Or stiffen'd on the snowy plain
Of frozen Moscovy;
By the bodies, which lie all open to the sky,
Tracking from Elbe to Rhine the tyrant's flight;
By the widow's and the orphan's cry;
By the childless parent's misery;
By the lives which he hath shed;
By the ruin he hath spread;
By the prayers which rise for curses on his head,—
Redeem, O France! thine ancient fame,
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame,
Open thine eyes!—too long hast thou been blind;
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

By those horrors which the night
Witness'd when the torches' light
To the assembled murderers show'd
Where the blood of Conde flow'd;

By the murder'd Pichegru's fame;
By murder'd Wright—an English name;
By murder'd Palm's atrocious doom;
By murder'd Hofer's martyrdom,—
Oh! by the virtuous blood, thus vilely spilt,
The villain's own peculiar, private guilt,
Open thine eyes!— too long hast thou been blind;
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

LETTER FROM THE KING OF ROME.

It has always been a question in our mind what turn matters would have taken had Napoleon reached Paris before the allied armies in the great race for that city in 1814. Victory after victory had crowned his efforts to hold back the tide, fighting, as he did, against odds which would have appalled the stoutest heart; but all his efforts were of no avail. The resistless torrent of numbers swept onward and forward and forced him to turn aside from his victorious course in order to endeavour to succour Paris, then sorely in need of his personal aid. King Joseph had been left in command of the army at the capital with orders to defend the city to the last extremity. Marmont and Mortier, outside the walls, strove valiantly to hold the enemy in check until the Emperor might be able to come up and defend the city in person; but the task was too heavy a one to be carried out successfully. The Allies won the race; defeated Marmont and Mortier before Napoleon could come to their rescue, and Paris capitulated after a short but heroic defence. Had Joseph been made of the same stuff as his brother, the contest would surely have been kept up long enough to enable that brother to get within the gates of his capital. But Joseph was never a soldier. Good enough in his way, he lacked that which would have buried him beneath its ruins sooner than have permitted him to sur-

render the city which had been so sacredly entrusted to his keeping. Marie Louise, the King of Rome, and the Court had left the city; the heir to the throne being the only one who showed any reluctance at leaving the place where honour compelled them all to stay, at least a little longer.

As usual, the English writers took advantage of Napoleon's misfortune and we have below an account, from their standpoint, of what was going on in Paris the day before the entrance of the allied armies.

LETTER FROM THE KING OF ROME TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE, DATED APRIL 9th, 1814.

SIR,—Having retired from the cares of government, and the toils of military preparation, to study agriculture and the fine arts with my Mamma at Rambouillet, I beg to present your very facetious and celebrated Journal with the first effusions of my Muse, viz., an English versification of my dear Uncle Joe's Proclamation to Papa's good city of Paris. Your obedient servant,

ROME.

Brave Lads of Paris! never fear,
Though Blücher's force be drawing near;
I, Joseph Buonaparte, am here.

The Empress, I am glad to say,
And little Rome, have run away,
To "live to fight another day."

But, I King Joseph, still remain;
I, who was lately sent to reign
Over those rebel rogues in Spain;

Who play'd our foes so deep a game,
When o'er the Pyrenees I came,
Inveigling them to do the same.

I trick'd the British to advance,
And led Lord Wellington a dance
Into the very heart of France.

Consider with what wondrous ease
Your Emperor has beaten these,
And all his other enemies.

Consider all he hath achiev'd,
In Bulletins, by us receiv'd,
And, under pain of death, believ'd.

Look on those foes before your gate;
Consider how he did of late
The whole of them annihilate.

Consider, too, the happy plot,
By which behind them he has got,
Whether, I 'm told, he would or not.

Believe me he will soon be here;
Already he is in their rear;
See how they hither run for fear!

He drove them here to meet their fate,
And (if they for his coming wait)
He 'll drive them through the city gate;

Or else, perhaps, upon the plain,
With scornful eye and proud disdain,
Annihilate them all again.

Meanwhile, 't is requisite and right
For every citizen to fight
A day or two with all his might.

THE PARTING WITH THE EAGLES, 1814.

FANCY can only picture the scene when Napoleon learned that his beloved Paris was in the hands of the Allies, and that his herculean efforts to save the city had failed. There was still left him Fontainebleau, and the army remained faithful, but how different everything was from the former days of his power and glory. Then, the mighty in France looked up at him and were dazzled as with the brilliancy of the sun; now, all save his old soldiers fled from him as if he were the betrayer of his country and a thing to be despised. The desertion of Marmont, his comrade-in-arms since the days of Toulon, was cowardly in the extreme; but it was only in keeping with the fashion of the day. Is it to be wondered at that he sought relief in death by his own hands? But relief was not to come. He had still to bear Waterloo and St. Helena; he had still to pay the penalty of being great. Forced by circumstances beyond his control, he signed his first abdication, and Elba was determined upon as the place of his future abode. His parting with the Old Guard has been faithfully depicted on canvas by Vernet, and also well told by Thornbury in verse.

THE PARTING WITH THE EAGLES, 1814.

(1824—The Soldier's Wife to her Boy, the Drummer.)

WALTER THORNBURY.

An April morning! Fontainebleau
Stands up and braves the sun;
The dew still glitters on the turf
Where rabbits race and run;

No hunting clamour breaks the hush,
No hound, or echoing hoof,
But sprinkling gold falls on the moat
And slants athwart the roof.

A lonely day, and Fontainebleau
Broods o'er its memories—
So old, and yet the April bloom
Is white upon the trees.
Ten Easters since! a different scene
Was lit by yonder sun,
When through those rosy almond boughs
Roared the meridian gun!

That palace with its thousand eyes
Indeed might look aghast,
As the last scene that closed the play
Before its windows passed.
"What do they call that marble horse,
Just like ours in Sedan—
A horse for Cæsar, lion maned?"
"That is the Cheval Blanc."

This is the horse-shoe staircase where
The Emperor came down,
No bloody sceptre in his hand,
Nor lighting-woven crown,
But like a simple soldier clad,
In his plain grey surtout,
And underneath the epaulettes
The red that faced the blue.

That noble tree that sheltered us
With its extended branch,
Was smit by steal and split by fire—
Revanche, mon Dieu, revanche!

The cruel frosts of Winter came
And stripped the dying trunk;
The leaves were crowns, the boughs were kings—
Brave blood the tree had drunk.

The traitor dukes and subject kings
Fell off like Autumn leaves,
As stripped as when the April time
Laughs as old Winter grieves.
Like blossoms from that wind-scourged thorn
The traitors dropped from him—
No wonder that his head was bent
And that his eye was dim.

Shall I forget that April noon?
The carriages in line,
Like funeral hearses slowly came
Through slanting sunbeams' shine.
Who did they wait for—Balliard,
Bussy, or Montesquiou,
La Place, Jouanne, or Athalin,
Vansowich or Flahaut?

The rest are gone, with sneer or jest,
Regret, or fierce rebuke,—
Even the valet lured away
Last night the Mameluke.
When Ney was false, who could expect
A scullion to be true?
Yet still around the close-shut gate
I saw a faithful few.

Yes, still the old Imperial Guard
Were under arms in line—
Old friends of Austerlitz—the same
In snow, or rain, or shine.

Immovable, a wall of steel,
You might have thought them dead,
But for the sullen smouldering fire
That in their eyes shone red.

One strikes, and through the opening door
Napoleon appears;
The ruffle of the drum was heard,
Like thunder came the cheers;
The crimson flags blew in and out,
The tremble of the steel
Was visible, most visible!—
What! Frenchmen and not feel?

Their caps upon the bayonets shook
As when a conqueror comes
To greet his soldiers—faster speed
The rolling of the drums.
And then a death-like hush so deep—
You heard the thoughtless bird
Upon the rosy almond bloom
A sprinkling snow had furred.

You heard his measured steps, as quick
He came down yonder stairs,
His hand extended for those hands
Held out to him in pairs.
He was among them, ringed with steel,
Erect and stern as when
The foes he sought to crush at last
Were gathered in his ken.

"Farewell, my children; bring the flag
For me to kiss and bless;
The dying father thinks of thee
In joy or in distress.

For twenty years this eagle led
Our tramplers on kings,
We who lit fires with sceptre-staffs,
And counted crowns base things.

"We now must part. With men like you
I could have fought for years;
But then our country had been drenched
With blood and mothers' tears.
I leave you, but ye still will serve
France, that we so much love:
God guard her from the ravening hawk
As angels guard the dove.

"Farewell and brave, a long farewell—
'T is very hard to part;
Would I could press my children all
Unto their father's heart."
They brought the flag that Bertrand bore,
He clasped it to his arms;
Not one but wept, the fiercest there—
The drum beat the alarms.

The bayonets shook, the stormy shout
Burst like a thunder-clap,
How lightning-quick the fiery beat
Of the fierce drummer's tap!—
A dash of hoofs—the carriage broke
Impetuous through the crowd,
And after it the rolling dust
Rose in a blinding cloud.

ODE ON THE DELIVERANCE OF EUROPE, 1814.

For twenty years Europe had been drenched with blood. From one end of the country to the other the awful carnage had gone on without ceasing. Waiving the question of whether or not Napoleon, alone, was responsible for all this misery and woe, it is an undeniable fact that the peace of 1814 came as a welcome boon to many a household. It was then thought, and with good reason, that peace had come to stay and that France, reduced to the boundaries of the Revolution, would no longer be an element of disturbance in the politics of Europe. Well might the people imagine they had cause to rejoice. But did not the fallen chieftain in his little island home deserve, at least, pity? He had paid a fearful price that the world might slumber without being aroused by the thunder of his guns. Whether France would remain content under the new order of things, and whether her old soldiers would consent to leave their beloved "Little Corporal" to languish in exile, a few short months would determine. The people, for the time being, at least, were satisfied.

ODE ON THE DELIVERANCE OF EUROPE, 1814.

John Herman Merivale.

The hour of blood is past;
Blown the last trumpet's blast;
Peal'd the last thunders of the embattled line:

From hostile shore to shore
The bale-fires blaze no more;
But friendly beacons o'er the billows shine,
To light, as to their common home,
The barks of every port that cut the salt sea foam.

"Peace to the nations!"—Peace!
O sound of glad release
To millions in forgotten bondage lying;
In joyless exile thrown
On shores remote, unknown,
Where hope herself, if just sustain'd from dying,
Yet sheds so dim and pale a light,
As makes creation pall upon the sickening sight.

"Peace! Peace the world around!"
O strange, yet welcome sound
To myriads more that ne'er beheld her face;
And, if a doubtful fame
Yet handed down her name
In faded memory of an elder race,
It seem'd some visionary form,
Some Ariel, fancy-bred, to soothe the mimic storm.

Now the time-honour'd few
Her earlier reign that knew,
May turn their eyes back o'er that dreamy flood,
And think again they stand
On the remember'd land,
Ere yet the sun had risen in clouds of blood,
Ere launch'd the chance-directed bark
On that vast world of ocean, measureless and dark.

And is it all a dream?
And did these things but seem
The vain delusions of a troubled sight?

Or, if indeed they were,
For what did nature bear
The long dark horrors of that fearful night?
Only to breathe and be once more
Even as she was and breathed upon that former shore.

O'er this wild waste of time,
This sea of blood and crime,
Doth godlike virtue rear her awful form,
Only to cheat the sight
With wandering, barren light,
The meteor, not the watch-fire, or the storm?
The warrior's deed, the poet's strain,
The statesman's anxious toil, the patriot's sufferings vain.

For this did Louis lay,
In Gallia's sinful day,
On the red altar his anointed head?
For this did Nelson pour,
In Britain's glorious hour,
More precious blood than Britain e'er had shed?
And did their winged thoughts aspire,
Even in the parting soul's prophetic trance, no higher?

Ye tenants of the grave,
Whom unseen wisdom gave
To watch the shapeless mist o'er earth extending
Yet will'd to snatch away
Before the appointed day
Of light renew'd, and clouds and darkness ending,
Oh, might ye now permitted rise,
Cast o'er this wondrous scene your unobstructed eyes,

And say, O thou, whose might,
Bulwark of England's right,
Stood forth, the might of Chatham's lordly son;
Thou "on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung,"
When freedom's ebbing sand almost had run,
To the deliver'd world declare
That each hath seen fulfill'd his latest, earliest prayer.

Rejoice, kings of the earth!
But with a temperate mirth;
The trophies ye have won, the wreathes ye wear—
Power with his red right hand,
And empire's despot brand,
Had ne'er achieved these proud rewards ye bear;
But, in one general cause combined,
The people's vigorous arm, the monarch's constant mind.

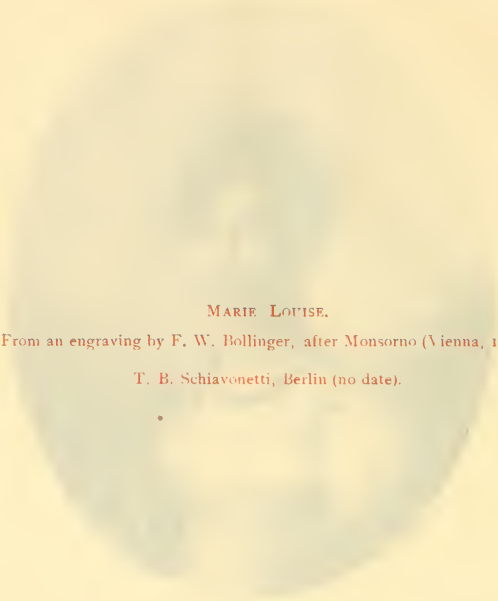
Yet that untired by toil,
Unsway'd by lust of spoil,
Unmoved by fear, or soft desire of rest.
Ye kept your onward course
With unremitted force,
And to the distant goal united press'd;
The soldier's bed, the soldier's fare,
His dangers, wants, and toils, alike resolved to share.

And more—that when at length,
Exulting in our strength,
In tyranny o'erthrown, and victory won,
Before you lowly laid,
Your dancing eyes survey'd
The prostrate form of humbled Babylon,
Ye cried, "Enough!"—and at the word
Vengeance put out her torch, and slaughter sheath'd his sword—

Princes, be this your praise
And ne'er in after days
Let faction rude that spotless praise profane,
Or dare with license bold
The impious falsehood hold,
That Europe's genuine kings have ceased to reign,
And that a weak adulterate race,
Degenerate from their sires, pollutes high honour's place.

Breathe, breathe again, ye free,
The air of liberty,
The native air of wisdom, virtue, joy!
And, might ye know to keep
The golden wealth ye reap,
Not thrice ten years of terror and annoy,
Of mad destructive anarchy,
And pitiless oppression, were a price too high.

Vaulting ambition!
Thy bloody laurels torn,
And ravish'd from thy grasp the sin-bought prize;
Or, if thy meteor fame
Still win the world's acclaim,
Let it behold thee now with alter'd eyes,
And pass, but with a pitying smile,
The hope-abandon'd chief of Elba's lonely isle.



MARIE LOUISE.

From an engraving by F. W. Bollinger, after Monsorno (Vienna, 1810)

T. B. Schiavonetti, Berlin (no date).

MARIE LOUISE.

THE conduct of Marie Louise at the time of Napoleon's downfall was everything but creditable to her. The stand she should have taken was to have insisted that she be allowed to accompany him to Elba. But such a thought never entered her head, seriously, and it would seem that she lost all further interest or concern in her late royal consort the moment he ceased to be Emperor of France. She certainly proved by her course of life, immediately upon Napoleon's banishment, that she had no love for him, and that she was utterly indifferent to any disgrace she might cast upon his name, or to any loss of her own personal reputation, for we find her the mother of children by an Austrian prince, himself a reputed natural child, even before her husband's death, and we find her marrying that same prince, morganatically, as soon as she could do so without committing the crime of bigamy. Napoleon had thought to strengthen his own position when he married the Austrian archduchess, and Marie Louise had been willing enough to fancy she could love him—the mightiest ruler in the world. Both were mistaken, and the fate of the one was not more sad than that of the other.

MARIE LOUISE.

ANON.

Who journeys thus onward,
  Light-hearted and gay,
As if to a triumph
  She passed on her way?

No exile, most surely—
Not thus do they come,
Who are leaving behind them
A heart and a home.

Can she go so lightly,
And joyously back,
Who went to her bridal
So late o'er this track?
Could she smile as when hastening
To welcoming arms,
If shut from the circle
Of home and its charms?

Oh, matchless in beauty,
And kingly in line!
No heart of a woman
Can surely be thine:
Else wouldst thou, this moment,
Thy husband uncrowned,
Weep in sackcloth and ashes,
And sit on the ground.

Is this, proud Napoleon,
The pride of thy home?
Can this be thy mother,
O pale King of Rome?
Alas! we may mourn thee,
But pity who can,
More fickle than woman,
And falser than man.

It was well that the exile,
Shut in by the sea,
Still might solace his anguish
By memory of thee—

Still could keep through all suffering,
Of body and mind,
One blest spot in memory
Where thou wert enshrined;

Trusting on in a faith
Which no time could remove,
In the strength of thy virtue,
And depth of thy love;
For his heart, but for this,
In its hardness had been
As the rocks of the ocean
That girdled him in.

Oh regally wedded,
And regally born!
Not thy state nor thy beauty
Can save thee from scorn;
And more deeply we mourn thee,
Content in thy home,
Than the Emperor exiled,
Or dead King of Rome.

ODE TO NAPOLEON.

WHEN Byron wrote his Ode to Napoleon he little thought that Waterloo and St. Helena were still to come; that France had yet to suffer more terribly than she had before she would finally consent to give up her idol. The judgment pronounced by Byron upon the great Corsican agreed with that of all contemporary English writers; but it is safe to say that if this same poet were writing upon the same subject to-day he would judge him in a far more favourable light. It has taken nearly a century of study to place this wonderful character, and it is only now that the true history of Napoleon is beginning to be known. Byron was a lover of glory and of military greatness, but his English blood would not allow him to do justice to the man who should have been his model.

ODE TO NAPOLEON.

LORD BYRON.

'T is done—but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing;
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our hearth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
  Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
  Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd—power to save,—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
  To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition 's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
  The after-warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
  And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
  That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph and the vanity,
  The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of Victory,
  To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
  Wherewith renown was rife—
All quell'd—Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

The Desolator desolate!
  The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of other's fate
  A Suppliant for his own!

Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound;
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how look'd he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found!
He fell the forest prowler's prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean!

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
And thank'd him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! may we hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hast died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who could soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:

But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay;
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she, too, bend—must she, too, share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem;
'T is worth thy vanish'd diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand,
In loitering mood upon the sand,
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou, Timour! in his captive's cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
But one—"The world was mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
So long obey'd—so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
  Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him the unforgiven,
  His vulture and his rock?
Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not the worst,
  The very Fiend's arch mock;
He, in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

THE rank and file of the army remained true to Napoleon, even after he had been betrayed and deserted by the officers who had risen from among their number to high positions of trust and honour. The Old Guard, as a body, would gladly have accompanied their chief to Elba had they been permitted to do so. It was from the ranks Napoleon himself had sprung; it was the old soldiers who had made it possible for marshals, dukes, and princes to blazon with the reflected splendour and glory of the Consulate and the Empire, and now, they were the only ones who could not forget. They were loyal to the man who had been loyal to them; the man they adored; the man who had performed such wonders, through them, for France.

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

(April, 1814.)

JEAN PIERRE DE BERANGER.

[The reader will remember that the first abdication of Napoleon took place at Fontainebleau, at the date above mentioned. In calling Glory the godmother, and the Emperor the godfather of his Marshals, the poet alludes to the fact, that nearly all of them bore in their titles the names of the respective battle-fields, whereon they had distinguished themselves.]

First Grenadier.

Our post has been forgotten in the rounds;
Richard, hark! midnight at the palace sounds.

Second Grenadier.

Once more we turn to Italy our view ;
For, with to-morrow, Fontainebleau, adieu !

First Grenadier.

By Heaven I swear, and thank it too the while,
'T is a fair climate blesses Elba's isle.

Second Grenadier.

Were it far distant, deep in Russia's snow,
Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go !

Together.

Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go !

Second Grenadier.

How quick they came, the fights we failed to win !
Where now are Moscow, Wilna, and Berlin ?
Again the flames, that wrapped the Kremlin, seem
Bright on our serried bayonets to gleam ;
And Paris given up, through traitors lost,
Paris itself has scarce one battle cost !
Our cartouch-boxes were not empty—no !
Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go !

First Grenadier.

On every side, " He abdicates," I hear :
Comrade, what 's that ? pray make the meaning clear.
Our old Republic seek they to restore ?

Second Grenadier.

No! for they bring us back a king once more,
The Emperor's crowns a hundred-fold might shine;
I can conceive that he would all resign:
As alms, his hand of old would crowns bestow!
Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go!

First Grenadier.

The palace windows are but dull to-night;
Look there 's one faint and solitary light.

Second Grenadier.

Yes! for the valets, nobly born and bred,
Hiding their noses in their cloaks, have fled:
All, stripping off the lace from their costumes,
Prompt to dispose of the dead eagle's plumes,
To the new chieftain of the State bend low.
Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go!

First Grenadier.

The Marshals too, our comrades once of old,
They have deserted, now they 're gorged with gold.

Second Grenadier.

To buy their grades successively, we bled:
Joy, that we 've still some drops of blood to shed!
What! their godmother Glory's self became,
On field of battle giving each his name;
Yet their god-father thus aside they throw!
Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go!

First Grenadier.

In service five and twenty years I 've past,
And meant my furlough to have begged at last.

Second Grenadier.

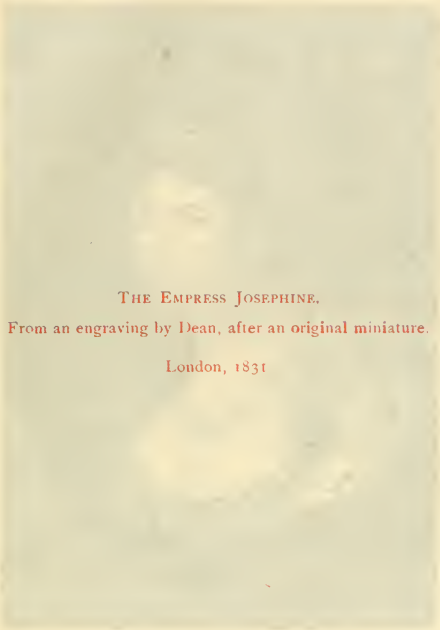
And I, all seamed with scars, felt some desire
From our old colours also to retire;
But after drinking all the liquor up,
'T was base ingratitude to break the cup!
Farewell, wife, children, country! be it so!
Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go!

Together.

Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go!

JOSEPHINE.

JOSEPHINE would gladly have shared Napoleon's exile at Elba had he permitted her to do so. There can be no doubt that for many years before her death Josephine loved the Emperor, and was to him a devoted and a loyal wife. In the early days of their marriage and up to the time of his return from Egypt, her conduct was not such as his fiery and passionate nature could well submit to. Whether all the rumours that were then circulated about her were true or not is not within our province to settle. She was, in more than one sense, a noble woman and the one, above all others, to fill the difficult position she was called upon to occupy. Her tact was wonderful, and she could often successfully manage her imperious husband when it was hopeless for any one else to undertake the task. Many a pardon did this fair suppliant obtain, merely by the force of her own loveliness and her superior wisdom in knowing how and when to approach the throne. Generous and extravagant to a fault, she received many a scolding for her kindness to others and for her lavish use of money upon herself. She was naturally a royalist, and Napoleon, had he acceded to her wishes, would never have assumed the crown. He would have restored the King, and to have been the wife of the High Constable of France would have pleased Josephine better



THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

From an engraving by Dean, after an original miniature.

London, 1831

than being Empress. After the divorce Josephine lived at Malmaison, and there, within a month after Napoleon's departure for Elba, she died. The prophecy of the old negress at Martinique had come to pass in its completion; the end had come as it had been foretold.

JOSEPHINE.

REV. JOSEPH H. NICHOLS.

'T is evening, on a purple southern sea:
The large thick stars, in tropic purity,
Are flashing from the blue, unbending skies,
On a lone isle, that green beneath them lies.
Out in full blossom shine the orange groves,
And lo! amid their bowers a maiden roves—
A fair, West Indian girl; then takes her seat
To breathe the fragrance of those flowers so sweet.
She touches her guitar, and with a strain
Of superhuman softness, doth enchain
The winds in silence: smiling in their sleep,
Repose the murmuring billows of the deep.
To join her, soon comes forth a virgin band
Of her companions, tripping hand in hand.
A slave strikes up the tabourine, and she
Floats in the dance to some wild island glee;
In peerless elegance that maid moves on,
Of all her sex, in grace the paragon.
Her dark eye kindles with imperial light.
A golden crown is glittering in her sight,
For some gray prophetess foretold, ere now,
A diadem should decorate her brow.

Again, broad daylight sheds its sunny smile
Within a tall cathedral's ancient pile;

Along the aisles, brave men, line after line,
Beneath their banners in bright armour shine;
The galleries gleam with beauty's jewelled forms,
And warlike music every bosom warms.
It ceases: all direct their anxious gaze
To the high altar, where, amid the blaze
Of princesses and princes, stand alone
A man and woman, each before a throne:
He, the stern chief, whose footsteps shook the globe;
She, in that long and royal crimson robe,
Is that same fair West Indian. One rich crown
He puts on his own brow; then, she kneels down,
And modestly, from his small hand receives
Another crown—a wreath of golden leaves,
Upon her forehead; while his eagle glance,
Reflecting hers, proclaims her Queen of France.
The trumpet peals it forth in joyous swells,
And far as her green isle the tidings tell.

Again, in Malmaison, that lady 's seen,
A wife, yet no wife; a queen, yet not a queen.
If nature's charms could ever banish grief,
The heaviest bosom there might find relief:
The garden blooms, the fountain flows in vain;
Not Eden's scenery could assuage her pain.
He, who his greatness owed to her alone,
Has called another bride to share his throne!
Discarded, she loves still, and woman's tears
She sheds, when of her hero's fall she hears.
Too sharp the trial! Pensive, day by day,
She sits, and pines, at last, her life away.
Now cold, and closed in death's meek sleep her eyes,
Pale on her bier, the lovely Empress lies!
White as her shroud, her crossed hands calmly rest
Upon that generous and confiding breast.

There, her lone orphans love's last vigil keep,
And earth's great kings pass by, and muse and weep,
Oh, what young maiden here would be a queen,
Who thinks of thy sad fate, poor Josephine!
Who would not rather, than of courts the pride,
Be gathering berries on the mountain side?

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE rejoicing was almost universal in the Uniten States when the news came that the Emperor of France had been driven from his country and that the Bourbons were again in power. The success of the American Revolution and the freedom from tyranny gained thereby were, in a great measure, the forerunners of the French Revolution; from which came the Consulate and the Empire, with Napoleon as their recognised head. He was not the true product of a revolution based on an American idea of liberty, and, consequently, the verdict in this country, at that time, was against him. Since then, however, this wonderful man has been diligently studied by American historians, and, as he has become better known, sentiment has changed concerning him; until to-day he has friends and admirers in this country, second in number only to those in France.

The following ode was written by L. M. Sargent, Esq., and read at a religious service held at the Stone Chapel in Boston, in 1814, "in commemoration of the goodness of God in delivering the Christian world from Military Despotism"; the occasion being the downfall of Napoleon and his exile to Elba.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

L. M. Sargent.

Where turn the tyrant's myrmidons
  Their deadly dark array?
Where seek they laurels dyed in blood
  To crown his brows to-day?
What tide of widow's tears shall flow
  For those who fight no more,
Lying slain, on the plain
  Where the smoky volumes pour,
Where slaughter rides the battle blast
  And bids her thunders roar?

France! at the throne eternal
  Of great Jehovah bow!
For Heaven's avenging thunderbolt
  Has laid the tyrant low;
The bloody, baleful star shall guide
  The monster's way no more,
Where the slain on the plain
  Lie weltering in their gore,
And through a thousand, thousand streams
  Life's ebbing torrents pour.

What though on glory's record
  The wretch his name enroll,
The bitter tears of orphan France
  Shall wash it from the scroll,
Her widows in the despot's ears
  An endless dirge shall pour;
And throw round his brow,
  Where laurels late he wore,
A wreath of deadly nightshade wrought
  Steeped in their husband's gore.

O'er the tomb of hapless Bourbon
Be mournful honours paid,
Go, loyal maids of France, and weep
Where Antoinette is laid,
Where the tyrant's hemlock withered
And *fleur de lis* shall blow,
And the brave round the grave
Bid their manly sorrow flow,
While the spirit of true loyalty
Shall in their bosoms glow.

The hand of Heaven, whose vengeance
Is 'gainst the despot hurled,
To France her rightful king restored
And freedom to the world ;
Hosannas to the King of kings
Let Freedom's voice bestow,
Again raise the strain
Till the patriot's heart shall glow,
And Heaven on high approves the song
Of grateful man below.

PETITION.

NAPOLEON was no sooner landed at Elba than the horde of sycophants, who had fawned at his feet when he had wealth and position at his disposal, hastened to grovel in the dust before Louis XVIII., now that he was the one in power. These people were the same who had deserted Louis XVI. in his time of need and had cowardly fled their country to escape the scaffold, and who, afterwards, had plotted the death of Napoleon and the overthrow of his government. These were the men Napoleon had forgiven, and recalled from exile to advance from one position of trust and confidence to another, until, loaded with wealth, they were able to strut about in all their old-time glory. Honour was an unknown word with them. They would cringe to-day and bite to-morrow. In a few short months this same ignoble crowd would be tumbling over each other in their mad haste to show their servility to the man they now thought it safe to sneer at and despise.

PETITION

FOR FREE ENTRANCE INTO THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES. PRESENTED BY THE DOGS OF QUALITY.

(June, 1814.)

JEAN PIERRE DE BERANGER.

[One of the numberless satires, that were caused by the sudden reappearance of many members of the old noblesse of France, immediately after the fall of Napoleon.]

Let your Chamberlain, please you, decree
That to-morrow we dogs may obtain

Entrance into the Tuileries, free—
We who 're from the St. Faubourg Germain.
Now we are sure that the tyrant 's laid low,
Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

'T is our collar our difference shows
From the dogs who the pavement frequent ;
For such vulgar plebeians as those
Royal honours could never be meant.
Now we are sure that the tyrant 's laid low,
Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

Though as long as we bowed to his yoke,
The usurper aye drove us away,
When a host of importunate folk
Would be barking—we never said nay !
Now we are sure that the tyrant 's laid low,
Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

Of his reign should you memoirs indite,
Be not hard on some changeable brutes,
Who to-day at his heels snap and bite,
Though for years they were licking his boots.
Now we are sure that the tyrant 's laid low,
Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

Tiny spaniels, and terriers mean,
Something better than fleas having met,
Fawn on Russians and Germans, I ween,
Who with blood, that is French, are still wet.
Now we are sure that the tyrant 's laid low,
Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

What if, sure her vast profits to net,
England boast of her victories high ;

Lumps of sugar again we can get,
And the cats lick the coffee-cups dry.
Now we are sure that the tyrant 's laid low,
Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

Since our dames in such haste retrograde,
As their pinners and lappets will show ;
Since again holy water is made,
Pray, replace us in our *statu quo.*
Now we are sure that the tyrant 's laid low,
Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

We agree in return for his grace,
All except a few scrupulous poodles,
That we 'll fawn on the holders of place,
That we 'll bite all unfortunate noodles.
Now we are sure that the tyrant 's laid low,
Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

THE ISLAND FIEND.

NAPOLEON remained at Elba a little over nine months. At first he seemed perfectly content with his lot. He planned and worked, with his accustomed energy, to better the condition of his small kingdom. With his mother and his sister Pauline he settled down into a life which promised to be one of real good to all concerned. He took it for granted that France no longer wanted him, and had the treaty of Paris been faithfully carried out, and had the Revolution taught Louis XVIII. how to deal with his subjects, Waterloo might have been avoided. But soon rumours of discontent at home reached his ears; the annuity awarded him in the treaty he did not receive; his own private resources were drawn upon until almost exhausted, and he was compelled to stop the improvements he had already commenced, and also to retrench his personal expenses; the English writers continued to worry and harass him with their vile slanders; and the English Government began to talk of removing him from Elba to a safer place, and one farther away from France. Is it strange that he began to listen to the hints given him that his return was the only possible solution to the problem staring him in the face, and that if he did not move in that direction a worse fate than the one he was enduring would soon be his?

The following is but one of the innumerable scurrilous productions of the English pen, published while Napoleon was virtually in prison, disarmed, and helpless.

THE ISLAND FIEND.

ANON.

To the island of Elba a demon has flown,
The horror and scourge of mankind;
As hard as the iron, and cold as the stone,
Which in Elba's dark mines and her quarries are known,
Is his heart to all evil inclin'd.

The agent of Mischief to torture the world,
His brows with a diadem bound;
But the genius of Virtue her standard unfurl'd,
And his sons thronging round from his pinnacle hurl'd,
And struck the foul fiend to the ground.

Condemn'd in this island imprison'd to sigh,
His passion for mischief prevails;
When the wind whistles loud, and the wave rises high,
He lists to the sound of the mariner's cry,
And smiles at the storm-shatter'd sails.

Though the race of mankind are no longer his prey,
Still cruelties pleasure supply;
The generous dog must the tyrant obey,
He plucks from the dove her soft plumage away,
And, Domitian-like, tortures the fly.

And yet he has moments of horror and fright,
For demons will tremble and fear,
When the shadows of Pichegru, Palm, D'Enghien, Wright,
Appear in the darkness and stillness of night,
And his eye sheds the cowardly tear.

Hope, the wretch's last friend, from his bosom has fled,
The fiend looks despairing around;

Wherever he lies, or wherever he treads,
Plants noxious to life rear their poisonous heads,
And venomous reptiles are found.

Here unpitied, unwept, till the final decree,
Let the blood-sated demon remain ;
In vain from himself still attempting to flee,
That he tastes not of death let his punishment be,
And his conscience his torturing pain.

THE POLISH LANCERS.

WHETHER at the beginning of the year 1815 there was an actual conspiracy in France, having for its object the return of Napoleon, and numbering among its members Hortense, in Paris, and Pauline, at Elba, is not material to our purpose. It is a fact that at that time the people of France, and the old soldiers, especially, were calling in subdued, but unmistakable tones for the return of their beloved Emperor. The new order of things was not at all to their liking. Their country had been cut up and divided among the Allies; the Old Guard had been disbanded and mercenary Swiss soldiers filled the places of honour around the throne. The old warriors who had won for France such renowned glory upon so many fields of battle were not accustomed to being pushed into the back-ground as mere hirelings of the state, and they began to grumble at the usage they received, and in order to conceal their feelings as much as possible from the government, they met at their clubs and the cafés and talked and sang about the "Little Corporal" and the glorious victories they had won under him. Among these old soldiers none stood more firm for Napoleon, or more ready to answer his every call, than did the Polish Lancers who had served him so long and so faithfully.

The following is one of the most popular songs sung

immediately before the return of Napoleon from Elba. It was often sung at the Café Montansier in the Palais Royal, where the half-pay officers looking for service met nightly with the officers of the famous regiment of Polish Lancers.

THE POLISH LANCERS.

ANON.

In Scandinavia's region chill,
  Resounded loud the hero's name;
Poland enslaved, own'd glory's thrill,
  And for Napoleon woke—and fame:
Their cruel shackles he destroy'd,
  Gaul's friend no longer pined a slave,
And France amidst her ranks o'erjoy'd,
  Enroll'd the Polish Lancers brave.

Without regret these sons of war,
  For great Napoleon distant strove;
And in Iberian wilds afar
  An harvest rich of laurels wove.
Where'er of honour rang the sound,
  They flew the meed of fame to crave:
And glory faithful still was found,
  Enlink'd with the Polish Lancers brave.

When fortune in her wiles array'd,
  When treason low'r'd in darkling state,
Combined; the courage thus betray'd
  Of Gallia's pride—Napoleon great—
As yielding up his arms with sighs,
  He bade farewell in accents grave;
Tears then were seen to dew the eyes,
  Of Poland's feeling Lancers brave.

'T was then with anguish quite o'ercome,
Napoleon cried—subdued by pain;
" Rejoin once more your cherish'd home,
Your oaths I yield ye back again."
He thought when on the exile's ground,
Save Frenchmen none would stem the wave;
But in his dreary isle he found,
A band of Polish Lancers brave.

O ye whom glory caused to share
The trophies of an happier hour!
Just Heaven to Poles extend thy care,
Enshield their fate with fostering power:
But if assail'd by dread alarms,
Friends, we shall ne'er forget to save
Our gallant brothers join'd in arms,
The faithful Polish Lancers brave.

NAPOLEON AT MELUN.

On the twenty-sixth of February, 1815, Napoleon, with less than one thousand men, set out from Elba upon one of the most daring enterprises ever undertaken by man. He was about to essay the task of regaining the throne, so long and so gloriously held by him, and from which he had so lately been expelled by a combination of treachery and brute force. He was about to try once more his strength against combined Europe with over two millions of armed men ready to take the field against him. From his old soldiers he had nothing to fear and everything to hope for, and it was upon them he placed his main reliance for success. On the first of March he landed with his little army upon the shores of France at nearly the same spot where he had landed sixteen years before on his return from Egypt. The march towards Paris was at once begun and every step of the way proved an ovation, equal to what it would have been in the palmiest days of the Empire had Napoleon been out on a journey of pleasure. His reception at Grenoble, his meeting with Marshal Ney, and many other incidents on the road, seem more like romance than history. Not a shot was fired ; not a drop of blood shed. The lilies were thrown aside and the tri-colors everywhere displayed. Louis XVIII. and the Bourbon princes fled in terror as

the rapidly growing army advanced. At Fontainebleau the Emperor took a short rest. Half-way between that place and Paris the Bourbons made their last effort to stop the triumphant march of the outlawed Corsican. An army of one hundred thousand men commanded by the Duke de Berri lay encamped at Melun. What took place as Napoleon drew near this mighty host is told by Sir Walter Scott as follows: "The glades of the forest, presenting the appearance of a deep solitude, were full in view of the royal army. At length the galloping of horse was heard, and an open carriage approached, surrounded by a few hussars, and drawn by four horses. It came on at full speed, and Napoleon, jumping from his vehicle, was in the midst of the ranks that had been sent to oppose him. There was a general shout of 'Vive Napoléon!' The last army of the Bourbons passed from their side, and there existed no farther obstruction between Napoleon and the capital."

NAPOLEON AT MELUN.

SARAH REBECCA BARNES.

In all thy long career of pride, of glory, and of power,
Of triumph and of victory—oh, name thy proudest hour!
That hour which o'er thy future course the rosiest promise threw,
Which from the past no omen ill or inauspicious drew.

Was it when on red Lodi's field, unshrinking, undismayed,
Defying death and dangers, thou that pass of peril made?
Or when, her ancient glory dim, her winged lion low,
Inglorious Venice shrank aghast and fell without a blow?

Queen of the Adriatic!—thou still lingerest round the heart,
Awakening dreams of other days, unworthy as thou art;
Romance hath cast her spell o'er thee in gorgeous memories dyed,
And the hour that saw thee in the dust was *not* an hour of pride.

Was it when like a "flaxen band," proud Austria's power was rent,
And o'er her flying myriads thou thy glance of triumph sent?
When from her ancient capital abandoned to thy power,
Thy shouts of victory went up—was that thy proudest hour?

Was it when Russia's giant force in terror and dismay,
Upon the field of Austerlitz before thee prostrate lay?
That "Battle of the Emperors," with glorious memories rife,
So cherished mid each after-scene of thy eventful life?

Or when at thy sublimest height of conquest and renown,
Was placed upon thy laurelled brow the Lombard's iron crown?
The iron crown of Charlemagne—a symbol of the power
That countless thousands humbly owned; was that thy proudest hour?

Perchance upon thine inmost soul prophetic whisperings came,
Of the insecurity of thrones, the heartlessness of fame.
Perchance upon thy spirit then dark visions floated past,
To mar the triumph of that hour, its radiant promise blast.

If so, none knew: unwise it were to waken dark distrust;
But lo! upon the wildered eye what bridal pageants burst!
Imperial Hapsburgh! fated still to feel thine iron thrall,
Thou hero of an hundred fights, and victor in them all!
So reckless of another's claim, by mad ambition led,
Where slept the thunder? why forbore the bolt that should have sped
To rive that red right hand, before the altar pledged to thee,
Imperial victim! offered up mid mirth and revelry?

But why, when every breath bespeaks the triumph hour of mirth,
Why is it mid this festal scene that darker thoughts have birth?
What curse is brooding in the air? What shadow passing by?
What demon is abroad to mar this hour's festivity?

There 's restlessness within that eye, repress it as thou wilt;
A deepening hectic on that cheek, it is the flush of guilt!
For memory of that injured one is with thee even now,
And crime is deepening at thy heart and darkening o'er thy brow.

A fearful vision, undefined, thy very spirit stirs,
That doom is on thee, long foretold, thy star declines with hers!
"Spoilt child of fortune!"—fated still, and formed to move the heart;
So glorious as thou might'st have been! so guilty as thou art!

A change was wrought—a mighty change ; of all thy conquests vast,
The memory alone remained, thy day of empire past.
An exile in a lonely isle, yet still unshrinking shone
That spirit which no change could quell, that greatness all thine own.

Another change : thy footsteps press once more the soil of France,
And despots madden at the thought, and bid their hosts advance.
Alone thou comest ; hostile bands meet thy unstartled view,
The soldier's eye has caught thy form ! The soldier's heart is true !

At once from countless numbers poured, a deafening shout arose,
And ranks on ranks prolonged the sound ; thy foes ! where are thy foes ?
Like wreath of morning mist before the sun's triumphant ray,
The Bourbon saw his power decline, his legions pass away !

And thou—not in thy proudest day of triumph and renown,
When kings became thy suppliants, and thanked thee for a crown !
When earth to her remotest bounds thine influence felt and owned,
And thou thy mandates issued forth in regal splendour throned—

Not then ! not then thine hour of pride, though millions owned thy sway ;

There waited on thy destiny a more triumphant day.
That day on which a fugitive, where all was once thine own,
A nation's voice with one accord recalled thee to a throne!

BONAPARTE IN PARIS.

FROM Melun to Paris the journey was as one grand holiday parade. The Emperor was received at the capital with a welcome and an enthusiasm undescribable. Borne aloft, literally, upon the shoulders of his frantic admirers, he entered the Tuileries as no ruler had ever entered that palace. The Bourbons had scarcely gotten their house settled ere they were compelled to flee in order to make room for the man so loudly called for by the army and the people. In twenty days Napoleon had travelled seven hundred miles through the very heart of France, and at no place, from the coast to the gates of Paris, had he met with any but the most emphatic and pronounced marks of love and admiration. The old soldiers, certainly, were honest in their protestations of fidelity, and the people, at least, thought they were expressing their true sentiments. The army proved its devotion by dying for its beloved chief; the people proved theirs by welcoming the Allies and the Bourbons back to Paris with loud acclaim and with open arms, while Napoleon, beaten and humiliated, was on his way to St. Helena.

The following poem, although written by an Englishman, gives a vivid, an amusing, and an historical description of how the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba was received in London and in Paris; how the journey

from the coast to the capital was made, and how the Emperor was received at the Tuileries. Pindar's style of writing is too well known to the English reader to need an introduction. He spares neither friend nor foe in getting at the point he wishes to make, and yet, beneath the levity and the satire, there is generally found some object worthy of thought and reflection; some good advice, which, if followed, would make mankind better.

BONAPARTE IN PARIS! OR THE FLIGHT OF THE BOURBONS!

A Poem, by Peter Pindar, Esq.

Dr. John Wolcot.

Napoleon, lo! has broke his chain,
And boldly stalks in France again,
With lofty crest he breathes defiance,
A furious tiger, joined by Lyons!

Louis, thy fate is hard, I own,
What plagues assail thy short-liv'd throne!
Worse ne'er tormented king, I doubt,
Than Bonaparte and the gout.

Does then a low-born Corsican
Make Bourbon's Heir his warming-pan;
A little while his place to fill,
Till he resumes it at his will;

Shall he a Royal Sov'reign knock
About, just like a shuttle-cock?
One blow sends him, full drive, to France,
The next to England makes him dance.

Was it for this, in splendid show,
Our R——t went, some time ago,
With footmen, pages, gallant forces,
State carriage, and cream-colour'd horses;

To bring him safe to London, where
Great Louis own'd his princely care,
Vow'd he through life would ne'er forget
How great to Britain was his debt;—

As he, to make no longer stay, meant,
He gave an order, too, for payment,
(Our pious Regent's pride and boast),
The Order of the Holy Ghost!

For this, such mobbing and huzzaing,
Such beauty, rank, and joy displaying?
For this, such feasting and parading,
Such shouting and such white-cockading?

For this, did vessels of the line,
Give battle on the Serpentine?
For this, did crackers, squibs, and rockets,
Amuse our eyes and fleece our pockets?

For this, did Sadler mount the sky,
And temples lift their heads on high?
For this, were fairs and revels had,
To make the people drunk and mad?

For this,—but I had best pursue
My tale, so wonderful and new,
Form'd to perpetuate my rhymes
In British minds, to latest times.

"Begone!" said I, the other day,
Unto the newsman,—"get away—
No paper will I take,—depart!
I 'm weary,—I am sick at heart.

"The Corn-Bill, it is sure will pass,
Whoever doubts it is an ass;
Away! I will not read their speeches,
Of which, the substance, only teaches—

. . . . . .

"And, as to foreign politics,
To kingly craft and courtly tricks;
To that great Congress, where of late,
Monarchs and ministers of state,

"With potent emperors assembl'd,
At whose bare nod whole kingdoms trembl'd,
Danc'd waltzes, din'd, and talk'd the news,
And figur'd, too, at grand reviews,

"How each pursues his bold design,
Is his concern and none of mine;
I leave them to their strife and scrambles,
And all their polished courtly gambols.

"We know, the work of peace to crown,
How they together sat them down;
And (droll comparison to make),
All Europe, like a large twelfth cake,

"At these grand Carvers' mercy laid,
Was on the ample board display'd,
To be cut up there and divided,
Just as these mighty men decided.

" To work they went, at nothing stopping ;
Good lord ! what cutting and what chopping !
So greedy all, that, in the pother,
They cut the fingers of each other.

" Disputes their r——l tempers nettle ;—
They find it difficult to settle
A point, that I confess was nice,—
Which ought to have the largest slice ?

" ' Coz, you have got the greatest share,
Which I contend is quite unfair ;
Cut off a piece and give it me.'
' No ; I to that cannot agree :

" ' But, hark'ee ! my imperial brother,
Here is a share own'd by another ;
He is a poor defenceless elf,—
I know he cannot help himself ;

" ' I 'll give you his with all my heart ;
Then you will have an equal part.
Agreed ! ' thus they hush up the broil,
And socially divide the spoil.

" But now the glorious work is done,
By wisdom so profound begun ;
The compact 's made secure and fast,
That ages destin'd is to last :

. . . . . .

" In time of peace ? 't is more, I swear,
Than mortal patience well can bear !
Since then abroad the Congress-fiat
Has settled ev'rything so quiet,

"And since, at home the Corn-Bill, fast,
Against the nation's voice, is past,
Let those inquire the news who will,
My curiosity is still."—

Twang went the horn! "Confound that noise!"
I cried, in pet—"these plaguy boys
Are at some tricks to sell their papers,
Their blasts have given me the vapours!"

But all my senses soon were stranded
At hearing, "Buonaparte landed!"
"Landed in France!" so ran the strain,
And "With eleven hundred men."

"Ho, post!" "Who calls!" "This way." "I 'm
coming!"
The public surely he is humming,
Said I, "A paper—what 's the price?"
"A shilling." "Why that 's payment twice."

"As cheap as dirt, your honour, quite;
They 've sold for half-a-crown to-night."
"But is the news authentic, friend?"
"Ofishul, sir, you may depend—

"*The Currier*, third edition." "So!
Well, take your money, boy, and go."
Now for the news—by what strange blunder
Has he escaped his bounds I wonder.

There's some strange mystery in this;
Let 's see—"Escape."—Oh, here it is.
Now, curiosity to quench,
"Escape—Escape from the King's Bench!"

D—n the King's Bench—I 'm out of patience,
Stay, here I see the proclamations—
Pronounced a rebel, traitor—well,
What this will end in, who can tell?

. . . . . .

Who can describe the consternation,
Alternate grief and trepidation,
Emotions far too strong to hide,
Which spread around on ev'ry side?

But chief at Paris now is seen
Th' inquiring look, th' astonish'd mien;
The news, just like some potent charm,
In ev'ry quarter spreads alarm.

John Bull and family, to France
Who 've had a most delightful dance,
Are struck with panic, ev'ry one,
And back to England, fain would run.

Oh, what a crowd of rueful faces!
I really pity their sad cases,
So full of gloomy apprehension,
And fears beyond what I can mention.

"Boney broke loose!" is all the cry.
"To Calais let us instant fly."
For carriages they are all mad,
And those can scarcely now be had.

Away they scamper, high and low,
Like children from a bugabo;
Run, Johnny, run, should Boney meet you,
The cruel monster 'll kill and eat you!

. . . . . .

" Boney is coming! Oh, the devil!
Whoever dreamt of such an evil.
They say—I shall expire with fright,—
He will be here to-morrow night.

" He 'll seize, and lock us up, I vow
I think I see his John d'Armes now
Coming to drive us and our friends,
Like sheep, before them, into pens.

" Come, let us pack up, and away,
Whatever be the cost, I 'll pay,
Buy my escape, that I am fixt on,
E'en should I sell my house at Brixton."

Such was John Bull's sad situation,
By peril caught in Gallia's nation,
Led thither by that gen'ral passion,
Whose reign is like the dog-star's—fashion!

. . . . . .

But where 's the pen that can reveal,
What, L——s, thou didst think and feel,
When this dire information first
A thunderbolt upon thee burst.

The day had past, which was, I hear,
A levee-day, when bishop, peer,
And commoner, their homage pay
To him who holds the regal sway.

. . . . . .

The day had past, as has been said;
The gaudy retinue had fled;

The mon—h now retirement sought,
To give an hour to sober thought.

. . . . . .

" Mon Dieu!" said he, " to be a king
Is very much fatiguing thing!
So much to sign, so much to hear,—
'T is too much for my age to bear.

" Now ministers in council chatter;
Now grand homme tell d——d lie and flatter;
Now dis; now dat; well, I must still
Endure it all for ma famille."

Scarce had he spoke these words, when, lo!
His minister 's announc'd below;
Soon usher'd up,—behold him stand,
With his despatches in his hand:

" O sire!" he cried, as pale as death,
Then stopp'd awhile to take some breath,
" I come, your Majeste, to tell
About dis terrible nouvelle!"

" Nouvelle? some news?" The monarch cried,
His ample mouth all gaping wide,
" What news, my Lord, tell me,—dites moi?"
" Ce Bonaparte—Helas! mon Roi!"—

" Ha, Bonaparte!" great L——s said,—
His eyes seem'd starting from his head;
One would have thought, to mark his stare,
The Corsican himself was there.

Strange that a name could thus control,
And petrify a monarch's soul:

Whose name, beside? An exile's, sent,
Disgrac'd, to dwell in banishment,

And dwindle out life's transient hour,
Remote from courts and shorn of power;
Yet did this name of Bonaparte
Strike terror to a Bourbon's heart.

The K——g, his shock somewhat abated,
Occasion'd by a sound so hated,
Cried, "He bien? Dites moi—tell me,
Ce coquin—rascal—where is he?"

"Begar, mon Roi, he land in France,
And make to Paris, quick advance:"
"He land in France?" "En verite."
"Diable! How he get away

"From Elba, I much vish to know,
Vere he vas sent some time ago
By Fred'ric, Francis, Alexander,
And all de oder great Commander?"

"I don't know, sire,—Je ne scais pas;
But he land here—dat true—Helas!
And make terrible proclamation
To all de people in de nation;

"Dere he abuse your Majeste,
Say you no honnete—will no pay
L'argent—de money—you agree
To give him and his family.

"So he come here to make de war
In France, and pay himself, begar;

He say vos princes be lazy dog,
De C–ng—ss, too, be all dam rogue,

"Who call him tief; and den, for pelf,
Dey all go and turn tief demself,
And, for deir own accommodation,
Rob, cheat, and plunder oder nation."

I will not pause here to relate
What great resources of the state
On this occasion were employ'd,
When bold invasion fierce annoy'd,

Or tell how Parliament assembled,
Where loyalty, most undissembled,
Inspired the members every one—
Where much was talk'd, and nothing done.

Could speeches kill, full well we know
They had slain Boney long ago.
I sing not of the princely train
Who march'd out, then march'd back again.

I sing not of brave Marshal Ney,
The Bourbons' last remaining stay,
Who went th' invader to attack,
Defeat, destroy, or drive him back,

But scorn'd behaviour so uncivil:—
While, rapid as the very devil,
To Paris, Bonaparte inclin'd;
Ney, most politely, march'd behind.

I sing not of the Melun-force,
So sure to check the Emperor's course;

But which, as had done all the others,
Beheld his troops and hailed them brothers.

The fact by none is now denied,
That Bonaparte 's ta'en a ride—
A sort of pleasurable excursion,
As it would seem, for mere diversion—

To Paris, whence, in sad affright,
Poor hapless Louis wing'd his flight ;
While now Napoleon, at his ease,
Is seated in the Tuileries.

. . . . . .

THE HUNDRED DAYS.

THE advice given by Beranger to Napoleon, upon his return from Elba, coincided exactly with the Emperor's wishes and intentions. He sought only the good of France and that of his subjects. He no longer desired war, and he endeavoured in every possible way to avoid it. Immediately upon his arrival at the Tuileries, he notified the sovereigns of Europe of his resumption of power, and declared his willingness to accept and abide by the terms of the Treaty of Paris. The only reply he received was a decree posting him as an outlaw, and granting permission, to anyone who chose to do so, to shoot him at pleasure. Had Napoleon been supported at this time by a united France, and with the same spirit and enthusiasm which made him First Consul and then Emperor, war might have been avoided. Had he acted towards Louis XVIII. and the Bourbon family in the manner that the Allies and the Bourbons acted towards him, he would have seized the King and held him as a hostage until peace was assured. Instead of this justifiable course, he allowed the King to depart in safety, and he ordered the release of the Duke d'Angoulême after he had been taken prisoner with arms in his hands against him. England and the Allied Sovereigns would accept no peace at the hands of Napoleon, and they banded themselves to-

gether by the most solemn oath, and swore never to sheath the sword until the "outlaw" was again driven from the throne of France. The world in arms was united against one man. Into the "Hundred Days" more history was crowded than in, perhaps, any other equal period of time since the world began. Between Elba and St. Helena, from one prison door to another, a mighty empire was won and lost.

THE HUNDRED DAYS.

JEAN PIERRE DE BERANGER.

[In this admirable song, full of sound political advice, it is the Emperor Napoleon who is apostrophised, under the pleasant disguise of Liz.]

O Liz, who reignest by the grace
  Of God, who makes us equal all,
Thy matchless beauty holds a race
  Of rivals still in thrall.
But vast as may thine empire be,
Liz, in thy lovers Frenchmen see;
And at thy faults let us to jest be free,
    For thy subjects' sake!

How many belles, and princes, too,
  Love to abuse their sovereign strength!
What states, what lovers, not a few,
  Come to despair at length!
Dread lest, perchance, revolt some day
To thy boudoir should find its way:
Ah! never, never, Liz, the tyrant play,
    For thy subjects' sake!

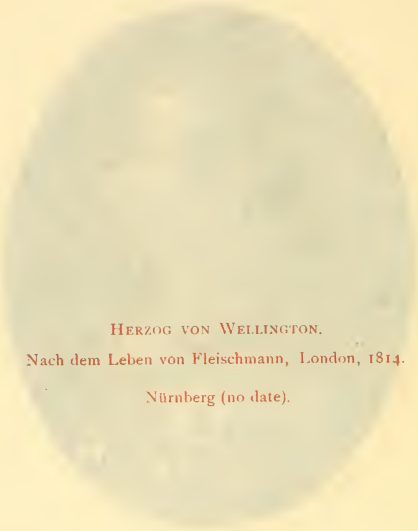
By too much coquetry beguiled,
  Women pursue the conqueror's aim,
Who from his country far is wiled,
  A hundred tribes to tame.

A terrible coquette he seems:
Oh! follow not his empty dreams;
Nor cherish further, Liz, thy conquering schemes,
For thy subjects' sake!

Thanks to the courtier's zeal, 't is harder
A mighty monarch to come nigh
Than Beauty's self, who has to guard her
Some ever-jealous eye.
But to thy couch, that peaceful throne
Where Pleasure her decrees make known,
Liz, let the way accessible be shown,
For thy subjects' sake!

In vain a king would have us know,
That, if he reign, Heaven wills his sway;
As, Liz, to Nature thou dost owe
The charms that all obey.
Though without question we resign
The sceptre to such hands as thine,
Of us to hold it thou must not decline,
For thy subjects' sake!

That we for aye thy name may bless,
On these plain truths, O Liz, reflecting,
Strive to become a good princess,
Our liberties respecting!
Wreathe round thy brow, all bright and fair,
The roses that Love reaps, and there
For many a day thy crown securely wear,
For thy subjects' sake!



Herzog von Wellington.
Nach dem Leben von Fleischmann, London, 1814.

Nürnberg (no date).

BEFORE WATERLOO.

On the twelfth of June, 1815, the doors of the Tuileries closed behind Napoleon, never to open for him again. He and the Grand Army of France were about to enter upon their last campaign, a campaign which was fated to be a short, but a most decisive one. With less than three hundred thousand men, the difficult problem of how to beat back more than a million of armed foes, pouring in from all sides upon the frontiers of his country, confronted the Emperor. Never had such a stupendous task, and one fraught with so much weal or woe to the nation, stared him in the face. Where now was that brilliant galaxy of warriors who, in the days when victory and glory followed his departure, always rode out of Paris by the side of their chief? Where Eugene, Murat, Berthier, Lannes, Bessières, Duroc, Marmont, Junot, Oudinot, Macdonald, and Poniatowski? None with him in this his last desperate struggle.

The history of the battle of Waterloo has been written more times and by more writers than that of any other battle fought since the beginning of time, and to-day how the result attained was brought about is still an unsettled question. Was the battle lost to France because the guide shook his head one way instead of the other, or was it because of the sunken road which, in fiction, broke

up the charge of Cuirassiers of the Old Guard? Was it because Ney refused to obey orders, or was it because Grouchy refused to disobey? Was it because the great Emperor slept at a critical moment, or was it because Old Blücher did not sleep at all? A poet's license is broad enough to accept any, or all, or none of these explanations and the answer to the question of how it happened will not be found in this collection. On the fifteenth of June Napoleon was at Charleroi, Wellington at Brussels, and Blücher at Namur; each holding, as it were, the corner of a triangle. It was on that night the Duchess of Richmond gave her famous ball at Brussels, from which Wellington and his officers were rudely torn by the news that Bonaparte had crossed the frontier and was in Belgium. In the early morning of the sixteenth, Napoleon, supposing Ney to be in possession of Quatre-Bras, advanced to Ligny, where he met Blücher and the entire Prussian army on their way to join the English army at Waterloo. All day the battle went on and when night fell Napoleon was everywhere victorious, and the Prussians were in full retreat toward Wavre. Had Ney actually occupied Quatre-Bras, as he had been ordered to do, the Prussian army could not have escaped complete destruction. But Wellington had possession of that important position, and the advantage gained by the glorious victory at Ligny was lost. Why it was that Ney did not take possession of Quatre-Bras on the night of the fifteenth, as he easily could have done, is still a mystery. He made a gallant fight on the sixteenth to gain what he had lost, but in vain. Perhaps it was at Quatre-Bras that Waterloo was really decided.

BEFORE WATERLOO.

LORD BYRON.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a wedding bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;

And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who would guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

On the seventeenth, Napoleon joined Ney and started in pursuit of Wellington, then in retreat towards Waterloo. Grouchy had been instructed to follow Blucher and prevent him from combining with the English army. Wellington made a stand at Waterloo, and there awaited the coming of his great adversary. The night of the seventeenth was spent by Napoleon, exposed to a drenching rain, in preparing for the ordeal of the morrow. If Blücher could be kept from giving aid to the Iron Duke, the result of the impending conflict would surely be a victory for the French cause. Daybreak found the rain still pouring down in torrents, and it was not until after eleven o'clock that an attack was ordered. Perhaps it was this delay of a few hours that brought about the awful defeat which overtook the French army.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

Sir Walter Scott.

Night and morning were at meeting
  Over Waterloo :
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting,
  Faint and low they crew,
For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John ;
Tempest-clouds prolonged the sway
Of timeless darkness over day ;

Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower
Marked it a predestined hour.
Broad and frequent through the night
Flashed the sheets of levin-light:
Muskets, glancing lightnings back,
Showed the dreary bivouac
  Where the soldier lay,
Chill and stiff, and drenched with rain,
Wishing dawn of morn again,
  Though death should come with day.
'T is at such a tide and hour,
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower,
  Gleam on the gifted ken;
And then the affrighted prophet's ear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear,
Presaging death and ruin near
  Among the sons of men;—
Apart from Albyn's war-array,
'T was then gray Allan sleepless lay;
Gray Allan, who for many a day,
  Had followed stout and stern,
Where through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
  Valiant Fassiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low-laid mid friends' and foemen's gore,—
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
  And Morven long shall tell,
And proud Ben Nevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
  Of conquest as he fell.

Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof,
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,
Where held the cloaked patrol their course ;
And spurred 'gainst storm and swerving horse ;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have passed,
When down the destined plain
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-born meteors' glance,
Strange phantoms wheeled a revel dance,
And doomed the future slain.

Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
When Scotland's James his march prepared
For Flodden's fatal plain ;
Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Choosers of the Slain, adored
The yet unchristen'd Dane.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheel'd their ring-dance hand in hand,
With gestures wild and dread ;
The Seer, who watch'd them ride the storm,
Saw through their faint and shadowy form
The lightning's flash more red ;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray,
And of the destined dead.

Song.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,

And thunders rattle loud ;
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust goes by ;
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud ;
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room ;
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!
Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate
The broadsword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
  And thunders rattle loud;
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
  To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear!
You feel us near
  In many a ghastly dream;
With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy,
  And hear our fatal scream.
With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
  Just when to weal or woe
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing—each startled sprite
  Our choir of death shall know.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
  And thunders rattle loud;
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
  To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours—
  See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame:
Elemental rage is tame
  To the wrath of man.

At morn, gray Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,
The legend heard him say;
But the Seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,
Ere closed that bloody day—
He sleeps far from his Highland heath,—
But often of the Dance of Death
His comrades tell the tale,
On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
And dawn is glimmering pale.

WATERLOO.

MANY such incidents as the following no doubt actually took place the day the battle of Waterloo was fought. It was a glorious day, in June; a Sabbath day, clear and warm after the heavy rain of the night, which had entirely ceased ere the roar of battle began. At home, mothers and sisters and sweethearts were praying for the safety of those dear to them who were about to engage in deadly combat. It was while these loved ones were engaged in their devotions at church that the battle commenced, and from many a maiden's heart, in Kent and elsewhere, went out a fervent petition asking Divine protection for the one dearer to her than life; and many a noble boy fought better and died more heroically that awful day, knowing that such a woman was praying for him.

WATERLOO.

DOUGLAS BROOKE WHEELTON SLADEN.

"What struck?"
"Half-past ten o'clock."
As over his saddle-bow he bent,
He thought of the village church in Kent,
And said, "She 'll be kneeling soon to pray—
Perhaps for me, on this Sabbath-day."

Ping! ping!
Hark the bullets wing!
Their cuirassiers sweep across the plain.
"Charge them, our Life Guards!"—They turn again;
While English beauty is on its knees
For English valour across the seas.

There goes
The vanguard of the foes!
They 've taken the wood by Hougoumont!
"Coldstreams and Fusiliers to the front!"
Taken again, lads! that 's not amiss;
Your sweethearts at home will boast of this.

Pell-mell,
Bullet, shot, and shell
Rain on our infantry thick and fast;
Many a stout heart will beat its last;
Blue eyes will moisten many a day
For good lives lightly given away.

Crash, clash,
Like a torrent's dash,
Lancer and cuirassier leap on the square!
Scarcely a third of the bayonets there.
Ye who would look on old England again,
Now must ye prove yourselves Englishmen.

Stamp, stamp,
With its even tramp,
Rolls uphill the invincible Guard:
Falters it at the fiftieth yard?
Weak, worn, and oft assaulted the foe,
Yet never its heart misgave it so.

On, on,
And the fight is won!
Shot-stricken linesman and thrice-charged Guard
Glare at them lion-like, hungry and hard;
His waiting is done—his hour has come;
Pent-up fierceness drives bayonets home.

On, on,
Life Guard and Dragoon!
An English charge and a red right hand
Will bring fair years to your fair old land.
With riven corselet and shivered lance,
Is reft and shivered the pride of France.

Still, still,
In the moonlight chill,
A dying Dragoon looks up to a friend:
"Tell her I did my part to the end—
Tell her I died as an Englishman should—
And give her—her handkerchief—it is my blood."

There went,
From a church in Kent,
An eager and anxious prayer to God
For lovers, brothers, and sons abroad:
The fairest and noblest prayed for one—
Neither lover, nor brother, nor son.

A calm
After hymn and psalm:
The preacher in silent thought is bowed,
Ere he gives out the bidding prayer aloud.
Hark! what can that long, dull booming be,
Swept by the east wind across the sea?

Boom, boom,
Like the voice of doom!
The preacher has fought, and knows full well
The message that booming has to tell,
And gives out his text: "Let God arise,
And he shall scatter our enemies."

One night
In two memories bright;
One golden hour unwatched at a ball,
A kerchief taken or given was all.
"Off to the war to-morrow—good-by—
I'll carry it with me until I die!"

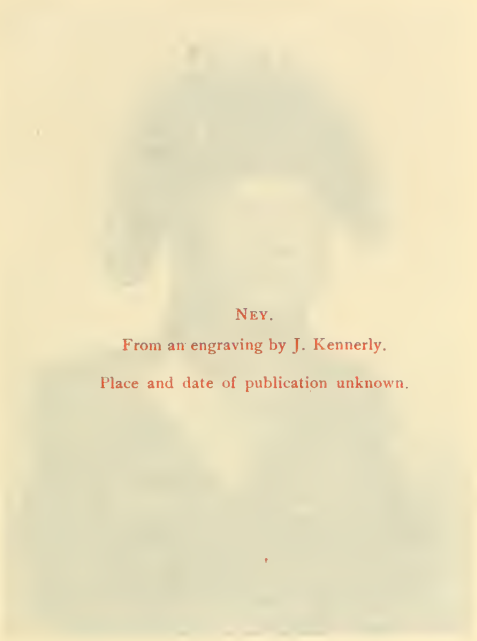
He is dead!
"You have come," she said,
"To bring me tidings of him I loved?
Your face has told me your tale—he proved
Worthy the name I did not know,
The man that I thought him a year ago."

"He died
With stern English pride,
But lived to fight the great battle through;
His last words were of England and you;
He died as an English gentleman should,
And sent you—your handkerchief—rich with his blood."

"Ah me!
Life is sad," moaned she,
"When all the sun in its sky hath flown!"
And "One loving bosom is very lone."
And "Oh, if I might lie by you
In your soldier's grave at Waterloo!"

NEY'S CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

SHORTLY after eleven o'clock, on the morning of the eighteenth of June, the work of slaughter began. It was at that time Napoleon ordered the attack upon Hougoumont, which was intended as a diversion only, but which was fated to become a most important factor in the result of the battle. Napoleon's brother Jerome undertook to carry out this part of the Emperor's plan, but he signally failed, not through any lack of bravery on his part, or on that of his soldiers, but wholly through an apparent unjustifiable ignorance of the nature of the task assigned him. It was not until after one o'clock that the first attack on the centre of the English line was ordered. D'Erlon, who had charge of this movement, was repulsed and driven back with fearful loss. While the French troops were re-forming, and preparations were being made to again test the strength of Wellington's line, Bulow's corps of the Prussian army appeared on the field, and Napoleon was compelled to withdraw a part of his force from the advance about to be made, in order to meet this new foe. In this undertaking Napoleon assumed personal command, leaving Ney in charge of the movement against the English line. Ney determined to make the attack with cavalry, and for two long hours his iron horsemen



NEY.

From an engraving by J. Kennerly.

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hurled themselves against that line, which would neither bend nor break. By reason of sheer exhaustion on the part of the French cuirassiers this assault also failed. Napoleon having, as he supposed, effectually beaten the Prussians, returned to the front, where Ney made known to him the true condition of affairs. The Imperial Guard, or rather what remained of it, was the only resource left. Upon this hitherto invincible band of warriors depended the fate of France. It was about seven o'clock, in the evening of that awful day, when Napoleon handed over to Ney all he had—the remnant of his Guard. What followed is told in the following verses.

NEY'S CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

ANON.

'T was the Corsican's last struggle—dark and lurid rose the morn
Where, on the field of Waterloo, light waved the tasselled corn,
And where proud England's chivalry, fresh from the giddy dance,
Went forth to bide, in war's red tide, the Grand Army of France.
There stood the rival nations, there each ensign fluttered high,
Nodding its stern defiance as it streamèd toward the sky.
There the farmer boys of Yorkshire, the conscript from the Seine,
The veteran from the Indies, and from Moscow's icy plain,
The shepherd of the Highlands, and Naples' gondoliers,
The high *noblesse* of England, the Empire's haughty peers,

All, all went forth that awful morn with hearts of bounding pride,—
Went forth, as to a bridal,—to meet Death as a bride.
Hark! to the shrieking trumpet! hark! to the rolling drum!
Hark! how the crashing cannon-shot proclaim the battle storm!
Be merry, Death! for never yet, in one short summer morn,
Hast thou reaped a bloodier harvest than in yonder trampled corn.
The day wore on—where in mad charge the fiery cuirassiers
Still spurred against the bayonets of the stout English squares,
The smoke had settled dark and gray; and in that battle cloud
Both armies were enveloped, as in some Titanic shroud.
'T was then an aide rode headlong to where Napoleon stood:
"Sire! Sire!" he cried, "the Prussians! they 're debouching from the wood."
Napoleon turned—at those dread words he felt the Empire grand
Sinking like withering ashes from beneath his nerveless hand.
"Send for the Prince of Moskwa! hasten my Guard's advance!
On him and them alone must rest the destiny of France."
The marshal came—he cast a glance of anguish not of fear,
To where the Prussians' sullen gun sent warnings to his ear.
"I am here," he said, "my chieftain; I have erred, but I am true;
I am here to die, as I have lived, for glory, France, and you.

"Ney!" said the Emperor, "dear Ney! tried friend in
brighter days,
Thy brother's star is dull and dim; 't is fading from his
gaze.
The men he made immortal have left him, one by
one;
The princes, kings, and marshals—aye, and brothers—all
are gone.
Ney! bravest of the brave! the Empire shivers! must it
fall?
Go, lead the Guards! the last great charge must save or
ruin all.
Strike once again for glory—safety—liberty, dear Ney,
The world's vast fate hangs quivering on thy valiant arm
to-day!"
The bearskins of the Grenadiers gleam grimly through
the corn;
No roll of drum, no trumpet tone, is heard to cheer them
on;
Through blue and livid sheets of flame Ney leads them—
on they go,
Till he hurls them, as an avalanche, against the shrinking
foe.
Still on! two solid ranks before their charge are scattered
wide,
And yet those foes, like hydras' heads, spring up on every
side;
Volcanic bursts of red-hot rain are vain to make them
fly—
They cannot on—they will not turn—so, tarry there to
die.
They are falling, they are falling, but each soldier only
sees
His loved tricolour still shivering, torn, defiant in the
breeze;

And though on front, flank, rear is shrieked the Saxons' mad hurrah,
Each bleeding square dies proudly there, with "Vive l'Empereur!"
But fainter—fainter are the cries, and fewer are the men;
The bearskins of the Grenadiers are low upon the plain.
'T is sunset; o'er red Waterloo the shroud of night is thrown;
Napoleon! thy Guard is dead! a broken toy thy crown!

AN EPISODE OF WATERLOO.

THE defeat of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo was a startling revelation to the rest of the French army. Never before in its history had its stern warriors been known to move on a field of battle, except in the path of victory. If tradition be true they now accepted annihilation rather than acknowledge themselves conquered. The fidelity of the soldiers of the Grand Army towards their Emperor continued to the end. To die for him, rather than to live for another, was their choice. Their devotion was genuine, and it ceased only when death summoned them from his side. Ney led the Guard in its last charge, and when horse after horse was shot under him, he still led these heroes, on foot, sword in hand. "Come, gentlemen, follow me, and see how a marshal of France can die," was an expression worthy the man; but how much nobler had it not been supplemented by the words, "If I 'm not shot here, I 'll be hanged when I return to Paris." It was policy for him to die on the field of battle; to the soldiers, death was but the fulfilment on their part of the contract made with the Emperor.

The story told below is founded on an incident said to have actually occurred at Waterloo. Had the generals

and marshals of Napoleon been made of the same stuff this private soldier was, Waterloo would never have been fought.

AN EPISODE OF WATERLOO.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

The battle was waning; the sun had set
  Thro' the clouds of smoke on the shrieking plain,
And the scattered bodies of men lay wet
  In great pools of blood and great pools of rain.

Then thunders of cannon still rent the air,
  And the crimson field had been barely won,
While echoes of anguish drowned the blare,
  And greeted the answer of brave Cambronne.

Thro' the dust and gloom from the north advanced,
  With helmeted heads and vigorous breath,
The dragoons of Blücher, equipped and lanced,
  To swell the red ties of the river Death.

And the Emperor stood on the gory field,
  With his great calm eyes in a strange unrest;
But his forehead's pale marble ne'er revealed
  All the burning hell in his tortured breast.

It was o'er; and the victor's eager cry
  Rose up in the night, while the piercing groans
Of thousand of heroes left to die
  Blent shrill with the cannon's monotones.

Thro' the heat of fire, thro' the bullets' rain,
  Thro' the sea of battle that stormed and waved,
The pale man on the prancing horse again
  Led his legions on, for France might be saved.

And though all seemed lost, *he* was still adored
By those valorous hearts that knew naught of fear ;
And the maimed and dying, with limbs begored,
As he hurried by, would rise and cheer.

There was one poor soldier who lay between
Five mangled Prussians and heard him pass ;
He surmised him near, for he had not seen,
And he struggled to rise from the bloody grass.

He had left his mother in old Touraine,
His sister Jeanne, and his father blind,
But remembered naught of their love again
When the thought of his Emperor filled his mind.

He thought, as he wallowed in clotted gore,
Of the sweetheart he quitted against his will,
Of the dear old home he would see no more,
But the Emperor held his heart's love still.

His left arm had been shattered by grape and shell,
And hung to the bone by a single thread ;
But he heard the great Emperor's voice—and, well,
" I 'll give one last proof of my love," he said.

For he felt that his darling chief was nigh,
And wrenched the dead arm from the broken blade,
And cried with his weak, poor, feeble cry,
" It has served thee well, and for thee it was made ! "

And he waved it high in his frantic might
As Napoleon passed with a flash and a whir ;
And his last words rang through the awful night,
" *Vive l'Empereur ! Vive l'Empereur !* "

AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE result of the battle of Waterloo was brought about by so many combinations of circumstances, not counted on by Napoleon, that it would be idle to fix upon any of them as the pivotal one. All was staked, and lost; and whether disaster came by reason of treason and disobedience on the part of those high in office, the fact remains that the rank and file of the army gained only honour and glory. It is now eighty years since the battle was fought. With it ended the career of the greatest man the world ever produced. The greatest, because his life began, was made, and ended within the space of twenty years. From Toulon to Waterloo means twenty-two years; but Napoleon's real career began in 1795, when, at twenty-six years of age, he was called to the command of the government troops in Paris. At forty-six he fought Waterloo, and retired, leaving behind him the most marvellous history ever made by mortal man. What the future of France would have been had Waterloo been won, no one can conjecture. It is extremely doubtful whether it was bettered by the loss of the battle. The French people were certainly not at rest for many years. The lily and the violet flourished not in the same soil. One went, and then the other, until now France seems to be at

peace. What the coming of a second Napoleon would portend is indeed a grave question.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

JEAN FRANÇOIS-CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

They breathe no longer; let their ashes rest!
  Clamour unjust and calumny
They stooped not to confute; but flung their breast
  Against the legions of your enemy,
And thus avenged themselves: for you they die.

Woe to you, woe! if those inhuman eyes
  Can spare no drops to mourn your country's weal;
Shrinking before your selfish miseries;
  Against the common sorrow hard as steel:
Tremble! the hand of death upon you lies:
  You may be forced yourselves to feel.
But no,—what son of France has spared his tears
  For her defenders, dying in their fame?
Though kings return, desired through lengthening years,
  What old man's cheek is tinged not with her shame?
What veteran, who their fortune's treason hears,
  Feels not the quickening spark of his old youthful flame?

Great Heaven! what lessons mark that one day's page!
What ghastly figures that might crowd an age!
How shall the historic Muse record the day,
Nor, starting, cast the trembling pen away?
Hide from me, hide those soldiers overborne,
Broken with toil, with death-bolts crushed and torn,—
Those quivering limbs with dust defiled,
And bloody corses upon corses piled;

Veil from mine eyes that monument
Of nation against nation spent
In struggling rage that pants for breath;
Spare us the bands thou sparedst, Death!
O Varus! where the warriors thou hast led?
Restore Our Legions!—give us back the dead!

I see the broken squadrons reel;
The steeds plunge wild with spurning heel;
Our eagles trod in miry gore;
The leopard standards swooping o'er;
The wounded on their slow cars dying;
The rout disordered, wavering, flying;
Tortured with struggles vain, the throng
Sway, shock, and drag their shattered mass along,
And leave behind their long array—
Wrecks, corses, blood,—the foot-marks of their way.

Through whirlwind smoke and flashing flame,—
O grief!—what sight appalls mine eye?
The sacred band, with generous shame,
Sole 'gainst an army, pause—to die!
Struck with the rare devotion, 't is in vain
The foes at gaze their blades restrain,
And, proud to conquer, hem them round: the cry
Returns, "The guard surrender not! they die!"
'T is said that, when in dust they saw them lie,
A reverend sorrow for their brave career
Smote on the foe: they fixed the pensive eye,
And first beheld them undisturbed with fear.

See, then, these heroes, long invincible,
Whose threatening features still their conquerors brave;

Frozen in death, those eyes are terrible;
Feats of the past their deep-scarred brows engrave:
For these are they who bore Italia's sun,
Who o'er Castilia's mountain-barrier passed;
The North beheld them o'er the rampart run,
Which frosts of ages round her Russian cast:
All sank subdued before them, and the date
Of combats owed this guerdon to their glory,
Seldom to Franks denied,—to fall elate
On some proud day that should survive in story.

Let us no longer mourn them; for the palm
Unwithering shades their features stern and calm:
Franks! mourn we for ourselves,—our land's disgrace,—
The proud, mean passions that divide her race.
What age so rank in treasons? to our blood
The love is alien of the common good;
Friendship, no more unbosomed, hides her tears,
And man shuns man, and each his fellow fears;
Scared from her sanctuary, Faith shuddering flies
The din of oaths, the vaunt of perjuries.

O cursed delirium! jars deplored,
That yield our home-hearths to the stranger's sword!
Our faithless hands but draw the gleaming blade
To wound the bosom which its point should aid.

The strangers raze our fencèd walls;
The castle stoops, the city falls;
Insulting foes their truce forget;
The unsparing war-bolt thunders yet;
Flames glare our ravaged hamlets o'er,
And funerals darken every door;
Drained provinces their greedy prefects rue,
Beneath the lilied or the triple hue;

And Franks, disputing for the choice of power,
Dethrone a banner, or proscribe a flower.
France! to our fierce intolerance we owe
The ills that from these sad divisions flow;
'T is time the sacrifice were made to thee
Of our suspicious pride, our civic enmity:
Haste,—quench the torches of intestine war;
Heaven points the lily as our army's star;
Hoist, then, the banner of the white,—some tears
May bathe the thrice-dyed flag which Austerlitz endears.

France! France! awake, with one indignant mind!
With new-born hosts the throne's dread precinct bind!
Disarmed, divided, conquerors o'er us stand;
Present the olive, but the sword in hand.
And thou, O people, flushed with our defeat,
To whom the mourning of our land is sweet,
Thou witness of the death-blow of our brave!
Dream not that France is vanquished to a slave;
Call not with pride the avengers yet to come:
Heaven may remit the chastening of our doom;
A new Germanicus may yet demand
Those eagles wrested from our Varus' hand.

THE FAMOUS VICTORY.

It would never do to let so good an opportunity as Waterloo pass without taking advantage of it, so the English writers sharpened their wits, and went at their friends across the channel in the usual manner. If all their efforts had been as harmless as the following, Napoleon himself might well have enjoyed being made fun of. But this is a mild example. Most of the things written and said were bitterly insulting, and wholly unworthy the great nation of England, whose boast always has been to respect a fallen foe.

THE FAMOUS VICTORY.

Winthrop M. Praed.

Ay, here such valorous deeds were done
As ne'er were done before;
Ay, here the reddest wreath was won
That ever Gallia wore:
Since Ariosto's wondrous knight
Made all the Pagans dance,
There never dawned so bright a day
As Waterloo's on France.

The trumpet poured its deafening sound,
Flags fluttered on the gale,

And cannon roared, and heads flew round
As fast as summer hail:
The sabres flashed; with rage and fear
The steeds began to prance;
The English quaked from front to rear,—
They never quake in France!

The cuirassiers rode in and out
As fierce as wolves and bears;
'T was grand to see them slash about
Amongst the English squares!
And then the Polish lancer came,
Careering with his lance;
No wonder Britons blushed for shame,
And ran away from France.

The Duke of York was killed that day—
The King was sadly scarred;
Lord Eldon, as he ran away,
Was captured by the Guard:
Poor Wellington, with fifty Blues,
Escaped by some strange chance;
And henceforth never dared again
To show himself in France.

So Buonaparte pitched his tent
That day in Grosvenor Place;
And Ney rode straight to Parliament,
And broke the Speaker's mace.
"Vive l'Empereur!" was said and sung
From Peebles to Penzance;
The mayor and aldermen were hung,
Which made folks laugh in France.

They pulled the tower of London down;
They burned our wooden walls;

They brought his Holiness to town,
And throned him in St. Paul's:
And Gog and Magog rubbed their eyes,
Awaking from a trance,
And grumbled out in dread surprise,
"Oh, mercy! we 're in France!"

They sent a Regent to our isle;
The little King of Rome;
And squibs and crackers all the while
Blazed in the Place Vendome;
And ever since, in arts and power
They 're making great advance;
They 've had strong beer from that glad hour,
And sea-coal fires in France.

MORAL.

My uncle, Captain Flanigan,
Who lost a leg in Spain,
Tells stories of a little man
Who died at St. Helene:
But, bless my heart! they can't be true—
They 're surely all romance;
John Bull was beat at Waterloo—
They 'll swear to it in France!

A VISIT TO BONAPARTE IN PLYMOUTH SOUND.

After his defeat at Waterloo, Napoleon went back to Paris, and there tried to bring some sort of order out of the chaos he found, but all in vain. Fickle France would consent to nothing but his abdication. Those who had been the most enthusiastic in their greetings upon his return from Elba were now the loudest in their demands that he vacate the throne. In answer to these demands, Napoleon, for the second time, laid down the crown ; and then, as a soldier, offered his services to France in an endeavour to drive back the invaders, now rapidly approaching Paris. His offer was refused, and he was asked in a peremptory manner to leave Paris and France as quickly as possible, else the provisional government would not be answerable for his personal safety. Where should he go ? This man, who had had all Europe to choose from, was now seeking an isolated corner of the earth to which he might fly in order to hide himself from his own countrymen and escape from the hands of his merciless foes. America was first thought of, but that proving impossible, Napoleon determined to surrender himself to England, hoping to get, at least, justice from that constant and powerful enemy. His letter to the Prince Regent proved the confidence he had in the generosity of the English Government. On the fifteenth

of July he went on board the *Bellerophon* and was there received with all the honours due his exalted rank, and he sailed for England, fully assured in his own mind of receiving all that he might in justice demand. On the twenty-sixth the *Bellerophon* arrived at Plymouth. Here Napoleon was informed that, instead of being allowed even to land in England, he was to be sent a prisoner to St. Helena. The common people of England, more generous and humane than the government, came in crowds to Pymouth to catch a glimpse of the man who had ever been the people's friend, and they greeted him with kindness and even enthusiasm.

A VISIT TO BONAPARTE IN PLYMOUTH SOUND.

(By a Lady.)

ANON.

There is nothing so dull as mere fact, you 'll admit,
While you read my detail, unenlivened by wit ;
My friends will believe, though they 're told it in rhyme,
That I thought to return in a far shorter time.
When at one we 're resolv'd, by half past on the move,
And by two, but a trio, we reach Mutton Cove ;
When approaching the quay such a rabble and rout,
That we ask, " My good friend, what is all this about ? "
" They are rowing a race, and some boats are come in,
While these people are waiting till t' others begin."
Well aware of our folly, with risible lip,
The boatman we told to make haste to the ship ;
On the colours of fish, here by hampers-full landing,
We gaze for amusement, while still we 're kept standing.
At length to the Admiral's stairs we have got,
See his party on board, and hear tunes from his yacht.
The day is delightful, the gale just enough

For the sea to look lively without being rough.
With those first at the ship, our sight costs the dearer,
As we 've longer to wait, and not, in the end, nearer;
For by land and by water so different the case is,
'T was long before we were jam'd into our places;
But on further advice we 'll at present be dumb,
For half the spectators, you know, are now come:
In one boat a bevy, all sarcenet and veil,
In the next some good fellows while toping their ale.
"Avast! here 's the guard boat." "Aye, here it comes
smack."
And the ladies cry, "Captain, they 'll drive us all back!"
Then some bully our men with, "Skull out there, skull
out!"
And others check these with "Mind what you 're about."
Here 's a crazy old boat, laded dry by a shoe;
There, a gay painted barge is forced on our view;
In this, while Don Solus is jeered by the mob,
"See that empty boat; turn it out." "Here 's a fine job."
Cries one, of some dozens squeezed into the next,
"I 've left the pork pie; Oh dear, I 'm so vex'd!"
In the long boat, that shews us profusion of oar,
From the captain bursts forth a most terrible roar
At his men; but the anger about who, or what,
Though they still remember, we soon had forgot.
Here infants were crying, mothers scolding downright,
While the next party laughs at some comical sight.
Now watches and spy-glasses make their appearance,
And Impatience, that vixen, begins interference;
To beguile her, through portholes we eagerly stare,
For the nobles on deck are all taking the air.
"Hey dey, what a bustle!" then, "All safe, all safe!"
The crowd is return'd to its chatter and laugh.
"Pray, what was the matter?" "From that boat near the
ship

A woman fell over, and so got a dip."
But a hum of applause—yes, his triumph is full;
Yet this hum of applause has betrayed our John Bull.
"What hum of applause? Come, I prithee be brief."
Why, John was delighted to see them ship *beef*.
With a smile 't is observed by the Briton polite,
How the glee of the crowd was improv'd by the sight;
For the rough, honest tar had declared, from his heart,
That he thought this a sight that would beat Bonaparte.
Some, again, with composure, predict peace and war,
Others look at the great folks and fancy a star;
But we, much fatigued, six o'clock now approaching,
And on our good nature we thought them encroaching
When boats are made bridges; nay, tempted to think
That through some of these freedoms not strange we
should sink.
But here I must mention, when all was most merry,
As here is each size, from the long boat to wherry,
When the crowd should disperse, I was fearful, I own,
Lest your small boats by barges should then be run down.
But a truce with our hopes, our predictions, and fears,
For now—yes, at last—our grand object appears;
And now every eye to the ship is directed,
Though to see Bonaparte I no longer expected;
For between us what number of men! and aghast
We stood, as still thicker and thicker the mast. (? mass)
But now see Napoleon, who seems in his figure
What we call mediocre, nor smaller, nor bigger.
For in spite of our fears, how it was I can't tell,
What our distance allowed of, we saw very well.
But in this we 're full right, for now, hurry-scurry,
Boat rows against boat with the madness of fury.
The show was all over, but time was outstaid
By some, and by others attempts were still made
To get round the ship, in hopes Bonaparte might
At some place yet be seen, thus to perfect their sight.

NAPOLEON'S LAST LOOK.

HISTORIANS differ as to just when and where Napoleon took his last look at France after his surrender to Captain Maitland on board the *Bellerophon;* but it seems fairly well settled that the incident occurred as the *Northumberland* passed Cape de la Hogue on the way out from Plymouth to St. Helena, and after Napoleon had been transferred to that vessel. A number of writers hold that it was on the twenty-third of July, when passing Cape Ushant, going from Rochefort to Plymouth, that the Emperor saw France for the last time. Cape Ushant, it is true, was in sight on the morning of the day mentioned, and Napoleon, with his suite, from the deck of the *Bellerophon*, gazed long and sadly upon it. That scene has been the theme of the poet and the artist, and it is generally accepted as representing Napoleon's farewell to France; but the best authorities agree that it was in August, as the *Northumberland* passed Cape de la Hogue, that the last glimpse of France was obtained. However this may be, the scene, wherever it took place, must have been an impressive and an affecting one to those who witnessed it. What were the thoughts that passed through the mind of Napoleon as he gazed upon those fast receding shores, never again to be seen by him? Still in years a young man, he was going into an exile worse than death

to his proud and haughty spirit. Condemned to end his existence upon a cold and barren isle, he was leaving behind the land in which he had won such high distinction and enjoyed such power and glory as had never before been equalled. Did he think of Lodi and Arcola, of Marengo and Austerlitz, of Jena and Friedland and Wagram, and the many other fields upon which he had won such wonderful renown? Did he think of Moscow and the train of disasters that had followed him after leaving that ancient city of the Czars; of bloody Waterloo, so recent, and so decisive of his fate? He who so lately had been master of the world, was now only permitted to gaze upon, and that for the last time, the country he had found so poor and had made so mighty and so rich. Surely he had food enough for reflection.

NAPOLEON'S LAST LOOK.

BARTHOLOMEW SIMMONS.

What of the night, ho! Watcher there
  Upon the armèd deck,
That holds within its thunderous lair
  The last of empire's wreck,—
E'en him whose capture now the chain
  From captive earth shall smite;
Ho! rocked upon the moaning main,
  Watcher, what of the night?

"The stars are waning fast, the curl
  Of morning's coming breeze
Far in the north begins to furl
  Night's vapour from the seas.
Her every shred of canvas spread,
  The proud ship plunges free,

While bears afar, with stormy head,
Cape Ushant on our lee."

At that last word, as trumpet-stirred,
Forth in the dawning gray
A silent man made to the deck
His solitary way,
And, leaning o'er the poop, he gazed
Till on his straining view
That cloudlike speck of land, upraised,
Distinct, but slowly grew.

Well may he look until his frame
Maddens to marble there;
He risked Renown's all-grasping game,—
Dominion or despair,—
And lost; and lo! in vapour furled,
The last of that loved France,
For which his prowess cursed the world,
Is dwindling from his glance.

He lives, perchance, the past again,
From the fierce hour when first
On the astounded hearts of men
His meteor-presence burst;
When blood-besotted Anarchy
Sank quelled amid the roar
Of thy far-sweeping musketry,
Eventful Thermidor!

Again he grasps the victor-crown
Marengo's carnage yields,
Or bursts o'er Lodi, beating down
Bavaria's thousand shields;

Then, turning from the battle-sod,
  Assumes the Consul's palm,
Or seizes giant empire's rod
  In solemn Notre Dame.

And darker thoughts oppress him now,—
  Her ill-requited love,
Whose faith, as beauteous as her brow,
  Brought blessings from above;
Her trampled heart, his darkening star,
  The cry of outraged man,
And white-lipped Rout and wolfish War,
  Loud thundering on his van.

Rave on, thou far-resounding deep,
  Whose billows round him roll!
Thou 'rt calmness to the storms that sweep
  This moment o'er his soul.
Black chaos swims before him, spread
  With trophy-shaping bones;
The council-strife, the battle-dead,
  Rent charters, cloven thrones.

Yet, proud one! could the loftiest day
  Of thy transcendent power
Match with the soul-compelling sway
  Which in this dreadful hour
Aids thee to hide beneath the show
  Of calmest lip and eye
The hell that wars and works below,
  The quenchless thirst to die?

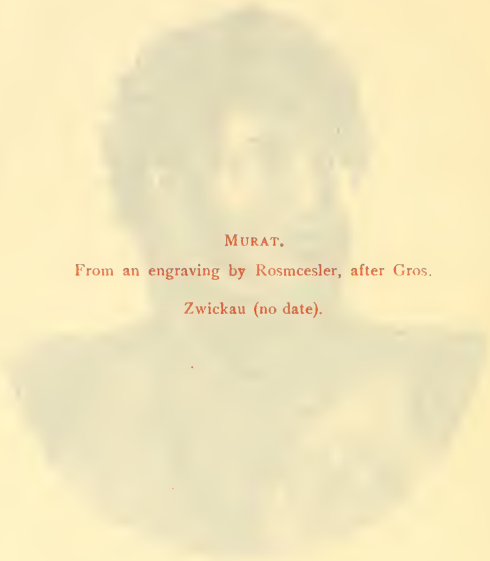
The white dawn crimsoned into morn,
  The morning flashed to day,

And the sun followed, glory-born,
Rejoicing on his way;
And still o'er ocean's kindling flood
That muser cast his view,
While round him awed, and silent, stood
His fate's devoted few.

Oh for the sulphurous eve of June,
When down that Belgian hill
His bristling Guards' superb platoon
He led unbroken still!
Now would he pause, and quit their side
Upon destruction's marge,
Nor kinglike share with desperate pride
Their vainly glorious charge?

No,—gladly forward he would dash
Amid that onset on,
Where blazing shot and sabre-crash
Pealed o'er his empire gone;
There, 'neath his vanquished eagles tost,
Should close his grand career:
Girt by his heaped and slaughtered host
He lived,—for fetters here!

Enough,—in noontide's yellow light
Cape Ushant melts away,
Even as his kingdom's shattered might
Shall utterly decay,
Save when his spirit-shaking story,
In years remotely dim,
Warms some pale minstrel with its glory
To raise the song to him.



MURAT.

From an engraving by Rosmcesler, after Gros.

Zwickau (no date).

THE DEATH OF MURAT.

WHILE Napoleon was on his way to St. Helena, his brother-in-law, that gallant horseman, Murat, met his fate. It will be remembered, that directly after the return of the French army from Russia, in 1812, Murat, in order to save his crown, basely deserted the Emperor, retired to his own kingdom, and there took up arms against France and his former comrades. After Napoleon's first abdication the Allies agreed to reward Murat's treachery with treachery, and they passed a resolution at the Congress of Vienna expelling him from Naples and awarding that country to its former rulers. Before this act of perfidy could be carried into effect, Napoleon was again in France and at the head of his army. Murat, with all his old-time impetuosity, rushed at once to arms, and declared war against the Allies, hoping by his zeal to reinstate himself in the favour of the Emperor. The result of his hasty act was the inevitable one. He was crushed by overwhelming strength, his little army cut to pieces, and he left a fugitive. Escaping to France, he arrived there only in time to learn of the final overthrow of Napoleon, without being able to assist, by the aid of his mighty sword, in averting it. In fact, his untimely action in drawing that formidable weapon at home was, no doubt, a great detriment to the cause he wished to advance. After Napoleon's departure

for St. Helena, Murat made a desperate attempt to regain his throne; which ended in his being arrested, tried by court-martial, and condemned to immediate execution. The day before St. Helena was sighted by those on board the *Northumberland*, Murat expiated all his faults by bravely dying the death of a soldier.

THE DEATH OF MURAT.

THOMAS ATKINSON.

" My hour is come. Forget me not. My blessing is with you;
With you my last, my fondest thought; with you my heart's adieu.
Farewell, farewell, my Caroline, my children's doting mother!
I made thee wife, Fate made thee queen; one hour and thou art neither.
Farewell, my sweet Letitia! my love is with thee still;
Louise and Lucien, adieu; and thou, my own Achille."
With quivering lip, but with no tear,—or tear that gazers saw,—
These words, to all his heart held dear, thus wrote the brave Murat.

Then of the locks which, dark and large, o'er his broad shoulders hung,
That streamed war-pennons in the charge, yet like caressings clung
In peace around his forehead high, which more than diadem
Beseemed the curls that lovingly replaced the cold, hard gem,
He cut him one for wife, for child—'t was all he had to will;

But with the regal wealth and state he lost its heartless chill.
The iciness of alien power what gushing love may thaw
The agony of such an hour as this—thy *last*, Murat?

"Comrade, though foe, a soldier asks from thee a soldier's aid;
They 're not a warrior's only tasks that need his blood and blade;
That upon which I latest gaze, that which I fondest clasp,
When death upon my eyeballs sinks and stiffens on my grasp,
This, and these locks around it twined, say, wilt thou see them sent,
Need I say where? Enough! 't is kind! To death, then! I 'm content.
Oh, to have found death in the field, not as a chained outlaw!
No more! To destiny I yield, with mightier than Murat."

They led him forth; 't was but a stride between his prison room
And where, with yet a monarch's pride, he met a felon's doom.
"Soldiers, your muzzles to my breast will leave brief space for pain.
Strike to the heart!" His last behest was uttered not in vain.
He turned full to the levelled tubes that held the wished-for boon;
He gazed upon the love-clasped pledge;—then volleyed the platoon.
And when their hold the hands gave up, the pitying gazers saw
In the dear image of a wife thy heart's best trait, Murat.

ON THE DEATH OF MARSHAL NEY.

THE execution of Marshal Ney may be justified upon strictly technical grounds, but it can never be excused. According to the terms of the capitulation of Paris he should have gone free. Wellington could have saved him, if he would ; but what mercy had Ney to expect at Wellington's hands, when this same "Iron Duke" had advised the English Government, when it had Napoleon in its power, to turn him over to the French authorities to be dealt with as a traitor? There was but little difference in sentiment in regard to their conquered foe between the English duke and the Prussian marshal ; they both sought revenge on about the same level. And it is beyond comprehension how any court in France could condemn Marshal Ney to be shot to death by Frenchmen. With the advance guard on every forward movement, with the rear guard on every retreat, Ney had fought his hundred battles for France, and never one against her. Guilty he may have been of a very grave offence, but did his many years of noble service for his country count for nothing in the balance? Napoleon pardoned Ney's faults with regard to himself, and they were many, and he recognised him always as the "bravest of the brave." Surely Louis XVIII. could, without dishonour, have forgiven the sturdy, impulsive old marshal

his one offence against him. The Treaty of Paris stipulated that no person should be molested for his political opinions or conduct during the Hundred Days, and yet, in spite of this solemn agreement, fifty-eight persons were banished and three condemned to death. The young and gallant Colonel Labédoyère suffered the penalty with Ney. Lavalette escaped.

ON THE DEATH OF MARSHAL NEY.

ANON.

Could haughty Britain stoop so low from her laurel-girded
throne,
When that noble chief was fallen, and all his glory gone?
When vanished was his marshal pride, and torn his waving plume,
To lead the captive warrior forth to meet a felon's doom?

With nations banded at her side,—when from her throne
she hurled
The arbiter of kingdoms wide, the conqueror of the
world,—
Could she not then have stretchèd forth her victor arm
to save
Napoleon's honoured chieftain—the bravest of the brave?

When bayonets flashed around him, and the sheen of
sabres bright,
As he clove his red path forward through the thickest of
the fight;
Where'er his waving crest was seen, tossed by the battle's
breath,
There his brave host followed him to victory or to death.

Look on him now, how fearlessly he marches forth to die!
How proud his noble bearing, and how calm that haughty eye!
And his voice will sound its latest in tones as full and clear
As when above the fight it rose in spirit-stirring cheer.

He waved his white-plumed hat high as he did of yore,
When his comrades stood behind him, the enemy before;
"Adieu! my brethren!" was the last, the hero's brief farewell—
The signal waved, the volley streamed, and the noble chieftain fell.

He fell—whose life the northern snows on red Smolensko's plain,
The Cossack's lance, more deadly still, had both assailed in vain;
Whose heart, though swayed by destiny, was to the mighty true—
He fell who stood where thousands died, at deadly Waterloo!

And, oh! if in that bloody day when the star of victory waned,
Amid the thundering cannon's smoke, nor e'en a hope remained;
Oh! if the death so oft he dared had found him even then,
And he had died, as soldiers die, on the field of fighting men;

He should have fallen with the brave upon that glorious field,
With those immortal guards who died, but knew not how to yield,

Leading the chivalry of France along like a resistless tide,
Where battle raged the thickest, 't was there he should have died.

And can it be that England—the glorious and the free,
The conqueror of France on earth, the mistress of the sea—
So far forgot her laurelled pride, nor even dared to save
The glory and the pride of France—the bravest of the brave?

She did forget, and from that hour forever shall her name
Be stained with the accursed spot, the impress of her shame ;
The mightiest power looked placid on and saw her allies slay,
When the fight he led so well was o'er, all that could die of Ney.

And, oh! when dark oblivion has forever o'er them thrown
The shadow of her silent pall, nor e'en their names are known :
The memory then of him they slew shall glorious shine on high,
In the light of fame's immortal wreath—"the brave can never die!"

MADAME LAVALETTE.

THE escape of Lavalette from prison was due to the efforts of his noble wife, aided by three gallant and friendly English officers. Condemned to die like Ney and Labédoyère, Lavalette had bidden farewell to his friends and the world, and it only remained for him to say good-by to his wife and child before being led to execution. But this heroic wife was of no mind to part with her beloved husband, if escape for him was possible, and she determined on making a bold attempt to save him. Being permitted, with her daughter, to see her husband, as it was supposed for the last time, Madame Lavalette induced him to change garments with her, and so pass out in safety, in her stead, while she remained behind to suffer the consequence of her act. The guard and the prison walls being passed, Lavalette, with the aid of the English officers, was soon outside the gates of Paris and across the frontier of France. To the wit, the nerve, and the courage of his wife he owed his life, and in after years she had her reward when Lavalette was pardoned and allowed to return to France and his family.

MADAME LAVALETTE.

ANON.

Let Edinburgh critics o'erwhelm with their praises
  Their Madame de Staël, and their fam'd L'Epinasse;
Like a meteor, at best, proud Philosophy blazes,
  And the fame of a wit is as brittle as glass:

But cheering 's the beam and unfading the splendour
Of thy torch, wedded love! and it never has yet
Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or more tender,
Than it sheds on the name of the fair Lavalette.

Then fill high the wine-cup, e'en virtue shall bless it,
And hallow the goblet which foams to her name;
The warm lip of beauty shall piously press it,
And Hymen shall honour the pledge to her fame:
To the health of the woman, who freedom and life, too,
Has risk'd for her husband, we 'll pay the just debt;
And hail with applauses the heroine and wife, too,
The constant, the noble, the fair Lavalette.

Her foes have awarded, in impotent malice,
To their captive a doom which all Europe abhors,
And turns from the stairs of the priest-haunted palace,
While those who replaced them there blush for their cause.
But in ages to come, when the blood-tarnish'd glory
Of dukes, and of marshals in darkness hath set,
Hearts shall throb, eyes shall glisten, at reading the story
Of the fond self-devotion of fair Lavalette.

THE STAR OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

As the shores of France disappeared beneath the distant horizon, Napoleon's thoughts, as he stood upon the deck of the *Northumberland*, may well have been of himself; of the wonderful destiny which had been his; of the "star" he had followed blindly so many years, and which had led him from obscurity to the most dazzling splendour ever attained by man; of the "star" that had lured him on from victory to victory, until he had reached the very zenith of power and glory, only, in the end, to draw him, by the renewed brightness of its baneful light, to the fatal field of Waterloo, there to betray him, and vanish, for all time, from his sight. From Corsica to the throne of France! from Austerlitz to St. Helena! Well, indeed, may Napoleon, as he took his last look at his beloved country, have thought of "his star" and of the history he had made, following whither it had beckoned him.

THE STAR OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

G. W. CUTTER.

"O'er Ajaccio's spires—Corsica's isle—
And ocean's breast, that foam'd the while—
A beauteous paradise of earth!—
That star arose to hail my birth,
And guide me to the haughtiest throne
That any save the gods have known—

At least that e'er was bought with blood,
From Indus to the Volga's flood.
In halcyon peace or battle fray
I 've read my fortune in its ray
When midst night's gorgeous coronal
Of millions, it outshone them all ;
Or tempest robed, its cheering beam
Blazed where no other dared to gleam.
My midnight vigils to beguile,
I 've watched its image in the Nile ;
And where the Magi used to gaze,
To form the horoscope of kings,
I 've joyed to see its silver blaze
Fall on my eagle's folded wings.

" O'er Mount St. Bernard's awful height,
All redly on the brow of night,
What time my meteor banners rose
O'er avalanche and Alpine snows,
And gathered up those mighty crowds
Around my standard in the clouds.
And still more brilliant did it rise
Above the smoke-enveloped skies
Of Mincio—Wagram—Marengo—
And Hohenlinden's blushing snow,
When droop'd my standard o'er the field
Where empires had been taught to yield ;
And brighter still, and brighter glow'd,
As on the mighty empire flow'd,
That to my very feet swept down
The Bourbon and the iron crown.
And redder still, and redder beam'd
Till Venice—Naples—Rome—were mine ;
My banners o'er the Tagus stream'd,
And flam'd along the Rhine.

"And yet, thou bright and glorious star,
Thou 'st tempted even me too far;
I trembled as thy light grew tame
O'er Moscow's rolling sea of flame,
And saw an hundred thousand lay
In death beneath thy frozen ray.
That instant from my grasp was hurl'd
The Ægis of a crouching world;
And o'er the retrospect of blood,
A musing, powerless man I stood,
Till round my throbbing brow accurst
The crumbling Kremlin's cinders burst.
I did not weep, I did not pray;
I wished not to survive that day;
And I had perish'd with a smile,
Beneath so grand a funeral pile;
But Beauharnais and Murat bore
Me struggling in their arms away,
Where hilt and rowel red with gore,
My famish'd ranks had won that day.

"Once more, from Elba's pictured plain,
I saw thee, o'er the stormy main,
So fiercely glow, so redly shine,
I thought the world again was mine;
And springing to my glorious France,
I bared my bosom to her lance,
And wept, tho' fallen, still to see,
Of all my veteran soldiery,
Not one but would, to shield my life,
Still venture in the deadliest strife;
And freely, ere my blood had flown,
A nation would have poured its own.
But, treacherous star! what boots to tell
The grief—the agony—the hell

That wrung my heart, as pallid grew
Thy blaze o'er damning Waterloo!
When urged my bugle's wild alarms
The few against the world in arms!
  While yet the iron storm was driven,
    And gush'd the war-cloud's crimson rain,
  I saw thy light retreat from heaven,
    And set—to rise—no! ne'er again!"

DESCRIPTION OF ST. HELENA.

On the fifteenth of October, 1815, the island of St. Helena appeared in sight, and on the afternoon of the next day Napoleon was permitted to land. The few lines following give a fair idea of the future home of the Emperor, and of the place where for six years he was to live a life of pain and anguish, both of body and of mind.

DESCRIPTION OF ST. HELENA.

ANON.

Rugged rocks and lofty mountains,
Interspers'd with crystal fountains;
Here and there a grove of trees,
Are all the wandering stranger sees;
The tradesmen, imitating fops,
With heads as empty as their shops;
Unsocial wretches here reside,
Alike their poverty and pride:
Throughout this isle there 's scarce a creature
With either breeding or good nature;
For rugged rocks and barren fields
Are all that St. Helena yields.

EPISTLE FROM TOM CRIB TO BIG BEN.

THOMAS MOORE was an Irishman, which fact will probably explain why he saw in a fallen foe only that which he could respect; nothing to insult or abuse. Not even when safely imprisoned at St. Helena did the English writers, as a rule, cease to revile their late mighty enemy, and the government was still worse in its treatment of him who had yielded on the field of battle after making one of the most gallant and heroic struggles recorded in history. The rebuke administered to those in authority in England, in the following verses, under the guise of sporting parlance, was clearly merited; and had it been properly received and acted upon, the credit and honour of a great kingdom would not have suffered as it has, because of the vile treatment awarded to Napoleon when a helpless captive in its hands.

EPISTLE FROM TOM CRIB TO BIG BEN.

THOMAS MOORE.

What! Ben, my old hero, is this your renown?
Is this the new go?—kick a man when he 's down!
When the foe has knock'd under, to tread on him then—
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, Ben!
"Foul! foul!" all the lads of the Fancy exclaim—
Charley Shock is electrified—Belcher spits flame—

And Molyneux—ay, even Blackey cries "shame!"
Time was when John Bull little difference spied
'Twixt the foe at his feet and the friend at his side:
When he found (such his humour in fighting and eating)
His foe, like his beefsteak, the sweeter for beating.
But this comes, Master Ben, of your cursed foreign notions,
Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold lace, and lotions;
Your Noyeaus, Curaçoas, and the devil knows what—
(One swig of Blue Ruin is worth the whole lot!)
Your great and small crosses—(my eyes, what a brood!
A cross-buttock from me would do some of them good!)—
Which have spoil'd you, till hardly a drop, my old porpoise,
Of pure English claret is left in your corpus;
And (as Jim says), the only one trick, good or bad,
Of the Fancy you 're up to is fibbing, my lad.
Hence it comes—Boxiana, disgrace to thy page!
Having floor'd, by good luck, the first swell of the age,
Having conquer'd the prime one, that mill'd us all round,
You kick'd him, old Ben, as he gasp'd on the ground!
Ay—just at the time to show spunk, if you 'd got any—
Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and lagg'd him to Botany!
Oh, shade of the Cheesemonger! you, who, alas,
Doubled up, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,
On that great day of milling, when blood lay in lakes,
When kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes,
Look down upon Ben—see him, dunghill all o'er,
Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him no more!
Out, cowardly spooney! again and again,
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, Ben!
To show the white feather is many men's doom,—
But what of one feather? Ben shows a whole plume.

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.

NAPOLEON'S life at St. Helena was made miserable by a continued series of petty annoyances and insults. He was deprived of his title of Emperor, and was known and spoken of as "General Bonaparte" by all, except his comrades in exile. He was watched and guarded like an imprisoned brigand. His personal liberty was curtailed to such an extent that at no time, day or night, was he alone. His jailer knew his every movement, and it was with the utmost reluctance that even the privacy of the bath was allowed him. His correspondence was opened and read by the high-minded English gentleman who had him in charge, and the requests, repeatedly made by his comrades, for better treatment for their beloved Emperor, were ignored in the most insulting manner. Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor of the island, seemed to take especial delight in attempting to humiliate his prisoner; but the haughty pride of Napoleon would tolerate nothing of that kind, and in the end he refused to see, or to have any communication whatever with, the Governor, except through the formal and official channels. A squadron of war vessels surrounded the island, and a regiment of soldiers encamped around Longwood; no one was allowed to land, or to see the illustrious captive, without a special permit; and yet, with all these precautions, fear was constantly expressed by the valiant Lowe that his charge

might escape, unless the utmost severity was exercised in the prison discipline established. Napoleon came to hate his persecutor, and with good reason.

Moore very aptly describes the situation in the following lines:

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.

THOMAS MOORE.

Sir Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson Lowe,
(By name, and ah! by nature so,)
  As thou art fond of persecutions,
Perhaps thou 'st read, or heard repeated
How Captain Gulliver was treated
  When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down—these little men did—
And having valiantly ascended
  Upon the Mighty Man's protuberance,
They did so strut!—upon my soul,
It must have been extremely droll
  To see their pigmy pride's exuberance,

And how the doughty mannikins
Amused themselves with sticking pins,
  And needles in the great man's breeches:
And how some very little things,
That pass'd for Lords, on scaffoldings
  Got up, and worried him with speeches.

Alas, alas! that it should happen
To mighty men to be caught napping!
  Though different, too, these persecutions;
For Gulliver there took the nap,
While here the Nap, oh, sad mishap,
  Is taken by the Lilliputians!

THE EAGLET MOURNED.

When Dr. Antommarchi went to St. Helena as Napoleon's medical attendant, he took with him a number of books and other gifts for the Emperor, among which was a portrait of the King of Rome as a little child. How eagerly did the father seize this precious gift, sent to him by Eugene, and how lovingly did he gaze upon the picture of his idolised son. This man of iron, who had put all Europe in mourning that his own ambition might be furthered, and who had spread desolation and woe over all the land unmoved, wept at the sight of his son's picture. It was for the sake of perpetuating his name in this son he had disowned the wife he still loved, and had allied himself with a nation that was to aid in his own undoing. It was through this son he had hoped so much for the future, and now both were prisoners in foreign lands, and the fate of his son seemed even more dark and hopeless than his own.

THE EAGLET MOURNED.

Victor Hugo.

Too hard Napoleon's fate! if, lone,
No being he had loved, no single one,
  Less dark that doom had been.
But with the heart of might doth ever dwell

The heart of love! and in his island cell
Two things there were, I ween.

Two things—a portrait and a map—were there.
Here hung the pictured world, an infant there;
That framed his genius, this enshined his love.
And as at eve he glanced round th' alcove,
Where jailers watched his very thoughts to spy,
What mused he then—what dream of years gone by
Stirred 'neath that discrowned brow, and fired that glistening eye?

'T was not the steps of that heroic tale
That from Arcola marched to Montmirail
On Glory's red degrees,
Nor Cairo pashas' steel-devouring steeds,
Nor the tall shadows of the Pyramids—
Ah, 't was not always these!
'T was not the bursting shell, the iron sleet,
The whirlwind rush of battle 'neath his feet,
Through twice ten years ago,
When at his back, upon that sea of steel
Were launched the rustling banners—there to reel
Like masts when tempests blow.
'T was not Madrid, nor Kremlin of the Czar,
Nor Pharos on Old Egypt's coast afar,
Nor shrill *réveilleur's* camp awakening sound,
Nor bivouac couch'd its starry fires around,
Crested dragoons, grim, veteran grenadiers,
Nor the red lancers 'mid their wood of spears
Blazing like baleful poppies 'mong the golden ears.

No; 't was an infant image, fresh and fair,
With rosy mouth half oped, as slumbering there
It lay beneath the smile

Of her whose breast, soft-bending o'er its sleep,
Lingering upon that little lip doth keep
One pending drop the while.

Then, his sad head upon his hands inclined,
He wept ; that father-heart, all unconfined,
Outpoured in love alone.
My blessings on thy clay-cold head, poor child,
Sole being for whose sake his thoughts beguile,
Forgot the world's lost throne.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

First, the faithful Las Casas was torn from the side of the Emperor, cast into prison, and finally sent to England, because he undertook to send a letter to a friend without its having passed through the hands of the Governor; then Doctor O'Meara was recalled, because he would not play the part of a contemptible spy on his illustrious patient. General Gourgaud and Madame Montholon had also left the island. There remained only Bertrand and Montholon to share the weary days yet to come before death would release their chief. For six years Napoleon lived a life of daily torture. Broken down in body, deprived of even the ordinary comforts of life, forced to submit to insult and calumny, is it a wonder that he did not bear it all with the resignation and dignity expected from so exalted a captive? St. Helena and Sir Hudson Lowe will forever remain a blot on the fame of England. Both were unnecessary cruelties inflicted upon Napoleon, more in the spirit of revenge than to meet the demands of justice. On the fifth of May, 1821, death closed the scene. On the night of the fourth occurred one of the most terrible storms ever known at St. Helena. The very elements seemed to be in harmony with the mind of the dying warrior, who, all night through, fought again the glorious battles he had

won for France. The army—his country—Josephine—were the last thoughts that engaged his attention. As the storm ceased, his mind grew calmer, and just at sunset he died.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

ISAAC MACLELLAN.

Wild was the night, yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
The few that his stern heart cherished;
They knew by his glazed and unearthly eye
That life had nearly perished.

They knew by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of days when the nations shook,
And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumphed the Frenchman's "Eagle";
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed,
And again on the hills of haughty Spain
His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
At the Pyramids, at the mountain,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountain;

On the snowy cliffs, where mountain streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannon's rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day,
A day that shall live in story;
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
"And left him alone with his glory."

THE DEATH-BED OF NAPOLEON.

So many poems have been written concerning the death of Napoleon, that it would be impossible to insert them all in a collection of this kind, nor would it be profitable to do so. Most of these poems are historically incorrect, in that they describe Napoleon's death, apparently for effect, as occurring in the very midst of the awful storm which took place during the night of the fourth; when, in fact, he died about six o'clock on the evening of the fifth, after a day of nearly total unconsciousness, and when the storm of the night before had virtually ceased. It was during the night of the fourth, while the storm was at its height, that the dying Emperor appeared in his delirium to live his life over again; his death was a peaceful and quiet one, without a word or a sound to denote any thought on his part.

THE DEATH-BED OF NAPOLEON.

MRS. WARFIELD AND MRS. LEE.

The wild and foaming wave
  Broke on the island strand
Where a monarch found a living grave
  With a tried yet broken band.
And the ocean winds were high,
  And the tempest walked abroad,
When that eagle caged was called to die—
  That soul restored to God.

No woman's form was there,
An angel 'mid the gloom;
But war-worn men, in stern despair,
Watched in that midnight room.
Those eyes which proudly looked
On strife and hostile spears,
And shame and insult never brooked,
Were now all dim with tears.

But he for whom they wept—
Their crownless Emperor—
His spirit still its vigils kept
O'er the purple tide of war.
Far from that dying bed,
From the nerveless heart and limb,
From the bitter tears around him shed,
And the torches burning dim;

Far from the foeman's stings—
The isle in the lonely seas—
That spirit fled on her eagle wings,
As a bird on the morning breeze.
And he seemed in death to stand,
As on many a glorious day,
With folded arms and high command,
Once more *à tête d'armée*.

He heard the cannon's roar—
'T was but the thundering sea;
And the trumpet pealed on his ear once more—
'T was the tempest sweeping free;
And the crash of armies meeting,
And the wail of the crushed and dying—
'T was but the surf on the white sands beating,
And the eagle's scream in flying!

The light of that glorious dream
Played o'er those features wan,
Lighting the aspect, pale and dim,
Of the fallen and dying man;
And from those pale lips came
Those words of haughty sway,
That woke a nation's soul to flame
When he stood *à tête d'armée.*

The tempest's wrath was done,
And the eagle sought her nest,
And the waves lay calm in the morning sun,
As if stars had kissed their rest.
The soul had passed away
On the wings of the rushing storm—
And the sunlight's first, rejoicing ray,
Gleamed on a marble form.

Yet dauntless still, and full
Of a fixed and solemn might,
Were the features, wan and beautiful,
And the forehead broad and white;
And the dream of that dying heart
Still like a glory lay
On the face of the exiled Bonaparte—
No more *à tête d'armée.*

THE DEAD NAPOLEON.

ON the eighth of May, 1821, the mortal remains of Napoleon Bonaparte were consigned to earth. Under a weeping willow, in one of the most beautiful spots on the dreary island of St. Helena, was the place chosen by his comrades for the grave of their Emperor. A simple stone, bearing the name of "Napoleon," and giving the place and date of his birth and death, and nothing else, had been prepared by his friends to mark the sacred spot; but the inhuman Lowe, claiming to act under orders from the English Government, would permit of no inscription, except the words, "General Bonaparte." Rather than submit to this cowardly insult offered the dead, a plain stone, with no inscription, was erected over the grave of the world's conqueror. With a single exception, the faithful few who had remained with Napoleon during his exile left St. Helena on the twenty-seventh of May. One of their number, Sergeant Hubert, refused to leave his dead chief, and he remained for nineteen years to guard the solitary tomb. When France recalled Napoleon, this faithful soldier followed his remains to their final resting-place.

THE DEAD NAPOLEON.

ANON.

Helena! lone and rocky tomb!
Art conscious of thy trust?

Thy bosom, quiet isle! inurns
An Emperor—in dust!
And dynasty and diadem
Are with his rageless brow,—
Adorned they him alone, on earth—
Indeed, him only, now!

No empire which his spirit reared,
No sceptre which he won,
Is heritage by him bestowed,
Or gilds a loyal son.
His power, magnificence, and pride
Are buried with his frame;
Of all his glories, but survives
The glory of his name!

He trod the Alpine hills, and shook
His sceptre from their brow
O'er startled Italy—and bade
Her hundred cities bow!
An unresisted conqueror
Trampled the Cæsars' halls;
He gazed upon the hills of Rome,
And thundered at her walls!

He shook the giant Pyramids,
And bade old Egypt kneel;
He gave the suppliant his law,
The Syrian his steel!
He wrote at Austerlitz in blood—
Proud Austria subdued!
At Jena humbled Prussia bowed—
That urn of ashes sued!

He smote the autocrat, and flung
The gates of Moscow wide,
And revelled in her palaces,
And trampled on her pride!
Lo! lo! her thousand spires are lit
To guide the conqueror's way!
And Russia's snows, like silver seas,
Illuminated lay!

But hark! his hour of triumph ends!
Behold on Elba's shore
The desolater of the world—
His desolation o'er!
Again he girds that blade of power—
The prisoner is free!—
The shriek of startled Europe shook
The pillared Pyrenee!

Kings leapt, convulsive, to the field—
To subjugate or die;
From Europe unto Asia's sands
Went up the battle cry.
And Britain trembled on her tide,
Displayed her broadest shield;
And rushing to the fearful strife,
The war cry trebly pealed!

Ay, but the world in maddened might
Could grapple with the Brave;
His dying bed was Waterloo—
Helena is his grave.
'T is well—in Europe's reeking soil
That bosom could not sleep;
That giant spirit's prison house
Should be the mighty deep!

Could Austerlitz or Jena hold
  Their hero's trodden dust?
Their swelling brains would bleed afresh—
  Their throbbing bosoms burst!
Ay, fitting grave, that lonely isle,
  Where but the pilgrims tread,
And not the careless steps of all
  Make echoes o'er his head.

THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

THE story is told that, soon after the death of Napoleon, a party of ladies, on their way from India to England, landed at St. Helena, and visited the tomb of the Emperor. After they had viewed the grave of the mighty dead, and as they were about to seat themselves on the grass, in order to enjoy their noon-day lunch, one of their number discovered a spring near by, from which she drew enough water to furnish each of the party a drink. This spring, they were told, had been a great favourite of Napoleon's; and, as they drank the cold, sparkling beverage, one of them soberly and seriously observed: "How happy Bonaparte must have been to have had such delicious water to drink!" The others smiled at the philosophy of their friend, which enabled her to find in a glass of pure water an antidote against the loss of health, liberty, power, and domestic affection. As they went away, the ladies filled their bottles, with the water, and carried it to England as a *souvenir* of their visit to the tomb of the great Napoleon.

This incident was the occasion for the following lines from a young provincial poet, Mr. C. A. Hurlbert of Shrewsbury:

THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

C. A. HURLBERT.

The tempest is hush'd and the Eagle is dead;
His thunderbolts fly, and his wings clap no more:

The plumes that to war and to victory led,
Forever lie folded on Helena's shore.

But where is the tomb that should mark the repose
Of that bright-flaming Comet on History's pages?
Or the shrine which the bay and the laurel crown strews
Where the song echoes loudly—the Wonder of ages?

Beneath the deep shade of a mute willow only,
O'er his still honoured relic's pale History weeps;
And a titleless stone, midst its mountains so lonely,
Alone marks the spot where Napoleon sleeps.

A few heartfelt tears at his burial fell,
But no orphan or parent or widow was there;
And Friendship alone op'd its tear crystal well,
To water the willows which mourn for him there.

But tears do not speak all the anguish of grief—
'T is deeper when pain stops the springs of the eye;
When the heart is confined, and deprived of relief
In the sweet balm of nature, the tear or the sigh.

And the soldier still heaves in his soul that deep sigh,
When he thinks of His glory—remembers His wars;
And with mourning of sorrow, which never can die,
Still honours His name and is proud of his scars.

Immortal with man when mausoleums are rotten,
While Genius is honoured and conquests enhance,
He shall need not the praise of the early forgotten—
His fame is impressed on the bosom of France!

Barren Isle! thou dost hold in thy sea-beaten bosom
His ashes—be proud of the treasure that 's there;
For Pilgrims for ages shall scatter their blossom,
Till thy deserts smile lovely, thy rocks become fair.

NAPOLEON.

THE following stanzas are a translation of part of a noble ode, written for the fifth of May, the anniversary of Napoleon's death, by Manzoni, the celebrated Italian poet and novelist :

The stormy joy, the trembling hope,
That wait on mightiest enterprise ;
The panting heart of one whose scope
Was empire, and who gained the prize
And grasped a crown of which it seemed
Scarce less than madness to have dreamed—
All these were his ; glory that shone
The brighter for its perils past ;
The rout, the victory, the throne,
The gloom of banishment at last—
Twice in the very dust abased,
And twice on fortune's altar raised.

His name was heard ; and mute with fear
Two warring centuries stood by,
Submissive from his mouth to hear
The sentence of their destiny ;
While he bade silence be, and sate
Between them, arbiter of fate.
He passed, and on this barren rock
Inactive closed his proud career,
A mark for envy's rudest shock ;
For pity's warmest, purest tear ;

For hatred's unextinguished fire,
And love that lives when all expire.

As on the drowning seaman's head
The wave comes thundering from on high—
The wave to which, afar displayed,
The wretch had turned his straining eye,
And gazed along the gloomy main
For some far sail, but gazed in vain—
So on his soul came back the wave
Of melancholy memory.
How oft hath he essayed to grave
His image for posterity,
Till o'er th' eternal chronicle
The weary hand desponding fell.

How oft, what time the listless day
Hath died, and in the lonely flood
The Indian sun hath quenched his ray,
With folded arms the hero stood;
While dreams of days no more to be
Throng back into his memory.
He sees his moving tents again,
The leaguered walls around him lie,
The squadrons gleaming o'er the plain,
The ocean wave of cavalry,
The rapid order promptly made,
And with the speed of thought obeyed.

Alas! beneath its punishment,
Perchance, the wearied soul had drooped,
Despairing; but a spirit sent
From heaven to raise the wretched stooped
And bore him where diviner air
Breathes balm and comfort to despair.

NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

UNDER the willow at St. Helena Napoleon slept, waiting the time when France would arise in her might, and demand his second return. It was desertion and treachery that accomplished his downfall. It was ingratitude and cowardice that consigned him to a living tomb. He who had been a generous victor to the many monarchs he had vanquished on the field of battle, in that he permitted them to retain their crowns, was, during his dreary exile, and at his death, without a friend among them all. Not one raised a hand to lessen the anguish of his soul during those last awful days. Not one but rejoiced when they knew him dead. The history of Napoleon's exile at St. Helena is an especial shame to England; but Prussia, Austria, and Russia cannot escape censure. They could have insisted upon a different course of treatment for their old foe; they could have demanded, at least, an honourable exile for the man who had spared them in his days of power; the man who had voluntarily given himself up, expecting justice, but not torture. St. Helena, as the tomb of Napoleon, became a place of interest to the whole world, and visitors went there to get but a glimpse of the unmarked grave of the man who so lately had held the fate of Europe within the hollow of his

hands. Poems without number were written, having for their subject the illustrious dead. The following we think one of the best :

NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

Faint and sad was the moonbeam's smile,
  Sullen the moan of the dying wave,
Hoarse the wind in St. Helen's isle,
  As I stood by the side of Napoleon's grave.

And is it here that the hero lies,
  Whose name has shaken the earth with dread?
And is this all that the earth supplies,—
  A stone his pillow, the turf his bed?

Is such the moral of human life?
  Are these the limits of glory's reign?
Have oceans of blood, and an age of strife,
  And a thousand battles been all in vain?

Is nothing left of his victories now
  But legions broken, a sword in rust,
A crown that cumbers a dotard's brow,
  A name and a requiem, dust to dust?

Of all the chieftains whose thrones he rear'd,
  Was there none that kindness or faith could bind?
Of all the monarchs whose crowns he spared,
  Had none one spark of his Roman mind?

Did Prussia cast no repentant glance,
  Did Austria shed no remorseful tear,
When England's truth, and thine honour, France,
  And thy friendship, Russia, were blasted here?

No holy leagues like the heathen heaven
Ungodlike shrunk from the giant's shock;
And glorious Titan, the unforgiven,
Was doom'd to his vulture and chains and rock.

And who were the gods that decreed thy doom?
A German Cæsar, a Prussian sage,
The dandy prince of a counting-room,
And a Russian Greek of earth's darkest age.

Men call'd thee Despot, and call'd thee true;
But the laurel was earn'd that bound thy brow:
And of all who wore it, alas! how few
Were freer from treason and guilt than thou!

Shame to thee, Gaul, and thy faithless horde!
Where was the oath which thy soldiers swore?
Fraud still lurks in the gown, but the sword
Was never so false to its trust before.

Where was thy veterans' boast that day,
"The Old Guard dies, but it never yields"?
Oh, for one heart like the brave Dessaix,
One phalanx like those of thine early fields!

But, no, no, no! It was Freedom's charm
Gave them the courage of more than men;
You broke the spell that twice nerved each arm,
Though you were invincible only then.

Yet St. Jean was a deep, not a deadly blow;
One struggle, and France all her faults repairs;
But the wild Fayette and the stern Carnot
Are dupes, and ruin thy fate and theirs!

Napoleon II., Duke of Reichstadt.
From an engraving by Ramus, after Philippoteaux.
Paris (no date).

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

On the twenty-second of July, 1832, Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt, died, a prisoner, virtually, in the hands of the Austrian Government. Born King of Rome and heir to the mightiest empire on earth, he died an Austrian Prince; an exile, stripped of the title that was his by birth, and bearing that of a foreign country. With his death the house of Napoleon, in a direct line, ceased to exist. When Napoleon was sent to Elba the Empress Marie Louise took the young King of Rome and went to the home of her father, the Emperor of Austria. He gave her Schönbrunn for a residence, and, by a treaty among the Allies, she was made Duchess of Parma for life. Hardly had she quitted France ere her love for Napoleon, if ever she had such a feeling, was transferred to the Count de Neipperg, a general in the service of Francis II., and when Napoleon died, she married this Austrian. The Count and her children by him were always first in her affections. Napoleon was forgotten, and his son, deserted by his mother, was left to the care of his grandfather, who, fortunately, had a real love for the young Prince. Brought up and educated as an Austrian subject, the Duke of Reichstadt entered the army

of that nation as soon as his age would permit. But an Austrian education and an Austrian uniform never for a moment effaced from the mind of the Duke the fact that his father had been Emperor of France, and that he was his heir. A true Frenchman he lived, and a loyal son he died. When he was at the point of death he said, sadly, "My birth and my death—that is all my history." But what an eventful history it was! At his birth, Paris and all France went wild with enthusiasm. The twenty-second roar of the gun, which told the people of Paris that the Empress had given Napoleon a son instead of a daughter, was the occasion for unbounded rejoicing. Never was babe born with brighter prospects for a brilliant future, and yet four years were to cover his reign as King of Rome; Napoleon II. he was never to be; as Duke of Reichstadt, an Austrian Prince, he was to live and die. He was not at Paris to greet his father upon his return from Elba; nor, dead, was he allowed to sleep with him upon his return from St. Helena. The fate of the son was truly as sad as that of the father.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

Heir of that name
Which shook with sudden terror the far earth,
Child of strange destinies e'en from thy birth,
When kings and princes round thy cradle came,
And gave their crowns, as playthings, to thine hand,
Thine heritage the spoils of many a land!

How were the schemes
Of human foresight baffled in thy fate,
Thou victim of a parent's lofty state!
What glorious visions filled thy father's dreams
When first he gazed upon thy infant face,
And deemed himself the Rodolph of his race!

Scarce had thine eyes
Beheld the light of day, when thou wert bound
With power's vain symbols, and thy young brow crowned
With Rome's imperial diadem—the prize
From priestly princes by thy proud sire won,
To deck the pillow of his cradled son.

Yet where is now
The sword that flashed as with a meteor light,
And led on half the world to stirring fight,
Bidding whole seas of blood and carnage flow?
Alas! when foiled on his last battle plain,
Its shattered fragments forged thy father's chain!

Far worse *thy* fate
Than that which doomed him to the barren rock;
Through half the universe was felt the shock
When down he toppled from his high estate;
And the proud thought of still acknowledged power
Could cheer him e'en in that disastrous hour.

But thou, poor boy!
Hadst no such dreams to cheat the lagging hours;
Thy chains still galled, tho' wreathed with fairest flowers;
Thou hadst no images of by-gone joy,
No vision of anticipated fame,
To bear thee through a life of sloth and shame.

And where was she
Whose proudest title was Napoleon's wife?
She who first gave, and should have watched, thy life,
Trebling a mother's tenderness for thee,
Despoilèd heir of Empire? On her breast
Did thy young head repose in its unrest?

No! round her heart
Children of humbler, happier lineage twined;
Thou couldst but bring dark memories to mind
Of pageants where she bore a heartless part;
She who shared not her monarch-husband's doom
Cared little for her first-born's living tomb.

Thou art at rest!
Child of Ambition's martyr, life had been
To thee no blessing, but a dreary scene
Of doubt and dread and suffering at the best;
For thou wert one whose path, in these dark times,
Would lead to sorrows—it may be to *crimes*.

Thou art at rest!
The idle sword has worn its sheath away;
The spirit has consumed its bonds of clay;
And they who with vain tyranny comprest
Thy soul's high yearnings, now forget their fear,
And fling Ambition's purple o'er thy bier!

THE BRONZE STATUE OF NAPOLEON.

In 1830, when the French nation drove the Bourbons from the throne, and placed the crown upon the head of Louis Philippe, the "Citizen King," a petition was presented to the Chamber of Deputies, requesting that the remains of Napoleon might be demanded of the British government and restored to France. From that time until the demand was actually made, and acquiesced in by England, there was no cessation of Napoleonic enthusiasm.

In 1831 a national ordinance was passed, decreeing that the statue of Napoleon which had adorned the Column Vendôme, and which the Allies had torn down, and in derision dragged in the mud of the streets, should be replaced. In 1833, in accordance with that decree, "Napoleon in Bronze" was again at the top of that column erected in commemoration of the gallant deeds of the Grand Army.

Barbier did not echo the voice of the people in the following lines. He spoke as a hater of the man who made France what she is to-day; of the man who, with all his faults, laboured only for his country, and in order that she might rise among the greatest nations of the world and stand their equal. France to-day proves Bar-

bier wrong and Napoleon right. The Bourbons are gone forever, and France, a glorious republic, is but reaping what her greatest leader sowed years ago.

THE BRONZE STATUE OF NAPOLEON.

AUGUSTE BARBIER.

Come, stoker, come, more coal, more fuel, heap
  Iron and copper at our need!
Come, your broad shovel and your long arms steep,
  Old Vulcan, in the forge you feed!
To your wide furnace be full portion thrown;
  To bid her sluggish teeth to grind,
Tear, and devour the weight which she doth own,
  A fire palace she must find.
'T is well, 't is here! the flame, wide, wild, intense,
  Unsparing, and blood-coloured, flung
From the vault down, where the assaults commence
  With lingot up to lingot clung,
And bounds and howlings of delirium born;
  Lead, copper, iron, mingled well,
All twisting, lengthening, and embraced, and torn
  And tortured, like the damned in hell!
The work is done! the spent flame burns no more;
  The furnace fires smoke and die;
The iron flood boils over. Ope the door,
  And let the haughty one pass by!
Roar, mighty river, rush upon your course!
  A bound, and from your dwelling past
Dash forward, like a torrent from its source,
  A flame from the volcano cast!
To gulp your lava-waves earth's jaws extend,
  Your fury in one mass fling forth!
In your steel mould, O Bronze, a slave descend,
  An emperor return to earth!

Again Napoleon,—'t is his form appears!
Hard soldier in unending quarrel,
Who cost so much of insult, blood, and tears,
For only a few boughs of laurel!

For mourning France it was a day of grief
When, down from its high station flung,
His mighty statue, like some shameful thief,
In coils of a vile rope was hung;
When we beheld at the grand column's base,
And o'er a shrieking cable bowed,
The stranger's strength that mighty bronze displace
To hurrahs of a foreign crowd;
When, forced by thousand arms, head-foremost thrown,
The proud mass cast in monarch mould
Made sudden fall, and on the hard, cold stone
Its iron carcass sternly rolled.
The Hun, the stupid Hun, with soiled, rank skin,
Ignoble fury in his glance,
The Emperor's form, the kennel's filth within,
Drew after him, in face of France!
On those within whose bosoms hearts hold reign,
That hour like remorse must weigh
On each French brow; 't is the eternal stain,
Which only death can wash away!
I saw, where palace walls gave shade and ease,
The waggons of the foreign force;
I saw them strip the bark which clothed our trees,
To cast it to their hungry horse.
I saw the Northman, with his savage lip,
Bruising our flesh till black with gore,
Our bread devour; on our nostrils sip
The air which was our own before!
In the abasement and the pain, the weight
Of outrages no words make known,

I charged only one being with my hate:
Be thou accursed, Napoleon!
O lank-haired Corsican, your France was fair
In the full sun of Messidor!
She was a tameless and a rebel mare,
Nor steel bit nor gold rein she bore;
Wild steed with rustic flank; yet, while she trod,
Reeking with blood of royalty,
But proud with strong foot striking the old sod,
At last, and for the first time, free,
Never a hand, her virgin form passed o'er,
Left blemish nor affront essayed;
And never her broad sides the saddle bore,
Nor harness by the stranger made.
A noble vagrant, with coat smooth and bright,
And nostril red, and action proud,
As high she reared, she did the world affright
With neighings which rang long and loud.
You came; her mighty loins, her paces scanned,
Pliant and eager for the track;
Hot Centaur, twisting in her mane your hand,
You sprang all booted to her back.
Then, as she loved the war's exciting sound,
The smell of powder and the drum,
You gave her earth for exercising ground,
Bade battles as her pastime come!
Then, no repose for her; no nights, no sleep!
The air and toil forevermore!
And human forms like unto sand crushed deep,
And blood which rose her chest before!
Through fifteen years her hard hoofs' rapid course
So ground the generations,
And she passed, smoking in her speed and force,
Over the breast of nations;

Till, tired in ne'er earned goal to place vain trust,
To tread a path ne'er left behind,
To knead the universe and like a dust
To uplift scattered human kind,
Feebly and worn, and gasping as she strode,
Stumbling each step of her career,
She craved for rest the Corsican who rode.
But, torturer, you would not hear!
You pressed her harder with your nervous thigh,
You tightened more the goading bit,
Choked in her foaming mouth her frantic cry,
And brake her teeth in fury-fit.
She rose, but the strife came. From farther fall
Saved not the curb she could not know;
She went down, pillowed on the cannon-ball,
And thou wert broken by the blow!

Now born again, from depths where thou wert hurled,
A radiant eagle dost thou rise;
Winging thy flight again to rule the world,
Thine image reascends the skies.
No longer now the robber of a crown,—
The insolent usurper,—he,
With cushions of a throne, unpitying, down
Who pressed the throat of Liberty,—
Old slave of the Alliance, sad and lone,
Who died upon a sombre rock,
And France's image until death dragged on
For chain, beneath the stranger's stroke,—
Napoleon stands, unsullied by a stain!
Thanks to the flatterer's tuneful race,
The lying poets who ring praises vain,
Has Cæsar 'mong the gods found place!
His image to the city walls gives light;
His name has made the city's hum,—

Still sounded ceaselessly, as through the flight
It echoed farther than the drum.
From the high suburbs, where the people crowd,
Doth Paris, an old pilgrim now,
Each day descend to greet the pillar proud,
And humble there his monarch brow;
The arms encumbered with a mortal wreath,
With flowers for that bronze's pall.
(No mothers look on, as they pass beneath,—
It grew, beneath their tears, so tall!)
In working-vest, in drunkenness of soul,
Unto the fife's and trumpet's tone,
Doth joyous Paris dance the Carmagnole
Around the great Napoleon.

Thus, gentle monarchs, pass unnoted on!
Mild pastors of mankind, away!
Sages, depart, as common brows have gone,
Devoid of the immortal ray!
For vainly you make light the people's chain;
And vainly, like a calm flock, come
On your own footsteps, without sweat or pain,
The people, treading towards their tomb.
Soon as your star doth to its setting glide,
And its last lustre shall be given
By your quenched name, upon the popular tide
Scarce a faint furrow shall be riven.
Pass, pass ye on! For you no statue high!
Your names shall vanish from the horde:
Their memory is for those who lead to die
Beneath the cannon and the sword;
Their love for him who on the humid field
By thousands lays to rot their bones;
For him who bids them pyramids to build,
And bear upon their backs the stones!

THE DISINTERMENT.

"It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well." The time had come when Napoleon was about to have his wish fulfilled. The people of France, who had so shamefully deserted their chief in his hour of greatest need, were about to make amends. On the fifth of May, 1840, the anniversary of the great Emperor's death, France formally demanded of England the ashes of her beloved dead. England, officially recognising Napoleon's title as Emperor, and no longer speaking of him in derision as "General Bonaparte," at once granted the request. Thus, though dead, he had, at last, gained the victory over his bitterest foe. Immediately, two war vessels were prepared to carry out the sacred duty of bringing home the body of the "Emperor Napoleon," and with the Prince de Joinville, a son of the King, in command, accompanied by the younger Las Casas, Gourgaud, and Bertrand, the expedition set out for St. Helena. On the eighth of October the two vessels dropped anchor in the harbour of that island. Everything being prepared for the important operation, at half-past twelve o'clock in the morning of the fifteenth of October, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival of Napoleon at St. Helena, the first blow was struck which was to open the grave and give liberty to the hero, who

had slept there so long, in order that his dying wish might prevail—that his ashes might repose in the midst of the people he loved so well. After nine hours of uninterrupted labour the work of exhumation was accomplished, and the coffin containing the remains of the great warrior was removed from its tomb, and placed under a tent erected near by for its reception. Here the different enclosures were opened and the body of the Emperor exposed to view. How great the surprise and astonishment of his old comrades when they looked and beheld their Emperor lying before them as they had beheld him, as they supposed, for the last time, nineteen years before! The body was perfectly preserved, and the features so life-like and natural that one would suppose it was the first instead of the second funeral that was taking place. After the body had been identified, the coffin was again closed, and the ceremonies continued, leading up to and including the surrender of the remains of the Emperor by the Governor of the island, in the name of the British Government, to France. From that moment the same honours which the Emperor had received while living were paid to his mortal remains. On the eighteenth of October, with their precious charge safely on board, the French vessels left St. Helena.

THE DISINTERMENT.

BARTHOLOMEW SIMMONS.

Lost Lord of Song! who grandly gave
Thy matchless timbrel for the spear,
And, by old Hellas' hallow'd wave
Died at the feet of Freedom, hear!

Hear from thy lone and lonely tomb,
  Where 'mid thy own "inviolate isle,"
Beneath no minster's marble gloom,
  No banner's golden smile,
Far from the swarming city's crowd,
Thy glory round thee for a shroud,
Thou sleep'st, the pious rustic's tread
The only echo o'er thy bed,
Save, few and faint, when o'er the foam
The Pilgrims of thy genius come,
From distant earth, with tears of praise,
The homage of their hearts to raise,
And curse the country's very name,
  Unworthy of thy sacred dust,
That draws such lustre from thy fame,
  That heaps such outrage on thy bust!
Wake from the dead, and lift thy brow
With the same scornful beauty now
As when beneath thy shafts of pride
Envenomed Cant—the Python—died!
Prophet no less than bard, behold
Matured the eventful moment, told
In those divine predictive words,
Pour'd to thy lyre's transcendant chords:
"If e'er his awful ashes can grow cold—
But no, their embers soon shall burst their
    mould.
France shall feel the want
Of this last consolation, though but scant
Her honour! Fame and faith demand his bones,
To pile above a pyramid of thrones!"
If, then, from thy neglected bier,
One humblest follower thou canst hear,
O Mighty Master! rise and flee,
  Swift as some meteor bold and bright,

One fragile cloud attending thee,
Across the dusky tracks of night,
To where the sunset's latest radiance shone
O'er Afric's sea interminably lone.
Below that broad unbroken sea
Long since the sultry sun has dropp'd,
And now in dread solemnity,
As though its course Creation stopp'd
One wondrous hour to watch the birth
Of deeds portentous unto earth;
The moonless midnight far and wide
Solidly black flings over all
That giant waste of waveless tide
Her melancholy pall,
Whose folds in thickest gloom unfurl'd.
Each ray of heaven's high face debar,
Save, on the margin of the world
Where leans yon solitary star,
Large, radiant, restless, tingling with far smile
The jagged cliffs of a green barren isle.

Hark! o'er the waves distinctly swell
Twelve slow vibrations of a bell!
And out upon the silent ear
At once ring bold and sharply clear,
With shock more startling than if thunder
Had split the slumbering earth asunder,
And iron sounds of crow and bar;
Ye scarce may know whence they come,
Whether from island or from star,
Both lie so hush'd and dumb!
On, swift and deep, those echoes sweep,
Shaking long-buried kings from sleep.
Up, up, ye spectred jailers! ho!
Your granite heaped his head in vain;

The very grave gives back your foe—
  Dead Cæsar wakes again!
The nations, with a voice as dread
  As that which once in Bethany
Burst to the regions of the dead,
  And set the loved-one free,
Have cried, "Come forth!" and lo! again,
To smite the hearts and eyes of men
With the old awe he once instill'd
By many an unforgotten field,
Napoleon's look shall startle day—
  That look that, where its anger fell,
Scorch'd empires from the earth away
  As with the blasts of hell!
Up from the dust, ye sleepers! ho!
  By the blue Danube's stately wave,
From Berlin's towers, from Moscow's snow,
  And Windsor's gorgeous grave!
Come, summoned by the omnific power,
The spirit of this thrilling hour;
And, stooping from yon craggy height,
Girt by each perish'd satellite,
Each cunning tool of kingly terror,
Who served your reigns of fraud and error,
Behold, where with relentless lock
Ye chain'd Prometheus to his rock;
And, when his tortured bosom ceased
Your vulture's savage beak to feast,
Where fathom-deep ye dug his cell,
  And built and barr'd his coffin down,
Half doubting if even death could quell
  Such terrible renown;
Now 'mid the torch's solemn glare,
And bended knee, and muttered prayer,
Within that green sepulchral glen
Uncover'd groups of warrior men

Breathless performed the high behest
Of winning back, in priceless trust
For the regenerated West,
Your victim's mighty dust.
Hark! how they burst your cramps and rings!
Ha, ha! ye bandied, baffled kings!

Stout men, delve on with axe and bar!
Ye 're watched from yonder restless star;
Hew the tough masonry away,
Bid the tomb's ponderous portals fly!
And firm your sounding levers sway,
And loud your clanking hammers ply!
Nor falter though the work be slow,
Ye something gain at every blow,
While deep each heart in chorus sings:
"Ha, ha! ye bandied, baffled kings!"
Brave men, delve in with axe and bar!
Ye 're watched from yonder glorious star.

'T is morn; the marble floor is cleft,
And slight and short the labour left.
'T is noon; they wind the windlass now,
To heave the granite from his brow.
Back to each gazer's waiting heart
The life-blood leaps with anxious start;
Down Bertrand's cheeks the tear-drop steals,
Low in the dust Las Casas kneels.
(Oh! tried and trusted! still, as long
As the true heart's fidelity
Shall form the theme of harp and song,
High bards shall sing of ye!)
One moment, and thy beams, O sun,
The bier of him shall look upon,
Who, save the heaven-expelled, alone
Dared envy thee thy blazing throne!

Who haply oft, with gaze intent,
And sick from victory's vulgar war,
Panted to sweep the firmament,
And dash thee from thy car,
And cursed the clay that still confined
His narrow conquests to mankind.

'T is done ; his chiefs are lifting now
The shroud from that tremendous brow,
That with the lightning's rapid might
Illumed Marengo's awful night,
Flash'd over Lodi's murderous bridge,
Swept Prussia from red Jena's ridge,
And broke once more the Austrian sword
By Wagram's memorable ford.
And may man's puny race that shook
Before the terrors of that look,
Approach unshrinking now, and see
How far corruption's mastery
Has tamed the tyrant tamer!

Raise
That silken cloud ; what meets the gaze?
The scanty dust, or whitening bones,
Or fleshless jaws' horrific mirth,
Of him whose threshold rose on thrones,
A mockery now to earth?
No ; even as though his haughty clay
Scoff'd at the contact of decay,
And from his mind's immortal flame
Itself immortalised became,
Tranquilly there Napoleon lies revealed,
Like a king sleeping on his own proud shield,
Harnessed for conflict, and that eagle-star,
Whose fire-eyed Legion foremost waked the war,

Still on his bosom, tarnished, too, and dim,
As if hot battle's cloud had lately circled him.

Fast fades the vision ; from that glen
Wind slow those aching-hearted men,
While every mountain echo floats,
Filled with the bugle's regal notes ;
And now the gun's redoubled roar
  Tells the long peak and mighty main,
Beneath his glorious tri-colour
  Napoleon rests again !
And France's galley soon shall sail,
Shall spread triumphant to the gale,
Till, lost upon the lingering eye,
It melts and mingles in the sky.

Let Paris, too, prepare a show,
And deck her streets in gaudy woe ;
And rear a more than kingly shrine,
  Whose taper's blaze shall ne'er be dim,
And bid the sculptor's art divine
  Be lavished there for him.

And let him take his rest serene
(Even so he willed it) by the Seine ;
But ever to the poet's heart,
  Or pilgrim musing o'er those pages
(Replete with marvels) that impart
  His story unto ages ;
The spacious azure of yon sea
Alone his minster floor shall be,
Coped by the stars ; red evening's smile
His epitaph ; and thou, rude isle,
Austerely browed and thunder-rent,
  Napoleon's only monument !

NAPOLEON'S RETURN.

THE voyage from St. Helena afforded only one incident of note. As the little fleet bearing the sacred relics was about crossing the equator a French frigate was met, which announced the startling news that there was grave probability war had already commenced between England and France over the Turkish-Egyptian treaty. It was at once resolved by the Prince de Joinville and those under him that, if the news should prove true, they would sink the vessel carrying the remains of the Emperor rather than surrender them again to England. Fortunately, the reported war cloud passed away, and France was reached in safety. Napoleon was again with his own.

A complete collection of the poetry written on the subject of Napoleon's return from St. Helena would fill a volume. The few selections which follow have been chosen as best suited to the purpose in view.

NAPOLEON'S RETURN.

MISS WALLACE.

A bark has left the sea-girt isle,
  A prince is at the helm,
She bears the exile emperor
  Back to his ancient realm.

No joyous shout bursts from her crew,
As o'er the waves they dance,
But silently, through foam and spray,
Seek they the shores of France.

A soldier comes! Haste, comrades, haste!
To greet him on the strand;
'T is long since by his side ye fought
For Glory's chosen land;
A leader comes! Let loud huzzas
Burst from the extended line,
And glancing arms and hemlets raised
In martial splendour shine.

A conqueror comes! Fly, Austrian, fly
Before his awful frown!
Kneel, Lombard, kneel! that pallid brow
Has worn the Iron Crown!
The eagles wave! the trumpet sounds!
Amid the cannons' roar.
Ye victors of a hundred fields,
Surround your chief once more!

A monarch comes! From royal arms
Remove the envious rust;
A monarch comes! the triple crown
Is freed from gathering dust.
Guard him not to the halls of state,
His diadem is riven;
But bear him where yon hallowed spire
Is pointing up to heaven:
And with the requiem's plaintive swell,
With dirge and solemn prayer,
Enter the marble halls of death,
And throne your monarch there!

Napoleon comes! Go, speak that word
  At midnight's awful hour;
In Champ de Mars will it not prove
  A spell of fearful power?
Will not a shadowy host arise
  From field and mountain ridge,
From Waterloo, from Austerlitz,
  From Lodi's fatal bridge,
And wheel in airy echelon,
  From pass and height and plain,
To form upon that ancient ground
  Their scattered ranks again?

Go speak it in the Louvre's halls,
  'Mid priceless works of art;
Will not each lifelike figure from
  The glowing canvas start?
Go to Versailles, where heroes frown,
  And monarchs live, in stone;
Across those chiselled lips will not
  A startling murmur run?
No, no, the marble still may be
Cold, cold and silent. So is he.
The pencil's living hues may bloom,
But his have faded in the tomb;
And warriors in their narrow homes
Sleep, reckless that their leader comes.

Napoleon comes! but Rhine's pure flood
Rolls on without a tinge of blood;
The Pyramids still frown in gloom
And grandeur o'er an empty tomb;
And sweetly now the moonbeam smiles
Upon the fair Venetian isles.

Napoleon comes! but Moscow's spires
Have ceased to glow with hostile fires;
No spirit, in a whisper deep,
Proclaims it where the Cæsars sleep;
No sign from column, tower, or dome,—
A man that once was feared at Rome,—
For life and power have passed away,
And he is here, a king of clay.

He will not wake at war's alarms,
  Its music or its moans;
He will not wake when Europe hears
  The crash of crumbling thrones
And institutions gray with age
  Are numbered with forgotten things,
And privilege and "right divine"
  Rest with the people, not their kings.

Now raise the imperial monument,
  Fame's tribute to the brave;
The warrior's place of pilgrimage
  Shall be Napoleon's grave.
France, envying long his island tomb
  Amid the lonely deep,
Has gained at last the treasured dust!
  Sleep! mighty mortal, sleep!

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

EARLY in the morning of November 30, 1840, the *Belle Poule* and the *Favourite* anchored in the harbour of Cherbourg; where, on the eighth of December, the remains of the mighty dead were transferred from the *Belle Poule* to the steamer *Normandie*, and from whence the voyage up the Seine began. At Havre the body was again transferred to the smaller vessel especially prepared to carry the dead Emperor to the gates of Paris. The journey up the Seine was a series of continued ovations and demonstrations of welcome. The people for miles around flocked to the river to greet and to pay homage to the remains of the man who had done so much for them and for their country in the days of his power. On the fourteenth the flotilla, consisting of twelve vessels, reached Courbevoie, a small village about four miles from Paris. Here the remains were transferred from the steamer to the shore. The preparations for receiving the illustrious dead, and for escorting the "Emperor Napoleon" to his last resting place were of a kind unparalleled in history. The story of the Second Funeral has been told so many times, in poetry and in prose, that it were idle to repeat it, in detail, here. The fifteenth of December, 1840, was a day such as Paris never before or ever again shall wit-

ness. The entire population of the city took part in the celebration, for celebration it truly was. Over one hundred thousand soldiers were present on this great national occasion. The veterans of the armies of Italy and of Egypt, of Spain and of Russia,—heroes of the Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, Moscow, and Waterloo,—were there to welcome their dead chief. Every member of the reigning family was at the Invalides; but the dead warrior alone represented *his* family. Visitors from all parts of the world were in Paris. All were free to come, except the brothers and nephews of him to whose memory these honours were paid; they were still proscribed,—in exile or in prison.

The following poem, by an unknown author, tells the story of the Second Funeral in a clear and graphic manner:

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

ANON.

Cold and brilliant streams the sunlight on the wintry banks of Seine,
Gloriously the imperial city rears her pride of tower and fane;
Solemnly, with deep voice, pealeth Notre Dame, thine ancient chime,
Minute guns the death-bell answer in the same deep, measured time.

On the unwonted stillness gather sounds of an advancing host,
As the rising tempest chafeth on St. Helen's far-off coast;

Nearer rolls a mighty pageant, clearer swells the funeral strain,
From the barrier arch of Neuilly pours the giant burial train.

Dark with eagles is the sunlight, darkly on the golden air
Flap the folds of faded standards; eloquently mourning there,
O'er the pomp of glittering thousands, like a battle-phantom flits
Tatter'd flag of Jena, Friedland, Arcola, and Austerlitz.

Eagle-crown'd and garland-circled, slowly moves the stately car,
'Mid a sea of plumes and horsemen, all the burial pomp of war;
Riderless, a war-worn charger follows his dead master's bier—
Long since battle-trumpet roused him—he but lived to follow here.

From his grave 'mid ocean's dirges, moaning surge and sparkling foam,
Lo, the Imperial Dead returneth! Lo, the Hero's dust comes home!
He hath left the Atlantic island, lonely vale and willow tree,
'Neath the Invalides to slumber, 'mid the Gallic Chivalry.

Glorious tomb o'er glorious sleepers! gallant fellowship to share—
Paladin and Peer and Marshal—France, thy noblest dust is there!
Names that light thy battle annals! Names that shook the heart of earth!
Stars in crimson War's horizon—synonyms for martial worth!

Room within that shrine of heroes! place, pale spectres
of the past!
Homage yield, ye battle-phantoms! Lo, your mightiest
comes at last!
Was his course the Woe out-thunder'd from prophetic
trumpet's lips?
Was his type the ghostly horseman shadow'd in the
Apocalypse?

Gray-hair'd soldiers gather round him, relics of an age of
war,
Followers of the Victor-Eagle, when his flight was wild
and far;
Men who panted in the death-strife on Rodrigo's bloody
ridge,
Hearts that sicken'd at the death-shriek from the Russian's
shatter'd bridge.

Men who heard the immortal war-cry of the wild Egyptian
fight:
"Forty centuries o'erlook us from yon Pyramid's gray
height."
They who heard the moans of Jaffa, and the breach of
Acre knew,
They who rushed their foaming war-steeds on the squares
of Waterloo—

They who loved him, they who fear'd him, they who in
his dark hour fled,
Round the mighty burial gather, spell-bound by the awful
Dead!
Churchmen, Princes, Statesmen, Warriors, all a kingdom's
chief array,
And the Fox stands, crownèd Mourner, by the Eagle's
hero-clay.

But the last high rite is paid him, and the last deep knell
is rung,—
And the cannons' iron voices have their thunder-requiem
sung—
And 'mid banners idly drooping, silent gloom and moul-
dering state,
Shall the Trampler of the world upon the Judgment-
trumpet wait.

Yet his ancient foes had given him nobler monumental
pile,
Where the everlasting dirges moan'd around the burial
Isle—
Pyramid upheaved by Ocean in his loneliest wilds afar,
For the War-King thunder-stricken from his fiery battle-
car!

THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON FROM ST. HELENA.

As Thackeray has given us, in prose, his version of what he saw at the Second Funeral of Napoleon, and how the whole arrangement impressed him; so Mrs. Sigourney has told us, in poetry, of what she beheld on that occasion, and how it all impressed her.

THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON FROM ST. HELENA.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Ho! city of the gay!
Paris! what festal rite
Doth call thy thronging million forth,
All eager for the sight?
Thy soldiers line the streets
In fixed and stern array,
With buckled helm and bayonet,
As on the battle-day.

By square and fountain side,
Heads in dense masses rise;
And tower and battlement and tree
Are studded thick with eyes.
Comes there some conqueror home
In triumph from the fight,
With spoil and captives in his train,
The trophies of his might?

The "Arc de Triomphe" glows!
A martial host are nigh!
France pours in long succession forth
Her pomp of chivalry.
No clarion marks their way,
No victor trump is blown;
Why march they on so silently,
Told by their tread alone?

Behold! in glittering show,
A gorgeous car of state!
The white-plumed steeds, in cloth of gold,
Bow down beneath its weight;
And the noble war-horse, led
Caparisoned along,
Seems fiercely for his lord to ask,
As his red eye scans the throng.

Who rideth on yon car?
The incense flameth high.
Comes there some demi-god of old?
No answer! no reply!
Who rideth on yon car?
No shout his minions raise,
But by a lofty chapel dome
The muffled hero stays.

A king is standing there,
And, with uncovered head,
Receives him in the name of France:
Receiveth whom?—The dead?
Was he not buried deep
In island cavern drear,
Girt by the sounding ocean surge?
How came that sleeper here?

Was there no rest for him
Beneath a peaceful pall,
That thus he brake his stony tomb,
Ere the strong angel's call?
Hark! Hark! the requiem swells,
A deep, soul-thrilling strain!
An echo never to be heard
By mortal ear again.

A requiem for the chief
Whose fiat millions slew—
The soaring eagle of the Alps,
The crushed at Waterloo;
The banished who returned,
The dead who rose again,
And rode in his shroud the billows proud,
To the sunny banks of Seine.

They laid him there in state,
That warrior strong and bold—
The imperial crown, with jewels bright,
Upon his ashes cold;
While round those columns proud
The blazoned banners wave,
That on a hundred fields he won,
With the heart's-blood of the brave.

And sternly there kept guard
His veterans scarred and old,
Whose wounds of Lodi's cleaving bridge,
Or purple Leipsic told.
Yes, there, with arms reversed,
Slow pacing, night and day,
Close watch beside the coffin kept
Those veterans grim and gray.

A cloud is on their brow,—
  Is it sorrow for the dead?
Or memory of the fearful strife,
  Where their country's legions fled?
Of Borodino's blood?
  Of Beresina's wail?
The horrors of that dire retreat,
  Which turned old History pale?

A cloud is on their brow,—
  Is it sorrow for the dead?
Or a shuddering at the wintry shaft
  By Russian tempests sped?
Where countless mounds of snow
  Marked the poor conscripts' grave,
And, pierced by frost and famine, sank
  The bravest of the brave!

A thousand trembling lamps
  The gathered darkness mock,
And velvet drapes his hearse, who died
  On bare Helena's rock;
And from the altar near,
  A never-ceasing hymn
Is lifted by the chanting priests
  Beside the taper dim.

Mysterious One, and proud!
  In the land where shadows reign,
Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those
  Who at thy nod were slain?
Oh! when the cry of that spectral host,
  Like a rushing blast shall be,
What will thine answer be to them?
  And what thy God's to thee?

INVOCATION TO THE SHADE OF THE EMPEROR.

"THE return of the dead Napoleon to his capital has excited an interest scarcely inferior to that which shook the world at his return from Elba. Poets have chosen it as the theme of their loftiest flights; orators catch new eloquence from its inspiration; politicians shake their heads and talk mysteriously of consequences which will—not come to pass. But among the numerous productions to which this sublime event has given rise, none is more remarkable than the Invocation penned by Prince Louis Napoleon in his prison. The original is not in verse, but it is rich with the higher elements of poetry, which we trust will be recognised in the spirited version of our young correspondent. With the political opinions and views of the Prince we have nothing to do. That he is wanting in common prudence is pretty generally conceded; but, at the same time, there are indications that he possesses genius of a high order, and which, directed to literary pursuits, might insure him a more extensive empire in the minds of men than he has any prospect of ever exercising with sword or sceptre. His speech on his trial, though deficient in reasoning, is a masterpiece of eloquence; and the same quality is conspicuous in all his writings."

Events which have transpired in France since the above was written, prove how often contemporary opinions of men and things differ from what is actually to happen. The "Nephew of his Uncle" did reign in France as Emperor for twenty years, and he proved himself capable of doing something besides being a literary genius.

INVOCATION TO THE SHADE OF THE EMPEROR.

(By Prince Louis Napoleon.)

Translated by JAMES NACK.

Hail, sire! thou to thy cherished France,
Again in triumph dost advance,
While old and young, with song and shout,
To welcome thee are thronging out;
And all but those who share thy name
The precious privilege may claim
To cluster round the sacred bed
That bears the mightiest of the dead!
But I, deep in a dungeon's gloom,
Less welcome far than glory's tomb;
Oh, scarce on me one ray may fall
That lights thy gorgeous funeral!

Chief of our house—and of mankind—
Oh, let us not thy censure find,
If none of the imperial line
Attends thee to thy final shrine!
Thy exile and thy every pain
Closed with thy life—but ours remain—

Far from thy friends and from thy land,
And far from every kindred hand ;
No wife to breathe affection's sighs,
No son to close thy awful eyes ;
From Helen's rock and England's rod
Thy injured spirit rushed to God!

The hero, through all perils tried,
Whose love thy absent son's supplied,
Montholon, once thy prison-mate,
Now shares a humbler captive's fate.
Alas! how can they honour thee,
Nor set thy faithful veteran free!

Returning to thy cherished shore,
To reign till time shall be no more ;
When every ship and fort unfurled
The tri-colour that won the world,
A moment's life again was given,
As with electric fire from heaven.
Thy marble head a moment raised ;
Thine eyes, unlocked, a moment gazed ;
But on their view no eagle came,
Winging its flight to Notre-Dame!
They sought some kindred face in vain,
Then sadly closed to sleep again.

Yet not till passed before their glance
The youthful chivalry of France,
Whose fathers, as it is their pride
To boast, have battled at thy side ;
Nor should'st thou deem the father's fire
So soon can in the sons expire ;
Though every sword sleeps in its sheath,
For thoughts may burn that may not breathe ;

And while the dazzling phantom flits,
Of Jena, or of Austerlitz ;
The flower of France must hail the sun
Of glory in Napoleon !

But as for those whom thou hast seen
So great, and findest now so mean,
Whose greatness was upon them thrown
By thee—whose meanness is their own—
Those who renounce with shameless face
Thy creed, thy glory, and thy race,
Who when I sought them, in thy name,
Invoking liberty and fame,
Could tell me and the outraged land,
" These are not things we understand ! "

Oh heed them not though they should say,
Nor their renown has pass'd away,
That thine was but a meteor's light,
Which hastens to oblivion's night.
'T is not for such to harm thy name,
And only such could wrong thy fame,
Whose bright immortal heritage
Shall crown thy race in every age !

A memorable day shall be
This day, alike to France and me !
While pomp and pageantry and pride
Surround thy bier on every side,
Thy glance is turned where, walled in stone
And darkness, friendless and alone,
Reclines thy brother's favourite child,
On whom thy face benignly smiled,
When, young and fearless, fond and free,
He clung about thy honoured knee !

Yet even here I may rejoice;
There comes a whisper of thy voice,
The silent solitude to break:
"My friend, thy wrongs are for my sake,
And I approve what thou hast done
For France and for Napoleon!"

NAPOLEON.

UNDER the dome of the Invalides, Napoleon sleeps; never, in all human probability, to be again disturbed. Surrounded by the gallant warriors who made his wonderful fame possible, he is at rest on the banks of the Seine, his last earthly wish fulfilled. The impress he left upon France and the world will endure while time lasts. He has been judged by many able critics, and the verdict has been both for and against him. That he was one of the greatest men who ever lived, there can be no question. Whether he used the mighty genius, with which he was endowed, for the good of France and of mankind, or whether the satisfying of his personal ambition was the only end he had in view, are questions still unsettled. We are inclined to the belief that the yet unwritten history of Napoleon will be the true one, and that the verdict yet to come will accord to him the place given him in the following lines:

NAPOLEON.

R. S. S. ANDROS.

There be who call thee Tyrant, and would fain
The hateful word upon thy tomb engrave;
And others yet there be who name thee slave
Of power and mad ambition, and would stain

Thy memory with avarice, lust, and crime,
And to the keeping of all coming time
Hand down the lie. But thou wast none of such;
But Freedom's chosen minister. The world
Had need that one like thee should touch
Its withered heart; and when old thrones were hurled
Beneath thy feet, and kings did prostrate fall,
And crowns were harvested to grace thy brow,
Man was the winner. Let who doubts, recall
What Europe was, and mark what it is now.

THE END.

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